NAT
1564
THE
NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
Obit
1616

HAROLD B. LEE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from
Brigham Young University

http://archive.org/details/nationalshakespe01shak

The life and death of King Iohn.

Actus primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Iohn, Queene Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, and Salisbury, with the Chattylion of France.

King Iohn.

NOw fay *Chatillion*, what would *France* with vs?

Chat. Thus (after greeting) ſpeakes the King of France,
In my behauiour to the Maieſty,
The borrowed Maieſty of *England* heere.

Elea. A ſtrange beginning: borrowed Maieſty?

K.Iohn. Silence (good mother) heare the Embaſſie.

Chat. Philip of *France*, in right and true behalfe
Of thy deceaſed brother, *Geffreyes* ſonne,
Arthur Plantaginet, laies moſt lawfull claime
To this faire Iland, and the Territories:
To *Ireland*, *Poyctiers*, *Aniowe*, *Torayne*, *Maine*,
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword
Which ſwaies vſurpingly theſe ſeuerall titles,
And put the fame into yong *Arthurs* hand,
Thy Nephew, and right royall Soueraigne.

K.Iohn. What followes if we diſallow of this?

Chat. The proud controle of fierce and bloudy warre,
To inforce theſe rights, ſo forcibly with-held,

K.Io. Heere haue we war for war, & bloud for bloud,
Controlement for controlement: ſo anſwer *France*.

Chat. Then take my Kings defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my Embaſſie.

K.Iohn. Beare mine to him, and ſo depart in peace,
Be thou as lightning in the eies of *France*;
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there:
The thunder of my Cannon ſhall be heard.
So hence: be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And fullen prefage of your owne decay:
An honourable conduct let him haue,
Pembroke looke too't: farewell *Chattillion*.

Exit Chat. and Pem.

Ele. What now my ſonne, haue I not euer ſaid
How that ambitious *Conſtance* would not ceaſe
Till ſhe had kindled *France* and all the world,
Vpon the right and party of her ſonne.
This might haue beene preuented, and made whole
With very eaſie arguments of loue,
Which now the mannage of two kingdomes muſt
With fearefull bloudy iſſue arbitrate.

K.Iohn. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for vs.

Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſsiō much more then your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me,
So much my conſcience whiſpers in your eare,
Which none but heauen, and you, and I, ſhall heare.

Enter a Sheriffe.

Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controuerſie
Come from the Country to be iudg'd by you
That ere I heard: ſhall I produce the men?

K.Iohn. Let them approach:
Our Abbies and our Priories ſhall pay
This expeditious charge: what men are you?

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip.

Philip. Your faithfull ſubiect, I a gentleman,
Borne in *Northamptonſhire*, and eldeſt ſonne
As I ſuppoſe, to *Robert Faulconbridge*,
A Souldier by the Honor-giuing-hand
Of *Cordelion*, Knighted in the field.

K.Iohn. What art thou?

Robert. The ſon and heire to that fame *Faulconbridge*.

K.Iohn. Is that the elder, and art thou the heyre?
You came not of one mother then it ſeemes.

Philip. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well knowne, and as I thinke one father:
But for the certaine knowledge of that truth,
I put you o're to heauen, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens children may.

Eli. Out on thee rude man, ỹ doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honor with this diffidence.

Phil. I Madame? No, I haue no reaſon for it,
That is my brothers plea, and none of mine,
The which if he can proue, a pops me out,
At leaſt from faire fiue hundred pound a yeere:
Heauen guard my mothers honor, and my Land.

K.Iohn. A good blunt fellow: why being yonger born
Doth he lay claime to thine inheritance?

Phil. I know not why, except to get the land:
But once he ſlanderd me with baſtardy:
But where I be as true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay vpon my mothers head,
But that I am as well begot my Liege,
(Faire fall the bones that tooke the paines for me)
Compare our faces, and be Iudge your ſelfe
If old Sir *Robert* did beget vs both,
And were our father, and this ſonne like him:
O old ſir *Robert* Father, on my knee
I giue heauen thankes I was not like to thee.

K.Iohn. Why what a mad-cap hath heauen lent vs here?

Elen. He hath a tricke of *Cordelions* face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Doe you not read ſome tokens of my ſonne
In the large compoſition of this man?

K.Iohn. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And findes them perfect *Richard:* ſirra ſpeake,
What doth moue you to claime your brothers land.
Philip. Becauſe he hath a half-face like my father:
With halfe that face would he haue all my land,
A halfe-fac'd groat, fiue hundred pound a yeere?
Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liu'd,
Your brother did imploy my father much.
Phil. Well ſir, by this you cannot get my land,
Your tale muſt be how he employ'd my mother.
Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an Embaſſie
To *Germany*, there with the Emperor
To treat of high affaires touching that time:
Th'aduantage of his abſence tooke the King,
And in the meane time ſoiourn'd at my fathers;
Where how he did preuaile, I ſhame to ſpeake:
But truth is truth, large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Betweene my father, and my mother lay,
As I haue heard my father ſpeake himſelfe
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got:
Vpon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me, and tooke it on his death
That this my mothers ſonne was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteene weekes before the courſe of time:
Then good my Liedge let me haue what is mine,
My fathers land, as was my fathers will.
K.Iohn. Sirra, your brother is Legittimate,
Your fathers wife did after wedlocke beare him:
And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers,
Which fault lyes on the hazards of all husbands
That marry wiues: tell me, how if my brother
Who as you ſay, tooke paines to get this ſonne,
Had of your father claim'd this ſonne for his,
Inſooth, good friend, your father might haue kept
This Calfe, bred from his Cow from all the world:
Inſooth he might: then if he were my brothers,
My brother might not claime him, nor your father
Being none of his, refuſe him: this concludes,
My mothers ſonne did get your fathers heyre,
Your fathers heyre muſt haue your fathers land.
Rob. Shal then my fathers Will be of no force,
To diſpoſſeſſe that childe which is not his.
Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſſe me ſir,
Then was his will to get me, as I think.
Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a *Faulconbridge*,
And like thy brother to enioy thy land:
Or the reputed ſonne of *Cordelion*,
Lord of thy preſence, and no land beſide.
Baſt. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape
And I had his, ſir *Roberts* his like him,
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My armes, ſuch eele-skins ſtuft, my face ſo thin,
That in mine eare I durſt not ſticke a roſe,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, looke where three farthings goes,
And to his ſhape were heyre to all this land,
Would I might neuer ſtirre from off this place,
I would giue it euery foot to haue this face:
It would not be ſir nobbe in any caſe.
Elinor. I like thee well: wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a Souldier, and now bound to *France*.
Baſt. Brother, take you my land, Ile take my chance;
Your face hath got fiue hundred pound a yeere,
Yet ſell your face for fiue pence and 'tis deere:
Madam, Ile follow you vnto the death.
Elinor. Nay, I would haue you go before me thither.
Baſt. Our Country manners giue our betters way.
K.Iohn. What is thy name?
Baſt. Philip my Liege, ſo is my name begun.
Philip, good old Sir *Roberts* wiues eldeſt ſonne.
K.Iohn. From henceforth beare his name
Whoſe forme thou beareſt:
Kneele thou downe *Philip*, but riſe more great,
Ariſe Sir *Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Baſt. Brother by th'mothers ſide, giue me your hand,
My father gaue me honor, yours gaue land:
Now bleſſed be the houre by night or day
When I was got, Sir *Robert* was away.
Ele. The very ſpirit of *Plantaginet:*
I am thy grandame *Richard*, call me ſo.
Baſt. Madam by chance, but not by truth, what tho;
Something about a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe ore the hatch:
Who dares not ſtirre by day, muſt walke by night,
And haue is haue, how euer men doe catch:
Neere or farre off, well wonne is ſtill well ſhot,
And I am I, how ere I was begot.
K.Iohn. Goe, *Faulconbridge*, now haſt thou thy deſire,
A landleſſe Knight, makes thee a landed Squire:
Come Madam, and come *Richard*, we muſt ſpeed
For *France*, for *France*, for it is more then need.
Baſt. Brother adieu, good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i'th way of honeſty.

Exeunt all but baſtard.

Baſt. A foot of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard*, Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George*, Ile call him *Peter*;
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis two reſpectiue, and too ſociable
For your conuerſion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worſhips meſſe,
And when my knightly ſtomacke is ſuffis'd,
Why then I ſucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare ſir,
Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you; that is queſtion now,
And then comes anſwer like an Abſey booke:
O ſir, ſayes anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſeruice ſir:
No ſir, ſaies queſtion, I ſweet ſir at yours,
And ſo ere anſwer knowes what queſtion would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the river *Poe*,
It drawes toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.
But this is worſhipfull ſociety,
And fits the mounting ſpirit like my ſelfe;
For he is but a baſtard to the time
That doth not ſmoake of obſeruation,
And ſo am I whether I ſmacke or no:
And not alone in habit and deuice,
Exterior forme, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliuer
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poyſon for the ages tooth,
Which though I will not practice to deceiue,
Yet to auoid deceit I meane to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing:
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding robes?

What

SHAKESPEARE'S TOMB.

IN STRATFORD CHURCH

HISTORIES.

PAGE

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING IOHN, . . . 1

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF RICHARD THE SECOND, 23

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH, . . 46

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE FOURTH, . . 74

THE LIFE OF HENRY THE FIFT, ... 69

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY THE SIXT, . . . 96

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY THE SIXT, . . 120

THE THIRD PART OF HENRY THE SIXT, . . . 147

THE TRAGEDY OF RICHARD THE THIRD, . . 173

THE LIFE OF KING HENRY THE EIGHT, . . . 205

THE TRAGEDIE OF TROYLUS AND CRESSIDA, . . 234

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, STRATFORD on AVON.

Quarto
PR
2751
.A15
1888
vol. 1

THE

NATIONAL SHAKESPEARE

A Facsimile of the Text of the First Folio of 1623.

ILLUSTRATED BY

SIR J. NOËL PATON, R.S.A.

B.Y.U.
LIBRARY
PROVO, UTAH

LONDON:
WILLIAM MACKENZIE, 69 LUDGATE HILL.
EDINBURGH AND DUBLIN.

B.Y.U.
LIBRARY
PROVO, UTAH

THE LIBRARY
BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
PROVO, UTAH

What woman poſt is this? hath ſhe no husband
That will take paines to blow a horne before her?
O me, 'tis my mother: how now good Lady,
What brings you heere to Court ſo haſtily?

Enter Lady Faulconbridge and Iames Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlaue thy brother? where is he?
That holds in chaſe mine honour vp and downe.
Baſt. My brother *Robert*, old Sir *Roberts* ſonne:
Colbrand the Gyant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir *Roberts* ſonne that you ſeeke ſo?
Lady. Sir *Roberts* ſonne, I thou vnreuerend boy,
Sir *Roberts* ſonne? why ſcorn'ſt thou at ſir *Robert?*
He is Sir *Roberts* ſonne, and ſo art thou.
Baſt. Iames Gournie, wilt thou giue vs leaue a while?
Gour. Good leaue good *Philip.*
Baſt. Philip, ſparrow, *Iames.*
There's toyes abroad, anon Ile tell thee more.
Exit Iames.
Madam, I was not old Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
Sir *Robert* might haue eat his part in me
Vpon good Friday, and nere broke his faſt:
Sir *Robert* could doe well, marrie to confeſſe
Could get me ſir *Robert* could not doe it;
We know his handy-worke, therefore good mother
To whom am I beholding for thefe limmes?
Sir *Robert* neuer holpe to make this legge.
Lady. Haſt thou conſpired with thy brother too,
That for thine owne gaine ſhouldſt defend mine honor?
What meanes this ſcorne, thou moſt vntoward knaue?
Baſt. Knight, knight good mother, Baſiliſco-like:
What, I am dub'd, I haue it on my ſhoulder:
But mother, I am not Sir *Roberts* ſonne,
I haue diſclaim'd Sir *Robert* and my land,
Legitimation, name, and all is gone;
Then good my mother, let me know my father,
Some proper man I hope, who was it mother?
Lady. Haſt thou denied thy ſelfe a *Faulconbridge?*
Baſt. As faithfully as I denie the deuill.
Lady. King Richard Cordelion was thy father,
By long and vehement ſuit I was ſeduc'd
To make roome for him in my husbands bed:
Heauen lay not my transgreſſion to my charge,
That art the iſſue of my deere offence
Which was ſo ſtrongly vrg'd paſt my defence.
Baſt. Now by this light were I to get againe,
Madam I would not wiſh a better father:
Some ſinnes doe beare their priuiledge on earth,
And ſo doth yours: your fault, was not your follie,
Needs muſt you lay your heart at his diſpoſe,
Subiected tribute to commanding loue,
Againſt whoſe furie and vnmatched force,
The awleſſe Lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keepe his Princely heart from *Richards* hand:
He that perforce robs Lions of their hearts,
May eaſily winne a womans: aye my mother,
With all my heart I thanke thee for my father:
Who liues and dares but ſay, thou didſt not well
When I was got, Ile ſend his ſoule to hell.
Come Lady I will ſhew thee to my kinne,
And they ſhall ſay, when *Richard* me begot,
If thou hadſt ſayd him nay, it had beene ſinne;
Who ſayes it was, he lyes, I ſay twas not.

Exeunt.

Scæna Secunda.

Enter before Angiers, Philip King of France, Lewis, Daulphin, Auſtria, Conſtance, Arthur.

Lewis. Before *Angiers* well met braue *Auſtria*,
Arthur that great fore-runner of thy bloud,
Richard that rob'd the Lion of his heart,
And ſought the holy Warres in *Paleſtine*,
By this braue Duke came early to his graue:
And for amends to his poſteritie,
At our importance hether is he come,
To ſpread his colours boy, in thy behalfe,
And to rebuke the vſurpation
Of thy vnnaturall Vncle, Engliſh *Iohn*,
Embrace him, loue him, giue him welcome hether.
Arth. God ſhall forgiue you *Cordelions* death
The rather, that you giue his off-ſpring life,
Shadowing their right vnder your wings of warre:
I giue you welcome with a powerleſſe hand,
But with a heart full of vnſtained loue,
Welcome before the gates of *Angiers* Duke.
Lewis. A noble boy, who would not doe thee right?
Auſt. Vpon thy cheeke lay I this zelous kiſſe,
As ſeale to this indenture of my loue:
That to my home I will no more returne
Till *Angiers*, and the right thou haſt in *France*,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurnes backe the Oceans roaring tides,
And coopes from other lands her Ilanders,
Euen till that *England* hedg'd in with the maine,
That Water-walled Bulwarke, ſtill ſecure
And confident from forreine purpoſes,
Euen till that vtmoſt corner of the Weſt
Salute thee for her King, till then faire boy
Will I not thinke of home, but follow Armes.
Conſt. O take his mothers thanks, a widdows thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall helpe to giue him ſtrength,
To make a more requitall to your loue.
Auſt. The peace of heauen is theirs ỹ lift their ſwords
In ſuch a iuſt and charitable warre.
King. Well, then to worke our Cannon ſhall be bent
Againſt the browes of this reſiſting towne.
Call for our cheefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt aduantages:
Wee'll lay before this towne our Royal bones,
Wade to the market-place in *French*-mens bloud,
But we will make it ſubiect to this boy.
Con. Stay for an anſwer to your Embaſſie,
Leſt vnaduis'd you ſtaine your ſwords with bloud,
My Lord *Chattilion* may from *England* bring
That right in peace which heere we vrge in warre,
And then we ſhall repent each drop of bloud,
That hot raſh haſte ſo indirectly ſhedde.
Enter Chattilion.
King. A wonder Lady: lo vpon thy wiſh
Our Meſſenger *Chattilion* is arriu'd,
What *England* ſaies, ſay breefely gentle Lord,
We coldly pauſe for thee, *Chatilion* ſpeake,
Chat. Then turne your forces from this paltry ſiege,
And ſtirre them vp againſt a mightier taske:
England impatient of your iuſt demands,
Hath put himſelfe in Armes, the aduerſe windes

Whoſe

Whoſe leiſure I haue ſtaid, haue giuen him time
To land his Legions all as ſoone as I:
His marches are expedient to this towne,
His forces ſtrong, his Souldiers confident:
With him along is come the Mother Queene,
An Ace ſtirring him to bloud and ſtrife,
With her her Neece, the Lady *Blanch of Spaine*,
With them a Baſtard of the Kings deceaſt,
And all th'vnſetled humors of the Land,
Raſh, inconſiderate, fiery voluntaries,
With Ladies faces, and fierce Dragons ſpleenes,
Haue ſold their fortunes at their natiue homes,
Bearing their birth-rights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes heere:
In briefe, a brauer choyſe of dauntleſſe ſpirits
Then now the *Engliſh* bottomes haue waſt o're,
Did neuer flote vpon the ſwelling tide,
To doe offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendome:
The interruption of their churliſh drums
Cuts off more circumſtance, they are at hand,
Drum beats.
To parlie or to fight, therefore prepare.
Kin. How much vnlook'd for, is this expedition.
Auſt. By how much vnexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake indeuor for defence,
For courage mounteth with occaſion,
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

Enter K. of England, Baſtard, Queene, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K.Iohn. Peace be to *France:* If France in peace permit
Our iuſt and lineall entrance to our owne:
If not, bleede *France*, and peace aſcend to heauen.
Whiles we Gods wrathfull agent doe correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heauen.
Fran. Peace be to *England*, if that warre returne
From *France* to *England*, there to liue in peace:
England we loue, and for that *Englands* ſake,
With burden of our armor heere we ſweat:
This toyle of ours ſhould be a worke of thine;
But thou from louing *England* art ſo farre,
That thou haſt vnder-wrought his lawfull King,
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity,
Out-faced Infant State, and done a rape
Vpon the maiden vertue of the Crowne:
Looke heere vpon thy brother *Geffreyes* face,
Theſe eyes, theſe browes, were moulded out of his;
This little abſtract doth containe that large,
Which died in *Geffrey:* and the hand of time,
Shall draw this breefe into as huge a volume:
That *Geffrey* was thy elder brother borne,
And this his ſonne, *England* was *Geffreys* right,
And this is *Geffreyes* in the name of God:
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When liuing blood doth in theſe temples beat
Which owe the crowne, that thou ore-maſtereſt?
K.Iohn. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion
To draw my anſwer from thy Articles? (*France*,
Fra. Frō that ſupernal Iudge that ſtirs good thoughts
In any beaſt of ſtrong authoritie,
To looke into the blots and ſtaines of right,
That Iudge hath made me guardian to this boy,
Vnder whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe helpe I meane to chaſtiſe it.
K.Iohn. Alack thou doſt vſurpe authoritie.
Fran. Excuſe it is to beat vſurping downe.
Queen. Who is it thou doſt call vſurper *France?*
Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy vſurping ſonne.
Queen. Out inſolent, thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou maiſt be a Queen, and checke the world.
Con. My bed was euer to thy ſonne as true
As thine was to thy husband, and this boy
Liker in feature to his father *Geffrey*
Then thou and *Iohn*, in manners being as like,
As raine to water, or deuill to his damme;
My boy a baſtard? by my ſoule I thinke
His father neuer was ſo true begot,
It cannot be, and if thou wert his mother. (ther
Queen. Theres a good mother boy, that blots thy fa-
Conſt. There's a good grandame boy
That would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace.
Baſt. Heare the Cryer.
Auſt. What the deuill art thou?
Baſt. One that wil play the deuill ſir with you,
And a may catch your hide and you alone:
You are the Hare of whom the Prouerb goes
Whoſe valour plucks dead Lyons by the beard;
Ile ſmoake your skin-coat and I catch you right,
Sirra looke too't, yfaith I will, yfaith.
Blan. O well did he become that Lyons robe,
That did diſrobe the Lion of that robe.
Baſt. It lies as ſightly on the backe of him
As great *Alcides* ſhooes vpon an Aſſe:
But Aſſe, Ile take that burthen from your backe,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders cracke.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame that deafes our eares
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King *Lewis*, determine what we ſhall doe ſtrait.
Lew. Women & fooles, breake off your conference.
King *Iohn*, this is the very ſumme of all:
England and *Ireland*, *Angiers*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
In right of *Arthur* doe I claime of thee:
Wilt thou reſigne them, and lay downe thy Armes?
Iohn. My life as ſoone: I doe defie thee *France*,
Arthur of *Britaine*, yeeld thee to my hand,
And out of my deere loue Ile giue thee more,
Then ere the coward hand of *France* can win;
Submit thee boy.
Queen. Come to thy grandame child.
Conſ. Doe childe, goe to yt grandame childe,
Giue grandame kingdome, and it grandame will
Giue yt a plum, a cherry, and a figge,
There's a good grandame.
Arthur. Good my mother peace,
I would that I were low laid in my graue,
I am not worth this coyle that's made for me. (weepes.
Qu. Mo. His mother ſhames him ſo, poore boy hee
Con. Now ſhame vpon you where ſhe does or no,
His grandames wrongs, and not his mothers ſhames
Drawes thoſe heauen-mouing pearles frō his poor eies,
Which heauen ſhall take in nature of a fee:
I, with theſe Chriſtall beads heauen ſhall be brib'd
To doe him Iuſtice, and reuenge on you.
Qu. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heauen and earth.
Con. Thou monſtrous Iniurer of heauen and earth,
Call not me ſlanderer, thou and thine vſurpe
The Dominations, Royalties, and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſonnes ſonne,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:

Thy

Thy ſinnes are viſited in this poore childe,
The Canon of the Law is laide on him,
Being but the ſecond generation
Remoued from thy ſinne-conceiuing wombe.
Iohn. Bedlam haue done.
Con. I haue but this to ſay,
That he is not onely plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſinne and her, the plague
On this remoued iſſue, plagued for her,
And with her plague her ſinne: his iniury
Her iniurie the Beadle to her ſinne,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this childe,
And all for her, a plague vpon her.
Que. Thou vnaduiſed ſcold, I can produce
A Will, that barres the title of thy ſonne.
Con. I who doubts that, a Will: a wicked will,
A womans will, a cankred Grandams will.
Fra. Peace Lady, pauſe, or be more temperate,
It ill beſeemes this preſence to cry ayme
To theſe ill tuned repetitions:
Some Trumpet ſummon hither to the walles
Theſe men of Angiers, let vs heare them ſpeake,
Whoſe title they admit, *Arthurs* or *Iohns*.

Trumpet ſounds.
Enter a Citizen vpon the walles.

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd vs to the walles?
Fra. 'Tis France, for England.
Iohn. England for it ſelfe:
You men of Angiers, and my louing ſubiects.
Fra. You louing men of Angiers, *Arthurs* ſubiects,
Our Trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle.
Iohn. For our aduantage, therefore heare vs firſt:
Theſe flagges of France that are aduanced heere
Before the eye and proſpect of your Towne,
Haue hither march'd to your endamagement.
The Canons haue their bowels full of wrath,
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their Iron indignation 'gainſt your walles:
All preparation for a bloody ſiedge
And merciles proceeding, by theſe French.
Comfort yours Citties eies, your winking gates:
And but for our approch, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte doth girdle you about
By the compulſion of their Ordinance,
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had bin diſhabited, and wide hauocke made
For bloody power to ruſh vppon your peace.
But on the ſight of vs your lawfull King,
Who painefully with much expedient march
Haue brought a counter-checke before your gates,
To ſaue vnſcratch'd your Citties threatned cheekes:
Behold the French amaz'd vouchſafe a parle,
And now inſteed of bulletts wrapt in fire
To make a ſhaking feuer in your walles,
They ſhoote but calme words, folded vp in ſmoake,
To make a faithleſſe errour in your eares,
Which truſt accordingly kinde Cittizens,
And let vs in. Your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits
Fore-wearied in this action of ſwift ſpeede,
Craues harbourage within your Citie walles.
France. When I haue ſaide, make anſwer to vs both.
Loe in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt diuinely vow'd vpon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands yong *Plantagenet*,
Sonne to the elder brother of this man,
And King ore him, and all that he enioyes:
For this downe-troden equity, we tread
In warlike march, theſe greenes before your Towne,
Being no further enemy to you
Then the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeale,
In the releefe of this oppreſſed childe,
Religiouſly prouokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that dutie which you truly owe,
To him that owes it, namely, this yong Prince
And then our Armes, like to a muzled Beare,
Saue in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd vp:
Our Cannons malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th'inuoluerable clouds of heauen,
And with a bleſſed and vn-vext retyre,
With vnhack'd ſwords, and Helmets all vnbruis'd,
We will beare home that luſtie blood againe,
Which heere we came to ſpout againſt your Towne,
And leaue your children, wiues, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſſe our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder of your old-fac'd walles,
Can hide you from our meſſengers of Warre,
Though all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference:
Then tell vs, Shall your Citie call vs Lord,
In that behalfe which we haue challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we giue the ſignall to our rage,
And ſtalke in blood to our poſſeſſion?
Cit. In breefe, we are the King of Englands ſubiects
For him, and in his right, we hold this Towne.
Iohn. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.
Cit. That can we not: but he that proues the King
To him will we proue loyall, till that time
Haue we ramm'd vp our gates againſt the world.
Iohn. Doth not the Crowne of England, prooue the King?
And if not that, I bring you Witneſſes
Twice fifteene thouſand hearts of Englands breed.
Baſt. Baſtards and elſe.
Iohn. To verifie our title with their liues.
Fran. As many and as well-borne bloods as thoſe,
Baſt. Some Baſtards too.
Fran. Stand in his face to contradict his claime.
Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
Iohn. Then God forgiue the ſinne of all thoſe ſoules,
That to their euerlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of euening fall, ſhall fleete
In dreadfull triall of our kingdomes King.
Fran. Amen, Amen, mount Cheualiers to Armes.
Baſt. Saint *George* that ſwindg'd the Dragon,
And ere ſince ſit's on's horſebacke at mine Hoſteſſe dore
Teach vs ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den ſirrah, with your Lionneſſe,
I would ſet an Oxe-head to your Lyons hide:
And make a monſter of you.
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Baſt. O tremble: for you heare the Lyon rore.
Iohn. Vp higher to the plaine, where we'l ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our Regiments.
Baſt. Speed then to take aduantage of the field.
Fra. It ſhall be ſo, and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand, God and our right. *Exeunt*
Heere after excurſions, Enter the Herald of France
with Trumpets to the gates.
F. Her. You men of Angiers open wide your gates,
And let yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine in,

Who

Who by the hand of France, this day hath made
Much worke for teares in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſonnes lye ſcattered on the bleeding ground:
Many a widdowes husband groueling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcoloured earth,
And victorie with little loſſe doth play
Vpon the dancing banners of the French,
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplayed
To enter Conquerors, and to proclaime
Arthur of Britaine, Englands King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with Trumpet.

E.Har. Reioyce you men of Angiers, ring your bels,
King *Iohn*, your king and Englands, doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day,
Their Armours that march'd hence ſo ſiluer bright,
Hither returne all gilt with Frenchmens blood:
There ſtucke no plume in any Engliſh Creſt,
That is remoued by a ſtaffe of France.
Our colours do returne in thoſe fame hands
That did diſplay them when we firſt marcht forth:
And like a iolly troope of Huntſmen come
Our luſtie Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dide in the dying ſlaughter of their foes,
Open your gates, and giue the Victors way.

Hubert. Heralds, from off our towres we might behold
From firſt to laſt, the on-ſet and retyre
Of both your Armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured: (blowes:
Blood hath bought blood, and blowes haue anſwerd
Strength matcht with ſtrength, and power confronted power,
Both are alike, and both alike we like:
One muſt proue greateſt. While they weigh ſo euen,
We hold our Towne for neither: yet for both.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at ſeuerall doores.

Iohn. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the currant of our right rome on,
Whoſe paſſage vext with thy impediment,
Shall leaue his natiue channell, and ore-ſwell
with courſe diſturb'd euen thy confining ſhores,
Vnleſſe thou let his ſiluer Water, keepe
A peacefull progreſſe to the Ocean.

Fra. England thou haſt not ſau'd one drop of blood
In this hot triall more then we of France,
Rather loſt more. And by this hand I ſweare
That ſwayes the earth this Climate ouer-lookes,
Before we will lay downe our iuſt-borne Armes,
Wee'l put thee downe, 'gainſt whom theſe Armes wee
Or adde a royall number to the dead: (beare,
Gracing the ſcroule that tels of this warres loſſe,
With ſlaughter coupled to the name of kings.

Baſt. Ha Maieſty: how high thy glory towres,
When the rich blood of kings is ſet on fire:
Oh now doth death line his dead chaps with ſteele,
The ſwords of ſouldiers are his teeth, his phangs,
And now he feaſts, mouſing the fleſh of men
In vndetermin'd differences of kings.
Why ſtand theſe royall fronts amazed thus:
Cry hauocke kings, backe to the ſtained field
You equall Potents, fierie kindled ſpirits,
Then let confuſion of one part confirm
The others peace: till then, blowes, blood, and death.

Iohn. Whoſe party do the Townefmen yet admit?

Fra. Speake Citizens for England, whoſe your king.

Hub. The king of England, when we know the king.

Fra. Know him in vs, that heere hold vp his right.

Iohn. In Vs, that are our owne great Deputie,
And beare poſſeſſion of our Perſon heere,
Lord of our preſence Angiers, and of you.

Fra. A greater powre then We denies all this,
And till it be vndoubted, we do locke
Our former ſcruple in our ſtrong barr'd gates:
Kings of our feare, vntill our feares reſolu'd
Be by ſome certaine king, purg'd and depos'd.

Baſt. By heauen, theſe ſcroyles of Angiers flout you
And ſtand ſecurely on their battelments, (kings,
As in a Theater, whence they gape and point
At your induſtrious Scenes and acts of death.
Your Royall preſences be rul'd by mee,
Do like the Mutines of Ieruſalem,
Be friends a-while, and both conioyntly bend
Your ſharpeſt Deeds of malice on this Towne.
By Eaſt and Weſt let France and England mount.
Their battering Canon charged to the mouthes,
Till their ſoule-fearing clamours haue braul'd downe
The flintie ribbes of this contemptuous Citie,
I'de play inceſſantly vpon theſe Iades,
Euen till vnfenced defolation
Leaue them as naked as the vulgar ayre:
That done, diſſeuer your vnited ſtrengths,
And part your mingled colours once againe,
Turne face to face, and bloody point to point:
Then in a moment Fortune ſhall cull forth
Out of one ſide her happy Minion,
To whom in fauour ſhe ſhall giue the day,
And kiſſe him with a glorious victory:
How like you this wilde counſell mighty States,
Smackes it not ſomething of the policie.

Iohn. Now by the sky that hangs aboue our heads,
I like it well. France, ſhall we knit our powres,
And lay this Angiers euen with the ground,
Then after fight who ſhall be king of it?

Baſt. And if thou haſt the mettle of a king,
Being wrong'd as we are by this peeuiſh Towne:
Turne thou the mouth of thy Artillerie,
As we will ours, againſt theſe ſawcie walles,
And when that we haue daſh'd them to the ground,
Why then defie each other, and pell-mell,
Make worke vpon our ſelues, for heauen or hell.

Fra. Let it be ſo: ſay, where will you aſſault?

Iohn. We from the Weſt will ſend deſtruction
Into this Cities boſome.

Auſt. I from the North.

Fran. Our Thunder from the South,
Shall raine their drift of bullets on this Towne.

Baſt. O prudent diſcipline! from North to South:
Auſtria and France ſhoot in each others mouth.
Ile ſtirre them to it: Come, away, away.

Hub. Heare vs great kings, vouchſafe awhile to ſtay
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and faire-fac'd league:
Win you this Citie without ſtroke, or wound,
Reſcue thoſe breathing liues to dye in beds,
That heere come ſacrifices for the field.
Perſeuer not, but heare me mighty kings.

Iohn. Speake on with fauour, we are bent to heare.

Hub. That daughter there of Spaine, the Lady *Blanch*
Is neere to England, looke vpon the yeeres
Of *Lewes* the Dolphin, and that louely maid.
If luſtie loue ſhould go in queſt of beautie,

Where

Where ſhould he finde it fairer, then in *Blanch:*
If zealous loue ſhould go in ſearch of vertue,
Where ſhould he finde it purer then in *Blanch?*
If loue ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veines bound richer blood then Lady *Blanch?*
Such as ſhe is, in beautie, vertue, birth,
Is the yong Dolphin euery way compleat,
If not compleat of, ſay he is not ſhee,
And ſhe againe wants nothing, to name want,
If want it be not, that ſhe is not hee:
He is the halfe part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch as ſhee,
And ſhe a faire diuided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſſe of perfection lyes in him.
O two ſuch ſiluer currents when they ioyne
Do glorifie the bankes that bound them in:
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreames made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, kings,
To theſe two Princes, if you marrie them:
This Vnion ſhall do more then batterie can
To our faſt cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleene then powder can enforce
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And giue you entrance: but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not halfe ſo deafe,
Lyons more confident, Mountaines and rockes
More free from motion, no not death himſelfe
In mortall furie halfe ſo peremptorie,
As we to keepe this Citie.

Baſt. Heeres a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carkaſſe of old death
Out of his ragges. Here's a large mouth indeede,
That ſpits forth death, and mountaines, rockes, and ſeas,
Talkes as familiarly of roaring Lyons,
As maids of thirteene do of puppi-dogges.
What Cannoneere begot this luſtie blood,
He ſpeakes plaine Cannon fire, and ſmoake, and bounce,
He giues the baſtinado with his tongue:
Our eares are cudgel'd, not a word of his
But buffets better then a fiſt of France:
Zounds, I was neuer ſo bethumpt with words,
Since I firſt cal'd my brothers father Dad.

Old Qu. Son, liſt to this coniunction, make this match
Giue with our Neece a dowrie large enough,
For by this knot, thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tye
Thy now vnfur'd aſſurance to the Crowne,
That yon greene boy ſhall haue no Sunne to ripe
The bloome that promiſeth a mightie fruite.
I ſee a yeelding in the lookes of France:
Marke how they whiſper, vrge them while their ſoules
Are capeable of this ambition,
Leaſt zeale now melted by the windie breath
Of ſoft petitions, pittie and remorſe,
Coole and congeale againe to what it was.

Hub. Why anſwer not the double Maieſties,
This friendly treatie of our threatned Towne.

Fra. Speake England firſt, that hath bin forward firſt
To ſpeake vnto this Cittie: what ſay you?

Iohn. If that the Dolphin there thy Princely ſonne,
Can in this booke of beautie read, I loue:
Her Dowrie ſhall weigh equall with a Queene:
For *Angiers*, and faire *Toraine Maine*, *Poyctiers*,
And all that we vpon this ſide the Sea,
(Except this Cittie now by vs beſiedg'd)
Finde liable to our Crowne and Dignitie,
Shall gild her bridall bed and make her rich
In titles, honors, and promotions,
As ſhe in beautie, education, blood,
Holdes hand with any Princeſſe of the world.

Fra. What ſai'ſt thou boy? looke in the Ladies face.

Dol. I do my Lord, and in her eie I find
A wonder, or a wondrous miracle,
The ſhadow of my ſelfe form'd in her eye,
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſonne,
Becomes a ſonne and makes your ſonne a ſhadow:
I do proteſt I neuer lou'd my ſelfe
Till now, infixed I beheld my ſelfe,
Drawne in the flattering table of her eie.
Whiſpers with Blanch.

Baſt. Drawne in the flattering table of her eie,
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow,
And quarter'd in her heart, hee doth eſpie
Himſelfe loues traytor, this is pittie now;
That hang'd, and drawne, and quarter'd there ſhould be
In ſuch a loue, ſo vile a Lout as he.

Blan. My vnckles will in this reſpect is mine,
If he ſee ought in you that makes him like,
That any thing he ſee's which moues his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeake more properly,
I will enforce it eaſlie to my loue.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord,
That all I ſee in you is worthie loue,
Then this, that nothing do I ſee in you,
Though churliſh thoughts themſelues ſhould bee your Iudge,
That I can finde, ſhould merit any hate.

Iohn. What ſaie theſe yong-ones? What ſay you my Neece?

Blan. That ſhe is bound in honor ſtill to do
What you in wiſedome ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.

Iohn. Speake then Prince Dolphin, can you loue this Ladie?

Dol. Nay aske me if I can refraine from loue,
For I doe loue her moſt vnfainedly.

Iohn. Then do I giue *Volqueſſen*, *Toraine*, *Maine*,
Poyctiers, and *Aniow*, theſe fiue Prouinces
With her to thee, and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand Markes of Engliſh coyne:
Phillip of France, if thou be pleaſ'd withall,
Command thy ſonne and daughter to ioyne hands.

Fra. It likes vs well young Princes: cloſe your hands

Auſt. And your lippes too, for I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo when I was firſt aſſur'd.

Fra. Now Cittizens of Angires ope your gates,
Let in that amitie which you haue made,
For at Saint Maries Chappell preſently,
The rights of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Ladie *Conſtance* in this troope?
I know ſhe is not for this match made vp,
Her preſence would haue interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſonne, tell me, who knowes?

Dol. She is ſad and paſsionate at your highnes Tent.

Fra. And by my faith, this league that we haue made
Will giue her ſadneſſe very little cure:
Brother of England, how may we content
This widdow Lady? In her right we came,
Which we God knowes, haue turn'd another way,
To our owne vantage.

Iohn. We will heale vp all,
For wee'l create yong *Arthur* Duke of Britaine
And Earle of Richmond, and this rich faire Towne

We

We make him Lord of. Call the Lady *Conſtance*,
Some ſpeedy Meſſenger bid her repaire
To our ſolemnity: I truſt we ſhall,
(If not fill vp the meaſure of her will)
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfie her ſo,
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation,
Go we as well as haſt will ſuffer vs,
To this vnlook'd for vnprepared pompe. *Exeunt.*

Baſt. Mad world, mad kings, mad compoſition:
Iohn to ſtop *Arthurs* Title in the whole,
Hath willingly departed with a part,
And France, whoſe armour Conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeale and charitie brought to the field,
As Gods owne ſouldier, rounded in the eare,
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſlye diuel,
That Broker, that ſtill breakes the pate of faith,
That dayly breake-vow, he that winnes of all,
Of kings, of beggers, old men, yong men, maids,
Who hauing no externall thing to looſe,
But the word Maid, cheats the poore Maide of that.
That ſmooth-fac'd Gentleman, tickling commoditie,
Commoditie, the byas of the world,
The world, who of it ſelfe is peyſed well,
Made to run euen, vpon euen ground;
Till this aduantage, this vile drawing byas,
This ſway of motion, this commoditie,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent.
And this ſame byas, this Commoditie,
This Bawd, this Broker, this all-changing-word,
Clap'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawne him from his owne determin'd ayd,
From a reſolu'd and honourable warre,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rayle I on this Commoditie?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet:
Not that I haue the power to clutch my hand,
When his faire Angels would ſalute my palme,
But for my hand, as vnattempted yet,
Like a poore begger, raileth on the rich.
Well, whiles I am a begger, I will raile,
And ſay there is no ſin but to be rich:
And being rich, my vertue then ſhall be,
To ſay there is no vice, but beggerie:
Since Kings breake faith vpon commoditie,
Gaine be my Lord, for I will worſhip thee. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Salisbury.

Con. Gone to be married? Gone to ſweare a peace?
Falſe blood to falſe blood ioyn'd. Gone to be freinds?
Shall *Lewis* haue *Blaunch*, and *Blaunch* thoſe Prouinces?
It is not ſo, thou haſt miſpoke, miſheard,
Be well aduiſ'd, tell ore thy tale againe.
It cannot be, thou do'ſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee, for thy word
Is but the vaine breath of a common man:
Beleeue me, I doe not beleeue thee man,
I haue a Kings oath to the contrarie.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me,
For I am ſicke, and capeable of feares,
Oppreſt with wrongs, and therefore full of feares,
A widdow, husbandles, ſubiect to feares,
A woman naturally borne to feares;
And though thou now confeſſe thou didſt but ieſt
With my vext ſpirits, I cannot take a Truce,
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou meane by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou looke ſo ſadly on my ſonne?
What meanes that hand vpon that breaſt of thine?
Why holdes thine eie that lamentable rhewme,
Like a proud riuer peering ore his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſignes confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeake againe, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as I beleeue you thinke them falſe,
That giue you cauſe to proue my ſaying true.

Con. Oh if thou teach me to beleeue this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow, how to make me dye,
And let beleefe, and life encounter ſo,
As doth the furie of two deſperate men,
Which in the very meeting fall, and dye.
Lewes marry *Blaunch?* O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with *England*, what becomes of me?
Fellow be gone: I cannot brooke thy ſight,
This newes hath made thee a moſt vgly man.

Sal. What other harme haue I good Lady done,
But ſpoke the harme, that is by others done?

Con. Which harme within it ſelfe ſo heynous is,
As it makes harmefull all that ſpeake of it.

Ar. I do beſeech you Madam be content.

Con. If thou that bidſt me be content, wert grim
Vgly, and ſlandrous to thy Mothers wombe,
Full of vnpleaſing blots, and ſightleſſe ſtaines,
Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
Patch'd with foule Moles, and eye-offending markes,
I would not care, I then would be content,
For then I ſhould not loue thee: no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deſerue a Crowne.
But thou art faire, and at thy birth (deere boy)
Nature and Fortune ioyn'd to make thee great.
Of Natures guifts, thou mayſt with Lillies boaſt,
And with the halfe-blowne Roſe. But Fortune, oh,
She is corrupted, chang'd, and wonne from thee,
Sh'adulterates hourely with thine Vncle *Iohn*,
And with her golden band hath pluckt on France
To tread downe faire reſpect of Soueraigntie,
And made his Maieſtie the bawd to theirs.
France is a Bawd to Fortune, and king *Iohn*,
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that vſurping *Iohn:*
Tell me thou fellow, is not France forſworne?
Euvenom him with words, or get thee gone,
And leaue thoſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to vnder-beare.

Sal. Pardon me Madam,
I may not goe without you to the kings.

Con. Thou maiſt, thou ſhalt, I will not goe with thee,
I will inſtruct my ſorrowes to bee proud,
For greefe is proud, and makes his owner ſtoope,
To me and to the ſtate of my great greefe,
Let kings aſſemble: for my greefe's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firme earth
Can hold it vp: here I and ſorrowes ſit,
Heere is my Throne, bid kings come bow to it.

Actus Tertius, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn, France, Dolphin, Blanch, Elianor, Philip, Auſtria, Conſtance.

Fran. 'Tis true (faire daughter) and this bleſſed day,
Euer in *France* ſhall be kept feſtiuall:
To ſolemnize this day the glorious ſunne
Stayes in his courſe, and playes the Alchymiſt,
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meager cloddy earth to glittering gold:
The yearely courſe that brings this day about,
Shall neuer ſee it, but a holy day.
Conſt. A wicked day, and not a holy day.
What hath this day deſeru'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letters ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the Kalender?
Nay, rather turne this day out of the weeke,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, periury.
Or if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wiues with childe
Pray that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prudigiouſly be croſt:
But (on this day) let Sea-men feare no wracke,
No bargaines breake that are not this day made;
This day all things begun, come to ill end,
Yea, faith it ſelfe to hollow falſhood change.
Fra. By heauen Lady, you ſhall haue no cauſe
To curſe the faire proceedings of this day:
Haue I not pawn'd to you my Maieſty?
Conſt. You haue beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling Maieſty, which being touch'd and tride,
Proues valueleſſe: you are forſworne, forſworne,
You came in Armes to ſpill mine enemies bloud,
But now in Armes, you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grapling vigor, and rough frowne of Warre
Is cold in amitie, and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made vp this league:
Arme, arme, you heauens, againſt theſe periur'd Kings,
A widdow cries, be husband to me (heauens)
Let not the howres of this vngodly day
Weare out the daies in Peace; but ere Sun-ſet,
Set armed diſcord 'twixt theſe periur'd Kings,
Heare me, Oh, heare me.
Auſt. Lady *Conſtance*, peace.
Conſt. War, war, no peace, peace is to me a warre:
O *Lymoges*, O *Auſtria*, thou doſt ſhame
That bloudy ſpoyle: thou ſlaue, thou wretch, & coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villanie,
Thou euer ſtrong vpon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortunes Champion, that do'ſt neuer fight
But when her humourous Ladiſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety: thou art periur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt vp greatneſſe. What a foole art thou,
A ramping foole, to brag, and ſtamp, and ſweare,
Vpon my partie: thou cold blooded ſlaue,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Beene ſworne my Souldier, bidding me depend
Vpon thy ſtarres, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength,
And doſt thou now fall ouer to my foes?
Thou weare a Lyons hide, doff it for ſhame,
And hang a Calues skin on thoſe recreant limbes.
Auſ. O that a man ſhould ſpeake thoſe words to me.
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thoſe recreant limbs
Auſ. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo villaine for thy life.
Phil. And hang a Calues-skin on thoſe recreant limbs.
Iohn. We like not this, thou doſt forget thy ſelfe.

Enter Pandulph.

Fra. Heere comes the holy Legat of the Pope.
Pan. Haile you annointed deputies of heauen;
To thee King *Iohn* my holy errand is:
I *Pandulph*, of faire *Millane* Cardinall,
And from Pope *Innocent* the Legate heere,
Doe in his name religiouſly demand
Why thou againſt the Church, our holy Mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurne; and force perforce
Keepe *Stephen Langton* choſen Arſhbiſhop
Of *Canterbury* from that holy Sea:
This in our foreſaid holy Fathers name
Pope *Innocent*, I doe demand of thee.
Iohn. What earthie name to Interrogatories
Can taſt the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not (Cardinall) deuiſe a name
So ſlight, vnworthy, and ridiculous
To charge me to an anſwere, as the Pope:
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of *England*,
Adde thus much more, that no *Italian* Prieſt
Shall tythe or toll in our dominions:
But as we, vnder heauen, are ſupreame head,
So vnder him that great ſupremacy
Where we doe reigne, we will alone vphold
Without th'aſſiſtance of a mortall hand:
So tell the Pope, all reuerence ſet apart
To him and his vſurp'd authoritie.
Fra. Brother of *England*, you blaſpheme in this.
Iohn. Though you, and all the Kings of Chriſtendom
Are led ſo groſſely by this medling Prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vilde gold, droſſe, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelfe:
Though you, and al the reſt ſo groſſely led,
This iugling witchcraft with reuennue cheriſh,
Yet I alone, alone doe me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and count his friends my foes.
Pand. Then by the lawfull power that I haue,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curſt, and excommunicate,
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth reuolt
From his Allegeance to an heretique,
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhip'd as a Saint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hatefull life.
Con. O lawfull let it be
That I haue roome with *Rome* to curſe a while,
Good Father Cardinall, cry thou Amen
To my keene curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.
Pan. There's Law and Warrant (Lady) for my curſe.
Conſ. And for mine too, when Law can do no right.
Let it be lawfull, that Law barre no wrong:
Law cannot giue my childe his kingdome heere;
For he that holds his Kingdome, holds the Law:
Therefore ſince Law it ſelfe is perfect wrong,
How can the Law forbid my tongue to curſe?
Pand. Philip of *France*, on perill of a curſe,
Let goe the hand of that Arch-heretique,
And raiſe the power of *France* vpon his head,
Vnleſſe he doe ſubmit himſelfe to *Rome*.
Elea. Look'ſt thou pale *France?* do not let go thy hand.
Con. Looke to that Deuill, leſt that *France* repent,

And by diſioyning hands hell loſe a ſoule.
Auſt. King *Philip*, liſten to the Cardinall.
Baſt. And hang a Calues-skin on his recreant limbs.
Auſt. Well ruffian, I muſt pocket vp theſe wrongs,
Becauſe,
Baſt. Your breeches beſt may carry them.
Iohn. Philip, what ſaiſt thou to the Cardinall?
Con. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinall?
Dolph. Bethinke you father, for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heauy curſe from *Rome*,
Or the light loſſe of *England*, for a friend:
Forgoe the eaſier.
Bla. That's the curſe of *Rome*.
Con. O *Lewis*, ſtand faſt, the deuill tempts thee heere
In likeneſſe of a new vntrimmed Bride.
Bla. The Lady *Conſtance* ſpeakes not from her faith,
But from her need.
Con. O, if thou grant my need,
Which onely liues but by the death of faith,
That need, muſt needs inferre this principle,
That faith would liue againe by death of need:
O then tread downe my need, and faith mounts vp,
Keepe my need vp, and faith is trodden downe.
Iohn. The king is moud, and anſwers not to this.
Con. O be remou'd from him, and anſwere well.
Auſt. Doe ſo king *Philip*, hang no more in doubt.
Baſt. Hang nothing but a Calues skin moſt ſweet lout.
Fra. I am perplext, and know not what to ſay.
Pan. What canſt thou ſay, but wil perplex thee more?
If thou ſtand excommunicate, and curſt?
Fra. Good reuerend father, make my perſon yours,
And tell me how you would beſtow your ſelfe?
This royall hand and mine are newly knit,
And the coniunction of our inward ſoules
Married in league, coupled, and link'd together
With all religous ſtrength of ſacred vowes,
The lateſt breath that gaue the ſound of words
Was deepe-ſworne faith, peace, amity, true loue
Betweene our kingdomes and our royall ſelues,
And euen before this truce, but new before,
No longer then we well could waſh our hands,
To clap this royall bargaine vp of peace,
Heauen knowes they were beſmear'd and ouer-ſtaind
With ſlaughters pencill; where reuenge did paint
The fearefull difference of incenſed kings:
And ſhall theſe hands ſo lately purg'd of bloud?
So newly ioyn'd in loue? ſo ſtrong in both,
Vnyoke this feyfure, and this kinde regreete?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo ieſt with heauen,
Make ſuch vnconſtant children of our ſelues
As now againe to ſnatch our palme from palme:
Vn-ſweare faith ſworne, and on the marriage bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoaſt,
And make a ryot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir
My reuerend father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deuiſe, ordaine, impoſe
Some gentle order, and then we ſhall be bleſt
To doe your pleaſure, and continue friends.
Pand. All ſorme is formeleſſe, Order orderleſſe,
Saue what is oppoſite to *Englands* loue.
Therefore to Armes, be Champion of our Church,
Or let the Church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mothers curſe, on her reuolting ſonne:
France, thou maiſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A caſed Lion by the mortall paw,
A faſting Tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Then keepe in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.
Fra. I may diſ-ioyne my hand, but not my faith.
Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith,
And like a ciuill warre ſetſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O let thy vow
Firſt made to heauen, firſt be to heauen perform'd,
That is, to be the Champion of our Church,
What ſince thou ſworſt, is ſworne againſt thy ſelfe,
And may not be performed by thy ſelfe,
For that which thou haſt ſworne to doe amiſſe,
Is not amiſſe when it is truely done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done not doing it:
The better Act of purpoſes miſtooke,
Is to miſtake again, though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby growes direct,
And falſhood, falſhood cures, as fire cooles fire
Within the ſcorched veines of one new burn'd:
It is religion that doth make vowes kept,
But thou haſt ſworne againſt religion:
By what thou ſwear'ſt againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt,
And mak'ſt an oath the ſuretie for thy truth,
Againſt an oath the truth, thou art vnſure
To ſweare, ſweares onely not to be forſworne,
Elſe what a mockerie ſhould it be to ſweare?
But thou doſt ſweare, onely to be forſworne,
And moſt forſworne, to keepe what thou doſt ſweare,
Therefore thy later vowes, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thy ſelfe rebellion to thy ſelfe:
And better conqueſt neuer canſt thou make,
Then arme thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy looſe ſuggeſtions:
Vpon which better part, our prayrs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know
The perill of our curſes light on thee
So heauy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off
But in deſpaire, dye vnder their blacke weight.
Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.
Baſt. Wil't not be?
Will not a Calues-skin ſtop that mouth of thine?
Daul. Father, to Armes.
Blanch. Vpon thy wedding day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughtered men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums
Clamors of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O husband heare me: aye, alacke, how new
Is husband in my mouth? euen for that name
Which till this time my tongue did nere pronounce
Vpon my knee I beg, goe not to Armes
Againſt mine Vncle.
Conſt. O, vpon my knee made hard with kneeling
I doe pray to thee, thou vertuous *Daulphin*,
Alter not the doome fore-thought by heauen.
Blan. Now ſhall I ſee thy loue, what motiue may
Be ſtronger with thee, then the name of wife?
Con. That which vpholdeth him, that thee vpholds,
His Honor, Oh thine Honor, *Lewis* thine Honor.
Dolph. I muſe your Maieſty doth ſeeme ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects doe pull you on?
Pand. I will denounce a curſe vpon his head.
Fra. Thou ſhalt not need. *England*, I will fall frō thee.
Conſt. O faire returne of baniſh'd Maieſtie.
Eleo. O foule reuolt of French inconſtancy.
Eng. France, ỹ ſhalt rue this houre within this houre.

Baſt.

Baſt. Old Time the clocke fetter, ỹ bald ſexton Time:
Is it as he will? well then, *France* ſhall rue.
Bla. The Sun's orecaſt with bloud: faire day adieu,
Which is the ſide that I muſt goe withall?
I am with both, each Army hath a hand,
And in their rage, I hauing hold of both,
They whurle a-funder, and diſmember mee.
Husband, I cannot pray that thou maiſt winne:
Vncle, I needs muſt pray that thou maiſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine:
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thriue:
Who-euer wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe:
Aſſured loſſe, before the match be plaid.
Dolph. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.
Bla. There where my fortune liues, there my life dies.
Iohn. Coſen, goe draw our puiſance together,
France, I am burn'd vp with inflaming wrath,
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition;
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood,
The blood and deereſt valued bloud of *France*.
Fra. Thy rage ſhall burne thee vp, & thou ſhalt turne
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire:
Looke to thy ſelfe, thou art in ieopardie.
Iohn. No more then he that threats. To Arms le'ts hie.
Exeunt.

Scœna Secunda.

Allarums, Excurſions: Enter Baſtard with Auſtria's head.

Baſt. Now by my life, this day grows wondrous hot,
Some ayery Deuill houers in the skie,
And pour's downe miſchiefe. *Auſtrias* head lye there,
Enter Iohn, Arthur, Hubert.
While *Philip* breathes.
Iohn. Hubert, keepe this boy: *Philip* make vp,
My Mother is aſſayled in our Tent,
And tane I feare.
Baſt. My Lord I reſcued her,
Her Highneſſe is in ſafety, feare you not;
But on my Liege, for very little paines
Will bring this labor to an happy end. *Exit.*

Alarums, excurſions, Retreat. Enter Iohn, Eleanor, Arthur Baſtard, Hubert, Lords.

Iohn. So ſhall it be: your Grace ſhall ſtay behinde
So ſtrongly guarded: Coſen, looke not ſad,
Thy Grandame loues thee, and thy Vnkle will
As deere be to thee, as thy father was.
Arth. O this will make my mother die with griefe.
Iohn. Coſen away for *England*, haſte before,
And ere our comming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoording Abbots, impriſoned angells
Set at libertie: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed vpon:
Vſe our Commiſſion in his vtmoſt force.
Baſt. Bell, Booke, & Candle, ſhall not driue me back,
When gold and ſiluer becks me to come on.
I leaue your highneſſe: Grandame, I will pray
(If euer I remember to be holy)
For your faire ſafety: ſo I kiſſe your hand.
Ele. Farewell gentle Coſen.
Iohn. Coz, farewell.
Ele. Come hether little kinſman, harke, a worde.
Iohn. Come hether *Hubert*. O my gentle *Hubert*,
We owe thee much: within this wall of fleſh
There is a ſoule counts thee her Creditor,
And with aduantage meanes to pay thy loue:
And my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Liues in this boſome, deerely cheriſhed.
Giue me thy hand, I had a thing to ſay,
But I will fit it with ſome better tune.
By heauen *Hubert*, I am almoſt aſham'd
To ſay what good reſpect I haue of thee.
Hub. I am much bounden to your Maieſty.
Iohn. Good friend, thou haſt no cauſe to ſay ſo yet,
But thou ſhalt haue: and creepe time nere ſo ſlow,
Yet it ſhall come, for me to doe thee good.
I had a thing to ſay, but let it goe:
The Sunne is in the heauen, and the proud day,
Attended with the pleaſures of the world,
Is all too wanton, and too full of gawdes
To giue me audience: If the mid-night bell
Did with his yron tongue, and brazen mouth
Sound on into the drowzie race of night:
If this ſame were a Church-yard where we ſtand,
And thou poſſeſſed with a thouſand wrongs:
Or if that ſurly ſpirit melancholy
Had bak'd thy bloud, and made it heauy, thicke,
Which elſe runnes tickling vp and downe the veines,
Making that idiot laughter keepe mens eyes,
And ſtraine their cheekes to idle merriment,
A paſſion hatefull to my purpoſes:
Or if that thou couldſt ſee me without eyes,
Heare me without thine eares, and make reply
Without a tongue, vſing conceit alone,
Without eyes, eares, and harmefull ſound of words:
Then, in deſpight of brooded watchfull day,
I would into thy boſome poure my thoughts:
But (ah) I will not, yet I loue thee well,
And by my troth I thinke thou lou'ſt me well.
Hub. So well, that what you bid me vndertake,
Though that my death were adiunct to my Act,
By heauen I would doe it.
Iohn. Doe not I know thou wouldſt?
Good *Hubert*, *Hubert*, *Hubert* throw thine eye
On yon yong boy: Ile tell thee what my friend,
He is a very ſerpent in my way,
And whereſoere this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me: doſt thou vnderſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And Ile keepe him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Maieſty.
Iohn. Death.
Hub. My Lord.
Iohn. A Graue.
Hub. He ſhall not liue.
Iohn. Enough.
I could be merry now, *Hubert*, I loue thee:
Well, Ile not ſay what I intend for thee:
Remember: Madam, Fare you well,
Ile ſend thoſe powers o're to your Maieſty.
Ele. My bleſſing goe with thee.
Iohn. For *England* Coſen, goe.
Hubert ſhall be your man, attend on you
With al true duetie: On toward *Callice*, hoa.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Tertia.

Enter France, Dolphin, Pandulpho, Attendants.

Fra. So by a roaring Tempeſt on the flood,
A whole Armado of conuicted faile
Is ſcattered and diſ-ioyn'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet goe well.
Fra. What can goe well, when we haue runne ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not *Angiers* loſt?
Arthur tane priſoner? diuers deere friends ſlaine?
And bloudy *England* into *England* gone,
Ore-bearing interruption ſpight of *France?*
Dol. What he hath won, that hath he fortified:
So hot a ſpeed, with ſucb aduice diſpos'd,
Such temperate order in ſo fierce a cauſe,
Doth want example: who hath read, or heard
Of any kindred-action like to this?
Fra. Well could I beare that *England* had this praiſe,
So we could finde ſome patterne of our ſhame:

Enter Conſtance.

Looke who comes heere? a graue vnto a ſoule,
Holding th'eternall ſpirit againſt her will,
In the vilde priſon of afflicted breath:
I prethee Lady goe away with me.
Con. Lo; now: now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
Fra. Patience good Lady, comfort gentle *Conſtance.*
Con. No, I defie all Counſell, all redreſſe,
But that which ends all counſell, true Redreſſe:
Death, death, O amiable, louely death,
Thou odoriferous ſtench: ſound rottennesſe,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperitie,
And I will kiſſe thy deteſtable bones,
And put my eye-balls in thy vaultie browes,
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold wormes,
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a Carrion Monſter like thy ſelfe;
Come, grin on me, and I will thinke thou ſmil'ſt,
And buſſe thee as thy wife: Miſeries Loue,
O come to me.
Fra. O faire affliction, peace.
Con. No, no, I will not, hauing breath to cry:
O that my tongue were in the thunders mouth,
Then with a paſſion would I ſhake the world,
And rowze from ſleepe that ſell Anatomy
Which cannot heare a Ladies feeble voyce,
Which ſcornes a moderne Inuocation.
Pand. Lady, you vtter madneſſe, and not ſorrow.
Con. Thou art holy to belye me ſo,
I am not mad: this haire I teare is mine,
My name is *Conſtance*, I was *Geffreyes* wife,
Yong *Arthur* is my ſonne, and he is loſt:
I am not mad, I would to heauen I were,
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget my ſelfe:
O, if I could, what griefe ſhould I forget?
Preach ſome Philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be Canoniz'd (Cardinall.)
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of greefe,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliuer'd of theſe woes,
And teaches mee to kill or hang my ſelfe:
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſonne,
Or madly thinke a babe of clowts were he;
I am not mad: too well, too well I feele
The different plague of each calamitie.
Fra. Binde vp thoſe treſſes: O what loue I note
In the faire multitude of thoſe her haires;
Where but by chance a ſiluer drop hath falne,
Euen to that drop ten thouſand wiery fiends
Doe glew themſelues in ſociable griefe,
Like true, inſeparable, faithfull loues,
Sticking together in calamitie.
Con. To *England*, if you will.
Fra. Binde vp your haires.
Con. Yes that I will: and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cride aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeeme my ſonne,
As they haue giuen theſe hayres their libertie:
But now I enuie at their libertie,
And will againe commit them to their bonds,
Becauſe my poore childe is a priſoner.
And Father Cardinall, I haue heard you ſay
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heauen:
If that be true, I ſhall ſee my boy againe;
For ſince the birth of *Caine*, the firſt male-childe
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature borne:
But now will Canker-ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the natiue beauty from his cheeke,
And he will looke as hollow as a Ghoſt,
As dim and meager as an Agues fitte,
And ſo hee'll dye: and riſing ſo againe,
When I ſhall meet him in the Court of heauen
I ſhall not know him: therefore neuer, neuer
Muſt I behold my pretty *Arthur* more.
Pand. You hold too heynous a reſpect of greefe.
Conſt. He talkes to me, that neuer had a ſonne.
Fra. You are as fond of greefe, as of your childe.
Con. Greefe fils the roome vp of my abſent childe:
Lies in his bed, walkes vp and downe with me,
Puts on his pretty lookes, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffes out his vacant garments with his forme;
Then, haue I reaſon to be fond of griefe?
Fareyouwell: had you ſuch a loſſe as I,
I could giue better comfort then you doe.
I will not keepe this forme vpon my head,
When there is ſuch diſorder in my witte:
O Lord, my boy, my *Arthur*, my faire ſonne,
My life, my ioy, my food, my all the world:
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrowes cure. *Exit.*
Fra. I feare ſome out-rage, and Ile follow her. *Exit.*
Dol. There's nothing in this world can make me ioy,
Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
Vexing the dull eare of a drowſie man;
And bitter ſhame hath ſpoyl'd the ſweet words taſte,
That it yeelds nought but ſhame and bitterneſſe.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Euen in the inſtant of repaire and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: Euils that take leaue
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew euill:
What haue you loſt by loſing of this day?
Dol. All daies of glory, ioy, and happineſſe.
Pan. If you had won it, certainely you had.
No, no: when Fortune meanes to men moſt good,
Shee lookes vpon them with a threatning eye:
'Tis ſtrange to thinke how much King *Iohn* hath loſt
In this which he accounts ſo clearely wonne:

Are

Are not you grieu'd that *Arthur* is his priſoner?
Dol. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pan. Your minde is all as youthfull as your blood.
Now heare me ſpeake with a propheticke ſpirit:
For euen the breath of what I meane to ſpeake,
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub
Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy ſoote to Englands Throne. And therefore marke:
John hath ſeiz'd *Arthur*, and it cannot be,
That whiles warme life playes in that infants veines,
The miſ-plac'd *John* ſhould entertaine an houre,
One minute, nay one quiet breath of reſt.
A Scepter ſnatch'd with an vnruly hand,
Muſt be as boyſterouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
And he that ſtands vpon a ſlipp'ry place,
Makes nice of no vilde hold to ſtay him vp:
That *John* may ſtand, then *Arthur* needs muſt fall,
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.
Dol. But what ſhall I gaine by yong *Arthurs* fall?
Pan. You, in the right of Lady *Blanch* your wife,
May then make all the claime that *Arthur* did.
Dol. And looſe it, life and all, as *Arthur* did.
Pan. How green you are, and freſh in this old world?
John layes you plots: the times conſpire with you,
For be that ſteepes his ſafetie in true blood,
Shall finde but bloodie ſafety, and vntrue.
This Act ſo euilly borne ſhall coole the hearts
Of all his people, and freeze vp their zeale,
That none ſo ſmall aduantage ſhall ſtep forth
To checke his reigne, but they will cheriſh it.
No naturall exhalation in the skie,
No ſcope of Nature, no diſtemper'd day,
No common winde, no cuſtomed euent,
But they will plucke away his naturall cauſe,
And call them Meteors, prodigies, and ſignes,
Abbortiues, preſages, and tongues of heauen,
Plainly denouncing vengeance vpon *John*.
Dol. May be he will not touch yong *Arthurs* life,
But hold himſelfe ſafe in his priſonment.
Pan. O Sir, when he ſhall heare of your approach,
If that yong *Arthur* be not gone alreadie,
Euen at that newes he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall reuolt from him,
And kiſſe the lippes of vnacquainted change,
And picke ſtrong matter of reuolt, and wrath
Out of the bloody fingers ends of *John*.
Me thinkes I ſee this hurley all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you,
Then I haue nam'd. The Baſtard *Falconbridge*
Is now in England ranſacking the Church,
Offending Charity: If but a dozen French
Were there in Armes, they would be as a Call
To traine ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a Mountaine. O noble Dolphine,
Go with me to the King, 'tis wonderfull,
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent,
Now that their ſoules are topfull of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Dol. Strong reaſons makes ſtrange actions: let vs go,
If you ſay I, the King will not ſay no. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.
Hub. Heate me theſe Irons hot, and looke thou ſtand
Within the Arras: when I ſtrike my foot
Vpon the boſome of the ground, ruſh forth
And binde the boy, which you ſhall finde with me
Faſt to the chaire: be heedfull: hence, and watch.
Exec. I hope your warrant will beare out the deed.
Hub. Vncleanly ſcruples feare not you: looke too't.
Yong Lad come forth; I haue to ſay with you.
Enter Arthur.
Ar. Good morrow *Hubert*.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Ar. As little Prince, hauing ſo great a Title
To be more Prince, as may be: you are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I haue beene merrier.
Art. 'Mercie on me:
Me thinkes no body ſhould be ſad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Yong Gentlemen would be as ſad as night
Onely for wantonneſſe: by my Chriſtendome,
So I were out of priſon, and kept Sheepe
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long:
And ſo I would be heere, but that I doubt
My Vnckle practiſes more harme to me:
He is affraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault, that I was *Geffreyes* ſonne?
No in deede is't not: and I would to heauen
I were your ſonne, ſo you would loue me, Hubert:
Hub. If I talke to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercie, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be ſodaine, and diſpatch.
Ar. Are you ſicke Hubert? you looke pale to day,
Infooth I would you were a little ſicke,
That I might ſit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant I loue you more then you do me.
Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſome.
Reade heere yong *Arthur*. How now fooliſh rheume?
Turning diſpitious torture out of doore?
I muſt be breefe, leaſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womaniſh teares.
Can you not reade it? Is it not faire writ?
Ar. Too fairely *Hubert*, for ſo foule effect,
Muſt you with hot Irons, burne out both mine eyes?
Hub. Yong Boy, I muſt.
Art. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Art. Haue you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my hand-kercher about your browes
(The beſt I had, a Princeſſe wrought it me)
And I did neuer aske it you againe:
And with my hand, at midnight held your head;
And like the watchfull minutes, to the houre,
Still and anon cheer'd vp the heauy time;
Saying, what lacke you? and where lies your greefe?
Or what good loue may I performe for you?
Many a poore mans ſonne would haue lyen ſtill,
And nere haue ſpoke a louing word to you:
But you, at your ſicke ſeruice had a Prince:
Nay, you may thinke my loue was craftie loue,
And call it cunning. Do, and if you will,

If

If heauen be pleas'd that you muſt vſe me ill,
Why then you muſt. Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes, that neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
So much as frowne on you.
Hub. I haue ſworne to do it:
And with hot Irons muſt I burne them out.
Ar. Ah, none but in this Iron Age, would do it:
The Iron of it ſelfe, though heate red hot,
Approaching neere theſe eyes, would drinke my teares,
And quench this fierie indignation,
Euen in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harme mine eye:
Are you more ſtubborne hard, then hammer'd Iron?
And if an Angell ſhould haue come to me,
And told me *Hubert* ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not haue beleeu'd him: no tongue but *Huberts*.
Hub. Come forth: Do as I bid you do.
Art. O ſaue me *Hubert*, ſaue me: my eyes are out
Euen with the fierce lookes of theſe bloody men.
Hub. Giue me the Iron I ſay, and binde him heere.
Art. Alas, what needs you be ſo boiſtrous rough?
I will not ſtruggle. I will ſtand ſtone ſtill:
For heauen ſake *Hubert* let me not be bound:
Nay heare me *Hubert*, driue theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a Lambe.
I will not ſtirre, nor winch, nor ſpeake a word,
Nor looke vpon the Iron angerly:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and Ile forgiue you,
What euer torment you do put me too.
Hub. Go ſtand within: let me alone with him.
Exeu. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deede.
Art. Alas, I then haue chid away my friend,
He hath a ſterne looke, but a gentle heart:
Let him come backe, that his compaſſion may
Giue life to yours.
Hub. Come (Boy) prepare your ſelfe.
Art. Is there no remedie?
Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.
Art. O heauen: that there were but a moth in yours,
A graine, a duſt, a gnat, a wandering haire,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then feeling what ſmall things are boyſterous there,
Your vilde intent muſt needs ſeeme horrible.
Hub. Is this your promiſe? Go too, hold your toong
Art. *Hubert*, the vtterance of a brace of tongues,
Muſt needes want pleading for a paire of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue: let me not *Hubert*,
Or *Hubert*, if you will cut out my tongue,
So I may keepe mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes,
Though to no vſe, but ſtill to looke on you.
Loe, by my troth, the Inſtrument is cold,
And would not harme me.
Hub. I can heate it, Boy.
Art. No, in good ſooth: the fire is dead with griefe,
Being create for comfort, to be vs'd
In vndeſerued extreames: See elſe your ſelfe,
There is no malice in this burning cole,
The breath of heauen, hath blowne his ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can reuiue it Boy.
Art. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, *Hubert*:
Nay, it perchance will ſparkle in your eyes:
And, like a dogge that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his Maſter that doth tarre him on.
All things that you ſhould vſe to do me wrong
Deny their office: onely you do lacke
That mercie, which fierce fire, and Iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy, lacking vſes.
Hub. Well, ſee to liue: I will not touch thine eye,
For all the Treaſure that thine Vncle owes,
Yet am I ſworne, and I did purpoſe, Boy,
With this ſame very Iron, to burne them out.
Art. O now you looke like *Hubert*: All this while
You were diſguis'd.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu,
Your Vncle muſt not know but you are dead.
Ile fill theſe dogged Spies with falſe reports:
And, pretty childe, ſleepe doubtleſſe, and ſecure,
That *Hubert* for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Art. O heauen! I thanke you *Hubert*.
Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with mee,
Much danger do I vndergo for thee. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter John, Pembroke, Salisbury, and other Lordes.
John. Heere once againe we ſit: once againſt crown'd
And look'd vpon, I hope, with chearefull eyes.
Pem. This once again (but that your Highnes pleas'd)
Was once ſuperfluous: you were Crown'd before,
And that high Royalty was nere pluck'd off:
The faiths of men, nere ſtained with reuolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the Land
With any long'd-for-change, or better State.
Sal. Therefore, to be poſſeſs'd with double pompe,
To guard a Title, that was rich before;
To gilde refined Gold, to paint the Lilly;
To throw a perfume on the Violet,
To ſmooth the yce, or adde another hew
Vnto the Raine-bow; or with Taper-light
To ſeeke the beauteous eye of heauen to garniſh,
Is waſtefull, and ridiculous exceſſe.
Pem. But that your Royall pleaſure muſt be done,
This acte, is as an ancient tale new told,
And, in the laſt repeating, troubleſome,
Being vrged at a time vnſeaſonable.
Sal. In this the Anticke, and well noted face
Of plaine old forme, is much diſfigured,
And like a ſhifted winde vnto a ſaile,
It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about,
Startles, and frights conſideration:
Makes ſound opinion ſicke, and truth ſuſpected,
For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe.
Pem. When Workemen ſtriue to do better then wel,
They do confound their skill in couetouſneſſe,
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault,
Doth make the fault the worſe by th'excuſe:
As patches ſet vpon a little breach,
Diſcredite more in hiding of the fault,
Then did the fault before it was ſo patch'd.
Sal. To this effect, before you were new crown'd
We breath'd our Councell: but it pleas'd your Highnes
To ouer-beare it, and we are all well pleas'd,
Since all, and euery part of what we would
Doth make a ſtand, at what your Highneſſe will.

John.

Iob. Some reaſons of this double Corronation
I haue poſſeſt you with, and thinke them ſtrong.
And more, more ſtrong, then leſſer is my feare
I ſhall indue you with: Meane time, but aske
What you would haue reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceiue, how willingly
I will both heare, and grant you your requeſts.
Pem. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe
To found the purpoſes of all their hearts,
Both for my ſelfe, and them: but chiefe of all
Your ſafety: for the which, my ſelfe and them
Bend their beſt ſtudies, heartily requeſt
Th'infranchiſement of *Arthur*, whoſe reſtraint
Doth moue the murmuring lips of diſcontent
To breake into this dangerous argument.
If what in reſt you haue, in right you hold,
Why then your feares, which (as they ſay) attend
The ſteppes of wrong, ſhould moue you to mew vp
Your tender kinſman, and to choake his dayes
With barbarous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich aduantage of good exerciſe,
That the times enemies may not haue this
To grace occaſions: let it be our ſuite,
That you haue bid vs aske his libertie,
Which for our goods, we do no further aske,
Then, whereupon our weale on you depending,
Counts it yuur weale: he haue his liberty.

Enter Hubert.

Iohn. Let it be ſo: I do commit his youth
To your direction: *Hubert*, what newes with you?
Pem. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine,
The image of a wicked heynous fault
Liues in his eye: that cloſe aſpect of his,
Do ſhew the mood of a much troubled breſt,
And I do fearefully beleeue 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come, and go
Betweene his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like Heralds 'twixt two dreadfull battailes ſet:
His paſſion is ſo ripe, it needs muſt breake.
Pem. And when it breakes, I feare will iſſue thence
The foule corruption of a ſweet childes death.
Iohn. We cannot hold mortalities ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to giue, is liuing,
The ſuite which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tels vs *Arthur* is deceas'd to night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſſe was paſt cure.
Pem. Indeed we heard how neere his death he was,
Before the childe himſelfe felt he was ſicke:
This muſt be anſwer'd either heere, or hence.
Iob. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemne browes on me?
Thinke you I beare the Sheeres of deſtiny?
Haue I commandement on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparant foule-play, and 'tis ſhame
That Greatneſſe ſhould ſo groſſely offer it;
So thriue it in your game, and ſo farewell.
Pem. Stay yet (Lord Salisbury) Ile goe with thee,
And finde th'inheritance of this poore childe,
His little kingdome of a forced graue.
That blood which ow'd the bredth of all this Ile,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while:
This muſt not be thus borne, this will breake out
To all our ſorrowes, and ere long I doubt. *Exeunt.*
Io. They burn in indignation: I repent: *Enter Meſ.*
There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood:
No certaine life atchieu'd by others death:
A fearefull eye thou haſt. Where is that blood,
That I haue ſeene inhabite in thoſe cheekes?
So foule a skie, cleeres not without a ſtorme,
Poure downe thy weather: how goes all in France?
Meſ. From France to England, neuer ſuch a powre
For any forraigne preparation,
Was leuied in the body of a land.
The Copie of your ſpeede is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tydings comes, that they are all arriu'd.
Iob. Oh where hath our Intelligence bin drunke?
Where hath it ſlept? Where is my Mothers care?
That ſuch an Army could be drawne in France,
And ſhe not heare of it?
Meſ. My Liege, her eare
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of Aprill di'de
Your noble mother; and as I heare, my Lord,
The Lady *Conſtance* in a frenzie di'de
Three dayes before: but this from Rumors tongue
I idely heard: if true, or falſe I know not.
Iohn. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadfull Occaſion:
O make a league with me, 'till I haue pleas'd
My diſcontented Peeres. What? Mother dead?
How wildely then walkes my Eſtate in France?
Vnder whoſe conduct came thoſe powres of France,
That thou for truth giu'ſt out are landed heere?
Meſ. Vnder the Dolphin.

Enter Baſtard and Peter of Pomfret.

Iob. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tydings: Now? What ſayes the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeeke to ſtuffe
My head with more ill newes: for it is full.
Baſt. But if you be a-feard to heare the worſt,
Then let the worſt vn-heard, fall on your head.
Iohn. Beare with me Coſen, for I was amaz'd
Vnder the tide; but now I breath againe
Aloft the flood, and can giue audience
To any tongue, ſpeake it of what it will.
Baſt. How I haue ſped among the Clergy men,
The ſummes I haue collected ſhall expreſſe:
But as I trauail'd hither through the land,
I finde the people ſtrangely fantaſied,
Poſſeſt with rumors, full of idle dreames,
Not knowing what they feare, but full of feare.
And here's a Prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heeles:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh ſounding rimes,
That ere the next Aſcenſion day at noone,
Your Highnes ſhould deliuer vp your Crowne.
Iohn. Thou idle Dreamer, wherefore didſt thou ſo?
Pet. Fore-knowing that the truth will fall out ſo.
Iohn. Hubert, away with him: impriſon him,
And on that day at noone, whereon he ſayes
I ſhall yeeld vp my Crowne, let him be hang'd.
Deliuer him to ſafety, and returne,
For I muſt vſe thee. O my gentle Coſen,
Hear'ſt thou the newes abroad, who are arriu'd?
Baſt. The *French* (my Lord) mens mouths are ful of it:
Beſides I met Lord *Bigot*, and Lord *Salisburie*
With eyes as red as new enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeeke the graue
Of *Arthur*, whom they ſay is kill'd to night, on your ſuggeſtion.
Iohn. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thy ſelfe into their Companies,

I,

I haue a way to winne their loues againe:
Bring them before me.
Baſt. I will ſeeke them out.
Iohn. Nay, but make haſte: the better foote before.
O, let me haue no ſubiect enemies,
When aduerſe Forreyners affright my Townes
With dreadfull pompe of ſtout inuaſion.
Be Mercurie, ſet feathers to thy heeles,
And flye (like thought) from them, to me againe.
Baſt. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed. *Exit*
Iohn. Spoke like a ſprightfull Noble Gentleman.
Go after him: for he perhaps ſhall neede
Some Meſſenger betwixt me, and the Peeres,
And be thou hee.
Mef. With all my heart, my Liege.
Iohn. My mother dead?

Enter Hubert.

Hub. My Lord, they ſay fiue Moones were ſeene to night:
Foure fixed, and the fift did whirle about
The other foure, in wondrous motion.
Iob. Fiue Moones?
Hub. Old men, and Beldames, in the ſtreets
Do propheſie vpon it dangerouſly:
Yong *Arthurs* death is common in their mouths,
And when they talke of him, they ſhake their heads,
And whiſper one another in the eare.
And he that ſpeakes, doth gripe the hearers wriſt,
Whilſt he that heares, makes fearefull action
With wrinkled browes, with nods, with rolling eyes.
I ſaw a Smith ſtand with bis hammer (thus)
The whilſt his Iron did on the Anuile coole,
With open mouth ſwallowing a Taylors newes,
Who with his Sheeres, and Meaſure in his hand,
Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
Had falſely thruſt vpon contrary feete,
Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
That were embattailed, and rank'd in Kent.
Another leane, vnwaſh'd Artificer,
Cuts off his tale, and talkes of *Arthurs* death.
Io. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſſe me with theſe feares?
Why vrgeſt thou ſo oft yong *Arthurs* death?
Thy hand hath murdred him: I had a mighty cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou hadſt none to kill him.
H. No had (my Lord?) why, did you not prouoke me?
Iohn. It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
By ſlaues, that take their humors for a warrant,
To breake within the bloody houſe of life,
And on the winking of Authoritie
To vnderſtand a Law; to know the meaning
Of dangerous Maieſty, where perchance it frownes
More vpon humor, then aduis'd reſpect.
Hub. Heere is your hand and Seale for what I did.
Iob. Oh, when the laſt accompt twixt heauen & earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and Seale
Witneſſe againſt vs to damnation.
How oft the ſight of meanes to do ill deeds,
Make deeds ill done? Had'ſt not thou beene by,
A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deede of ſhame,
This murther had not come into my minde.
But taking note of thy abhorr'd Aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villanie:
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of *Arthurs* death:
And thou, to be endeered to a King,
Made it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord.
Iob. Had'ſt thou but ſhooke thy head, or made a paſte
When I ſpake darkely, what I purpoſed:
Or turn'd an eye of doubt vpon my face;
As bid me tell my tale in expreſſe words:
Deepe ſhame had ſtruck me dumbe, made me break off,
And thoſe thy feares, might haue wrought feares in me.
But, thou didſt vnderſtand me by my ſignes,
And didſt in ſignes againe parley with ſinne,
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently, thy rude hand to acte
The deed, which both our tongues held vilde to name.
Out of my ſight, and neuer ſee me more:
My Nobles leaue me, and my State is braued,
Euen at my gates, with rankes of forraigne powres;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly Land,
This kingdome, this Confine of blood, and breathe
Hoſtilitie, and ciuill tumult reignes
Betweene my conſcience, and my Coſins death.
Hub. Arme you againſt your other enemies:
Ile make a peace betweene your ſoule, and you.
Yong *Arthur* is aliue: This hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand.
Not painted with the Crimſon ſpots of blood,
Within this boſome, neuer entred yet
The dreadfull motion of a murderous thought,
And you haue ſlander'd Nature in my forme,
Which howſoeuer rude exteriorly,
Is yet the couer of a fayrer minde,
Then to be butcher of an innocent childe.
Iohn. Doth *Arthur* liue? O haſt thee to the Peeres,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgiue the Comment that my paſſion made
Vpon thy feature, for my rage was blinde,
And foule immaginarie eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous then thou art.
Oh, anſwer not; but to my Cloſſet bring
The angry Lords, with all expedient haſt,
I coniure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Arthur on the walles.

Ar. The Wall is high, and yet will I leape downe.
Good ground be pittifull, and hurt me not:
There's few or none do know me, if they did,
This Ship-boyes ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite.
I am afraide, and yet Ile venture it.
If I get downe, and do not breake my limbes,
Ile finde a thouſand ſhifts to get away;
As good to dye, and go; as dye, and ſtay.
Oh me, my Vnckles ſpirit is in theſe ſtones,
Heauen take my ſoule, and England keep my bones. *Dies*

Enter Pembroke, Salisbury, & Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at S. *Edmondsbury*,
It is our ſafetie, and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perillous time.
Pem. Who brought that Letter from the Cardinall?
Sal. The Count *Meloone*, a Noble Lord of France,
Whoſe priuate with me of the Dolphines loue,
Is much more generall, then theſe lines import.

Big.

Big. To morrow morning let vs meete him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long dayes iourney (Lords) or ere we meete.
Enter Baſtard.
Baſt. Once more to day well met, diſtemper'd Lords,
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtraight.
Sal. The king hath diſpoſſeſt himſelfe of vs,
We will not lyne his thin-beſtained cloake
With our pure Honors: nor attend the foote
That leaues the print of blood where ere it walkes.
Returne, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Baſt. What ere you thinke, good words I thinke were beſt.
Sal. Our greefes, and not our manners reaſon now.
Baſt. But there is little reaſon in your greefe.
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pem. Sir, ſir, impatience hath his priuiledge.
Baſt. 'Tis true, to hurt his maſter, no mans elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: What is he lyes heere?
P. Oh death, made proud with pure & princely beuty,
The earth had not a hole to hide this deede.
Sal. Murther, as hating what himſelfe hath done,
Doth lay it open to vrge on reuenge.
Big. Or when he doom'd this Beautie to a graue,
Found it too precious Princely, for a graue.
Sal. Sir *Richard*, what thinke you? you haue beheld,
Or haue you read, or heard, or could you thinke?
Or do you almoſt thinke, although you ſee,
That you do ſee? Could thought, without this obiect
Forme ſuch another? This is the very top,
The heighth, the Creſt: or Creſt vnto the Creſt
Of murthers Armes: This is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt Sauagery, the vildeſt ſtroke
That euer wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage
Preſented to the teares of ſoft remorſe.
Pem. All murthers paſt, do ſtand excus'd in this:
And this ſo ſole, and ſo vnmatcheable,
Shall giue a holineſſe, a puritie,
To the yet vnbegotten ſinne of times;
And proue a deadly blood-ſhed, but a ieſt,
Exampled by this heynous ſpectacle.
Baſt. It is a damned, and a bloody worke,
The graceleſſe action of a heauy hand,
If that it be the worke of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the worke of any hand?
We had a kinde of light, what would enſue:
It is the ſhamefull worke of *Huberts* hand,
The practice, and the purpoſe of the king:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoule,
Kneeling before this ruine of ſweete life,
And breathing to his breathleſſe Excellence
The Incenſe of a Vow, a holy Vow:
Neuer to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Neuer to be infected with delight,
Nor conuerſant with Eaſe, and Idleneſſe,
Till I haue ſet a glory to this hand,
By giuing it the worſhip of Reuenge.
Pem. Big. Our ſoules religiouſly confirme thy words.
Enter Hubert.
Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte, in ſeeking you,
Arthur doth liue, the king hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh he is bold, and blushes not at death,
Auant thou hatefull villain, get thee gone. (the Law?
Hu. I am no villaine. *Sal.* Muſt I rob
Baſt. Your ſword is bright ſir, put it vp againe.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murtherers skin.
Hub. Stand backe Lord Salsbury, ſtand backe I ſay:
By heauen, I thinke my ſword's as ſharpe as yours.
I would not haue you (Lord) forget your ſelfe,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leaſt I, by marking of your rage, forget
your Worth, your Greatneſſe, and Nobility.
Big. Out dunghill: dar'ſt thou braue a Nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life: But yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a Murtherer.
Hub. Do not proue me ſo:
Yet I am none. Whoſe tongue ſo ere ſpeakes falſe,
Not truely ſpeakes: who ſpeakes not truly, Lies.
Pem. Cut him to peeces.
Baſt. Keepe the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you *Faulconbridge*.
Baſt. Thou wer't better gaul the diuell Salsbury.
If thou but frowne on me, or ſtirre thy foote,
Or teach thy haſtie ſpleene to do me ſhame,
Ile ſtrike thee dead. Put vp thy ſword betime,
Or Ile ſo maule you, and your toſting-Iron,
That you ſhall thinke the diuell is come from hell.
Big. What wilt thou do, renowned *Faulconbridge*?
Second a Villaine, and a Murtherer?
Hub. Lord *Bigot*, I am none.
Big. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an houre ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lou'd him, and will weepe
My date of life out, for his ſweete liues loſſe.
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villanie is not without ſuch rheume,
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeeme
Like Riuers of remorſe and innocencie.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſoules abhorre
Th'vncleanly ſauours of a Slaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with this ſmell of ſinne.
Big. Away, toward *Burie*, to the Dolphin there.
P. There tel the king, he may inquire vs out. *Ex. Lords.*
Ba. Here's a good world: knew you of this faire work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſſe reach of mercie,
(If thou didſt this deed of death) art ỹ damn'd *Hubert*.
Hub. Do but heare me ſir.
Baſt. Ha? Ile tell thee what.
Thou'rt damn'd as blacke, nay nothing is ſo blacke,
Thou art more deepe damn'd then Prince Lucifer:
There is not yet ſo vgly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this childe.
Hub. Vpon my ſoule.
Baſt. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruell Act: do but diſpaire,
And if thou want'ſt a Cord, the ſmalleſt thred
That euer Spider twiſted from her wombe
Will ſerue to ſtrangle thee: A ruſh will be a beame
To hang thee on. Or wouldſt thou drowne thy ſelfe,
Put but a little water in a ſpoone,
And it ſhall be as all the Ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villaine vp.
I do ſuſpect thee very greeuouſly.
Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſinne of thought,
Be guiltie of the ſtealing that ſweete breath
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want paines enough to torture me:
I left him well.
Baſt. Go, beare him in thine armes:
I am amaz'd me thinkes, and looſe my way
Among the thornes, and dangers of this world.

How eaſie doſt thou take all *England* vp,
From forth this morcell of dead Royaltie ?
The life, the right, and truth of all this Realme
Is fled to heauen : and *England* now is left
To tug and ſcamble, and to part by th'teeth
The vn-owed intereſt of proud ſwelling State :
Now for the bare-pickt bone of Maieſty,
Doth dogged warre briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of peace :
Now Powers from home, and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line : and vaſt confuſion waites
As doth a Rauen on a ſicke-falne beaſt,
The iminent decay of wreſted pompe.
Now happy he, whoſe cloake and center can
Hold out this tempeſt. Beare away that childe,
And follow me with ſpeed : Ile to the King :
A thouſand buſineſſes are briefe in hand,
And heauen it ſelfe doth frowne vpon the Land. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus, Scæna prima.

Enter King Iohn and Pandolph, attendants.

K.Iohn. Thus haue I yeelded vp into your hand
The Circle of my glory.
Pan. Take againe
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope
Your Soueraigne greatneſſe and authoritie.
Iohn. Now keep your holy word, go meet the *French*,
And from his holineſſe vſe all your power
To ſtop their marches 'fore we are enflam'd :
Our diſcontented Counties doe reuolt :
Our people quarrell with obedience,
Swearing Allegiance, and the loue of ſoule
To ſtranger-bloud, to forren Royalty ;
This inundation of miſtempred humor,
Reſts by you onely to be qualified.
Then pauſe not : for the preſent time's ſo ſicke,
That preſent medcine muſt be miniſtred,
Or ouerthrow incureable enſues.
Pand. It was my breath that blew this Tempeſt vp.
Vpon your ſtubborne vſage of the Pope :
But ſince you are a gentle conuertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh againe this ſtorme of warre,
And make faire weather in your bluſtring land :
On this Aſcention day, remember well,
Vpon your oath of ſeruice to the Pope,
Goe I to make the *French* lay downe their Armes. *Exit.*
Iohn. Is this Aſcenſion day : did not the Prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion day at noone,
My Crowne I ſhould giue off ? euen ſo I haue :
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint,
But (heau'n be thank'd) it is but voluntary.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. All Kent hath yeelded : nothing there holds out
But Douer Caſtle : London hath receiu'd
Like a kinde Hoſt, the Dolphin and his powers.
Your Nobles will not heare you, but are gone
To offer ſeruice to your enemy :
And wilde amazement hurries vp and downe
The little number of your doubtfull ſriends.
Iohn. Would not my Lords returne to me againe
After they heard yong *Arthur* was aliue ?
Baſt. They ſound him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty Casket, where the Iewell of life
By ſome damn'd hand was rob'd, and tane away.
Iohn. That villaine *Hubert* told me he did liue.
Baſt. So on my ſoule he did, for ought he knew :
But wherefore doe you droope ? why looke you ſad ?
Be great in act, as you haue beene in thought :
Let not the world ſee feare and ſad diſtruſt
Gouerne the motion of a kinglye eye :
Be ſtirring as the time, be fire with fire,
Threaten the threatner, and out-face the brow
Of bragging horror : So ſhall inferior eyes
That borrow their behauiours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſſe ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of warre
When he intendeth to become the field :
Shew boldneſſe and aſpiring confidence :
What, ſhall they ſeeke the Lion in his denne,
And fright him there ? and make him tremble there ?
Oh let it not be ſaid : forrage, and runne
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the dores,
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nye.
Iohn. The Legat of the Pope hath beene with mee,
And I haue made a happy peace with him,
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſſe the Powers
Led by the Dolphin.
Baſt. Oh inglorious league :
Shall we vpon the footing of our land,
Send fayre-play-orders and make comprimiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce
To Armes Inuaſiue ? Shall a beardleſſe boy,
A cockred-ſilken wanton braue our fields,
And ſleſh his ſpirit in a warre-like ſoyle,
Mocking the ayre with colours idlely ſpred,
And finde no checke ? Let vs my Liege to Armes :
Perchance the Cardinall cannot make your peace ;
Or if he doe, let it at leaſt be ſaid
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
Iohn. Haue thou the ordering of this preſent time.
Baſt. Away then with good courage : yet I know
Our Partie may well meet a prowder foe. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter (in Armes) Dolphin, Salisbury, Meloone, Pembroke, Bigot, Souldiers.

Dol. My Lord *Melloone*, let this be coppied out,
And keepe it ſafe for our remembrance :
Returne the preſident to theſe Lords againe,
That hauing our faire order written downe,
Both they and we, peruſing ore theſe notes
May know wherefore we tooke the Sacrament,
And keepe our faithes firme and inuiolable.
Sal. Vpon our ſides it neuer ſhall be broken.
And Noble Dolphin, albeit we ſweare
A voluntary zeale, and an vn-urg'd Faith
To your proceedings : yet beleeue me Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of Time
Should ſeeke a plaſter by contemn'd reuolt,
And heale the inueterate Canker of one wound,

By

By making many: Oh it grieues my ſoule,
That I muſt draw this mettle from my ſide
To be a widdow-maker: oh, and there
Where honourable reſcue, and defence
Cries out vpon the name of *Salisbury*.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That for the health and Phyſicke of our right,
We cannot deale but with the very hand
Of ſterne Iniuſtice, and confuſed wrong:
And is't not pitty, (oh my grieued friends)
That we, the ſonnes and children of this Iſle,
Was borne to ſee ſo fad an houre as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger, march
Vpon her gentle boſom, and fill vp
Her Enemies rankes? I muſt withdraw, and weepe
Vpon the ſpot of this inforced cauſe,
To grace the Gentry of a Land remote,
And ſollow vnacquainted colours heere:
What heere? O Nation that thou couldſt remoue,
That *Neptunes* Armes who clippeth thee about,
Would beare thee from the knowledge of thy ſelfe,
And cripple thee vnto a Pagan ſhore,
Where thefe two Chriſtian Armies might combine
The bloud of malice, in a vaine of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo vn-neighbourly.

Dolph. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this,
And great affections wraſtling in thy boſome
Doth make an earth-quake of Nobility:
Oh, what a noble combat haſt ſought
Between compulſion, and a braue reſpect:
Let me wipe off this honourable dewe,
That ſiluerly doth progreſſe on thy cheekes:
My heart hath melted at a Ladies teares,
Being an ordinary Inundation:
But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
This ſhowre, blowne vp by tempeſt of the ſoule,
Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd
Then had I ſeene the vaultie top of heauen
Figur'd quite ore with burning Meteors.
Lift vp thy brow (renowned *Salisburie*)
And with a great heart heaue away this ſtorme:
Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes
That neuer ſaw the giant-world enrag'd,
Nor met with Fortune, other then at feaſts,
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping:
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deepe
Into the purſe of rich proſperity
As *Lewis* himſelfe: ſo (Nobles) ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinewes to the ſtrength of mine.

Enter Pandulpho.

And euen there, methinkes an Angell ſpake,
Looke where the holy Legate comes apace,
To giue vs warrant from the hand of heauen,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Haile noble Prince of *France:*
The next is this: King *John* hath reconcil'd
Himſelfe to *Rome,* his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy Church,
The great Metropolis and Sea of Rome:
Therefore thy threatning Colours now winde vp,
And tame the ſauage ſpirit of wilde warre,
That like a Lion foſtered vp at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of peace.
And be no further harmefull then in ſhewe.

Dol. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not backe:
I am too high-borne to be proportied
To be a ſecondary at controll,
Or vſefull ſeruing-man, and Inſtrument
To any Soueraigne State throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coale of warres,
Betweene this chaſtiz'd kingdome and my ſelfe,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire;
And now 'tis farre too huge to be blowne out
With that ſame weake winde, which enkindled it:
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with intereſt to this Land,
Yea, thruſt this enterprize into my heart,
And come ye now to tell me *John* hath made
His peace with *Rome?* what is that peace to me?
I (by the honour of my marriage bed)
After yong *Arthur*, claime this Land for mine,
And now it is halfe conquer'd, muſt I backe,
Becauſe that *John* hath made his peace with *Rome?*
Am I *Romes* ſlaue? What penny hath *Rome* borne?
What men prouided? What munition ſent
To vnder-prop this Action? Is't not I
That vnder-goe this charge? Who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claime are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſſe, and maintaine this warre?
Haue I not heard theſe Iſlanders ſhout out
Viue le Roy, as I haue bank'd their Townes?
Haue I not heere the beſt Cards for the game
To winne this eaſie match, plaid for a Crowne?
And ſhall I now giue ore the yeelded Set?
No, no, on my ſoule it neuer ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You looke but on the out-ſide of this worke.

Dol. Out-ſide or in-ſide, I will not returne
Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of warre,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world
To out looke Conqueſt, and to winne renowne
Euen in the iawes of danger, and of death:
What luſty Trumpet thus doth ſummon vs?

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. According to the faire-play of the world,
Let me haue audience: I am ſent to ſpeake:
My holy Lord of Millane, from the King
I come to learne how you haue dealt for him:
And, as you anſwer, I doe know the ſcope
And warrant limited vnto my tongue.

Pand. The *Dolphin* is too wilfull oppoſite
And will not temporize with my intreaties:
He flatly ſaies, hee'll not lay downe his Armes.

Baſt. By all the bloud that euer fury breath'd,
The youth ſaies well. Now heare our *Engliſh* King,
For thus his Royaltie doth ſpeake in me:
He is prepar'd, and reaſon to he ſhould,
This apiſh and vnmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd Maske, and vnaduiſed Reuell,
This vn-heard ſawcineſſe and boyiſh Troopes,
The King doth ſmile at, and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh warre, this Pigmy Armes
From out the circle of his Territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, euen at your dore,
To cudgell you, and make you take the hatch,
To diue like Buckets in concealed Welles,
To crowch in litter of your ſtable plankes,
To lye like pawnes, lock'd vp in cheſts and truncks,
To hug with ſwine, to ſeeke ſweet ſafety out
In vaults and priſons, and to thrill and ſhake,

Euen

Euen at the crying of your Nations crow,
Thinking this voyce an armed Engliſhman.
Shall that victorious hand be feebled heere,
That in your Chambers gaue you chaſtiſement?
No: know the gallant Monarch is in Armes,
And like an Eagle, o're his ayerie towres,
To ſowſſe annoyance that comes neere his Neſt;
And you degenerate, you ingrate Reuolts,
you bloudy Nero's, ripping vp the wombe
Of your deere Mother-England: bluſh for ſhame:
For your owne Ladies, and pale-viſag'd Maides,
Like *Amazons*, come tripping after drummes:
Their thimbles into armed Gantlets change,
Their Needl's to Lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.
Dol. There end thy braue, and turn thy face in peace,
We grant thou canſt out-ſcold vs: Fare thee well,
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a brabler.
Pan. Giue me leaue to ſpeake.
Baſt. No, I will ſpeake.
Dol. We will attend to neyther:
Strike vp the drummes, and let the tongue of warre
Pleade for our intereſt, and our being heere.
Baſt. Indeede your drums being beaten, wil cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten: Do but ſtart
An eccho with the clamor of thy drumme,
And euen at hand, a drumme is readie brac'd,
That ſhall reuerberate all, as lowd as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall
(As lowd as thine) rattle the Welkins eare,
And mocke the deepe mouth'd Thunder: for at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate heere,
Whom he hath vs'd rather for ſport, then neede)
Is warlike *John:* and in his fore-head ſits
A bare-rib'd death, whoſe office is this day
To feaſt vpon whole thouſands of the French.
Dol. Strike vp our drummes, to finde this danger out.
Baſt. And thou ſhalt finde it (Dolphin) do not doubt
Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Alarums. Enter Iohn and Hubert.

Iohn. How goes the day with vs? oh tell me *Hubert.*
Hub. Badly I feare; how fares your Maieſty?
Iohn. This Feauer that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lyes heauie on me: oh, my heart is ſicke.
Enter a Meſſenger.
Meſ. My Lord: your valiant kinſman *Falconbridge,*
Deſires your Maieſtie to leaue the field,
And ſend him word by me, which way you go.
Iohn. Tell him toward *Swinſted,* to the Abbey there.
Meſ. Be of good comfort: for the great ſupply,
That was expected by the Dolphin heere,
Are wrack'd three nights ago on *Goodwin* ſands.
This newes was brought to *Richard* but euen now,
The French fight coldly, and retyre themſelues.
Iohn. Aye me, this tyrant Feauer burnes mee vp,
And will not let me welcome this good newes.
Set on toward *Swinſted:* to my Litter ſtraight,
Weakneſſe poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.
Sal. I did not thinke the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.
Pem. Vp once againe: put ſpirit in the French,
If they miſcarry: we miſcarry too.
Sal. That misbegotten diuell *Falconbridge,*
In ſpight of ſpight, alone vpholds the day.
Pem. They ſay King *Iohn* ſore ſick, hath left the field.
Enter Meloon wounded.
Mel. Lead me to the Reuolts of England heere.
Sal. When we were happie, we had other names.
Pem. It is the Count *Meloone.*
Sal. Wounded to death.
Mel. Fly Noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold,
Vnthred the rude eye of Rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith,
Seeke out King *Iohn,* and fall before his feete:
For if the French be Lords of this loud day,
He meanes to recompence the paines you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he ſworne,
And I with him, and many moe with mee,
Vpon the Altar at S. *Edmondsbury,*
Euen on that Altar, where we ſwore to you
Deere Amity, and euerlaſting loue.
Sal. May this be poſſible? May this be true?
Mel. Haue I not hideous death within my view,
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, euen as a forme of waxe
Reſolueth from his figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceiue,
Since I muſt looſe the vſe of all deceite?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true
That I muſt dye heere, and liue hence, by Truth?
I ſay againe, if *Lewis* do win the day,
He is forſworne, if ere thoſe eyes of yours
Behold another day breake in the Eaſt:
But euen this night, whoſe blacke contagious breath
Already ſmoakes about the burning Creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied Sunne,
Euen this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire,
Paying the fine of rated Treachery,
Euen with a treacherous fine of all your liues:
If *Lewis,* by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one *Hubert,* with your King;
The loue of him, and this reſpect beſides
(For that my Grandſire was an Engliſhman)
Awakes my Conſcience to confeſſe all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you beare me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the Field;
Where I may thinke the remnant of my thoughts
In peace: and part this bodie and my ſoule
With contemplation, and deuout deſires.
Sal. We do beleeue thee, and beſhrew my ſoule,
But I do loue the fauour, and the forme
Of this moſt faire occaſion, by the which
We will vntread the ſteps of damned flight,
And like a bated and retired Flood,
Leauing our rankneſſe and irregular courſe,
Stoope lowe within thoſe bounds we haue ore-look'd,
And calmely run on in obedience
Euen to our Ocean, to our great King *Iohn.*
My arme ſhall giue thee helpe to beare thee hence,

For

For I do fee the cruell pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends, new flight,
And happie newneſſe, that intends old right. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter Dolphin, and his Traine.

Dol. The Sun of heauen (me thought) was loth to ſet;
But ſtaid, and made the Weſterne Welkin bluſh,
When Engliſh meaſure backward their owne ground
In faint Retire: Oh brauely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſſe ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toile, we bid good night,
And woon'd our tott'ring colours clearly vp,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt Lords of it.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Where is my Prince, the Dolphin?

Dol. Heere: what newes?

Meſ. The Count *Meloone* is ſlaine: The Engliſh Lords
By his perſwaſion, are againe falne off,
And your ſupply, which you haue wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunke on *Goodwin* ſands.

Dol. Ah fowle, ſhrew'd newes. Beſhrew thy very (hart:
I did not thinke to be ſo ſad to night
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King *Iohn* did flie an houre or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our wearie powres?

Meſ. Who euer ſpoke it, it is true my Lord.

Dol. Well: keepe good quarter, & good care to night,
The day ſhall not be vp ſo ſoone as I,
To try the faire aduenture of to morrow. *Exeunt.*

Scena Sexta.

Enter Baſtard and Hubert, ſeuerally.

Hub. Whoſe there? Speake hoa, ſpeake quickely, or I ſhoote.

Baſt. A Friend. What art thou?

Hub. Of the part of England.

Baſt. Whether doeſt thou go?

Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may not I demand of thine affaires,
As well as thou of mine?

Baſt. Hubert, I thinke.

Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will vpon all hazards well beleeue
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well:
Who art thou?

Baſt. Who thou wilt: and if thou pleaſe
Thou maiſt be-friend me ſo much, as to thinke
I come one way of the *Plantagenets.*

Hub. Vnkinde remembrance: thou, & endles night,
Haue done me ſhame: Braue Soldier, pardon me,
That any accent breaking from thy tongue,
Should ſcape the true acquaintance of mine eare.

Baſt. Come, come: ſans complement, What newes abroad?

Hub. Why heere walke I, in the black brow of night
To finde you out.

Baſt. Breefe then: and what's the newes?

Hub. O my ſweet ſir, newes fitting to the night,
Blacke, fearefull, comfortleſſe, and horrible.

Baſt. Shew me the very wound of this ill newes,
I am no woman, Ile not ſwound at it.

Hub. The King I feare is poyſon'd by a Monke,
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſſe, and broke out
To acquaint you with this euill, that you might
The better arme you to the ſodaine time,
Then if you had at leiſure knowne of this.

Baſt. How did he take it? Who did taſte to him?

Hub. A Monke I tell you, a reſolued villaine
Whoſe Bowels ſodainly burſt out: The King
Yet ſpeakes, and peraduenture may recouer.

Baſt Who didſt thou leaue to tend his Maieſty?

Hub. Why know you not? The Lords are all come backe,
And brought Prince *Henry* in their companie,
At whoſe requeſt the king hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Maieſtie.

Baſt. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heauen,
And tempt vs not to beare aboue our power.
Ile tell thee *Hubert*, halfe my power this night
Paſsing theſe Flats, are taken by the Tide,
Theſe Lincolne-Waſhes haue deuoured them,
My ſelfe, well mounted, hardly haue eſcap'd.
Away before: Conduct me to the king,
I doubt he will be dead, or ere I come. *Exeunt*

Scena Septima.

Enter Prince Henry, Salisburie, and Bigot.

Hen. It is too late, the life of all his blood
Is touch'd, corruptibly: and his pure braine
(Which ſome ſuppoſe the ſoules fraile dwelling houſe)
Doth by the idle Comments that it makes,
Fore-tell the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pem. His Highneſſe yet doth ſpeak, & holds beleefe,
That being brought into the open ayre,
It would allay the burning qualitie
Of that fell poiſon which aſſayleth him.

Hen. Let him be brought into the Orchard heere:
Doth he ſtill rage?

Pem. He is more patient
Then when you left him; euen now he ſung.

Hen. Oh vanity of ſickneſſe: fierce extreames
In their continuance, will not feele themſelues.
Death hauing praide vpon the outward parts
Leaues them inuiſible, and his ſeige is now
Againſt the winde, the which he prickes and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies,
Which in their throng, and preſſe to that laſt hold,
Counfound themſelues. 'Tis ſtrange ỹ death ſhold ſing:
I am the Symet to this pale faint Swan,
Who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death,
And from the organ-pipe of frailety ſings
His foule and body to their laſting reſt.

Sal. Be of good comfort (Prince) for you are borne
To ſet a forme vpon that indigeſt
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſſe, and ſo rude.

Iohn brought in.

Iohn. I marrie, now my ſoule hath elbow roome,

It

It would not out at windowes, nor at doores,
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſome,
That all my bowels crumble vp to duſt:
I am a ſcribled forme drawne with a pen
Vpon a Parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrinke vp.

Hen. How fares your Maieſty?

Ioh. Poyſon'd, ill fare: dead, forſooke, caſt off,
And none of you will bid the winter come
To thruſt his ycie fingers in my maw;
Nor let my kingdomes Riuers take their courſe
Through my burn'd boſome: nor intreat the North
To make his bleake windes kiſſe my parched lips,
And comfort me with cold. I do not aske you much,
I begge cold comfort: and you are ſo ſtraight
And ſo ingratefull, you deny me that.

Hen. Oh that there were ſome vertue in my teares,
That might releeue you.

Iohn. The ſalt in them is hot.
Within me is a hell, and there the poyſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize,
On vnrepreeuable condemned blood.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Oh, I am ſcalded with my violent motion
And ſpleene of ſpeede, to ſee your Maieſty.

Iohn. Oh Cozen, thou art come to ſet mine eye:
The tackle of my heart, is crack'd and burnt,
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſaile,
Are turned to one thred, one little haire:
My heart hath one poore ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy newes be vttered,
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Baſt. The Dolphin is preparing hither-ward,
Where heauen he knowes how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a nigbt the beſt part of my powre,
As I vpon aduantage did remoue,
Were in the *Waſhes* all vnwarily,
Deuoured by the vnexpected flood.

Sal. You breath theſe dead newes in as dead an eare
My Liege, my Lord: but now a King, now thus.

Hen. Euen ſo muſt I run on, and euen ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?

Baſt. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behinde,
To do the office for thee, of reuenge,
And then my ſoule ſhall waite on thee to heauen,
As it on earth hath bene thy ſeruant ſtill.
Now, now you Starres, that moue in your right ſpheres,
Where be your powres? Shew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly returne with me againe,
To puſh deſtruction, and perpetuall ſhame
Out of the weake doore of our fainting Land:
Straight let vs ſeeke, or ſtraight we ſhall be fought,
The Dolphine rages at our verie heeles.

Sal. It ſeemes you know not then ſo much as we,
The Cardinall *Pandulph* is within at reſt,
Who halfe an houre ſince came from the Dolphin,
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honor and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leaue this warre.

Baſt. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Our ſelues well ſinew'd to our defence.

Sal. Nay, 'tis in a manner done already,
For many carriages hee hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrell
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinall,
With whom your ſelfe, my ſelfe, and other Lords,
If you thinke meete, this afternoone will poaſt
To conſummate this buſineſſe happily.

Baſt. Let it be ſo, and you my noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall waite vpon your Fathers Funerall.

Hen. At Worſter muſt his bodie be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.

Baſt. Thither ſhall it then,
And happily may your ſweet ſelfe put on
The lineall ſtate, and glorie of the Land,
To whom with all ſubmiſsion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithfull ſeruices
And true ſubiection euerlaſtingly.

Sal. And the like tender of our loue wee make
To reſt without a ſpot for euermore.

Hen. I haue a kinde ſoule, that would giue thankes,
And knowes not how to do it, but with teares.

Baſt. Oh let vs pay the time: but needfull woe,
Since it hath beene before hand with our greeſes.
This England neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did helpe to wound it ſelfe.
Now, theſe her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we ſhall ſhocke them: Naught ſhall make vs rue,
If England to it ſelfe, do reſt but true. *Exeunt.*

The life and death of King Richard the Second.

Actus primus, Scæna Prima.

Enter King Richard, Iohn of Gaunt, with other Nobles and Attendants.

King Richard.

OLd *Iohn of Gaunt*, time-honoured Lancaſter,
Haſt thou according to thy oath and band
Brought hither *Henry* Herford thy bold ſon:
Heere to make good ỹ boiſtrous late appeale,
Which then our leyſure would not let vs heare,
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Gaunt. I haue my Liege.

King. Tell me moreouer, haſt thou ſounded him,
If he appeale the Duke on ancient malice,
Or worthily as a good ſubiect ſhould
On ſome knowne ground of treacherie in him.

Gaunt. As neere as I could ſift him on that argument,
On ſome apparant danger ſeene in him,
Aym'd at your Highneſſe, no inueterate malice.

Kin. Then call them to our preſence face to face,
And frowning brow to brow, our ſelues will heare
Th'accuſer, and the accuſed, freely ſpeake;
High ſtomack'd are they both, and full of ire,
In rage, deafe as the ſea; haſtie as fire.

Enter Bullingbrooke and Mowbray.

Bul. Many yeares of happy dayes befall
My gracious Soueraigne, my moſt louing Liege.

Mow. Each day ſtill better others happineſſe,
Vntill the heauens enuying earths good hap,
Adde an immortall title to your Crowne.

King. We thanke you both, yet one but flatters vs,
As well appeareth by the cauſe you come,
Namely, to appeale each other of high treaſon.
Coſin of Hereford, what doſt thou obiect
Againſt the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray?*

Bul. Firſt, heauen be the record to my ſpeech,
In the deuotion of a ſubiects loue,
Tendering the precious ſafetie of my Prince,
And free from other misbegotten hate,
Come I appealant to this Princely preſence.
Now *Thomas Mowbray* do I turne to thee,
And marke my greeting well: for what I ſpeake,
My body ſhall make good vpon this earth,
Or my diuine ſoule anſwer it in heauen.
Thou art a Traitor, and a Miſcreant;
Too good to be ſo, and too bad to liue,
Since the more faire and chriſtall is the skie,
The vglier ſeeme the cloudes that in it flye:
Once more, the more to aggrauate the note,
With a foule Traitors name ſtuffe I thy throte,
And wiſh (ſo pleaſe my Soueraigne) ere I moue,
What my tong ſpeaks, my right drawn ſword may proue

Mow. Let not my cold words heere accuſe my zeale:
'Tis not the triall of a Womans warre,
The bitter clamour of two eager tongues,
Can arbitrate this cauſe betwixt vs twaine:
The blood is hot that muſt be cool'd for this.
Yet can I not of ſuch tame patience boaſt,
As to be huſht, and nought at all to ſay.
Firſt the faire reuerence of your Highneſſe curbes mee,
From giuing reines and ſpurres to my free ſpeech,
Which elſe would poſt, vntill it had return'd
Theſe tearmes of treaſon, doubly downe his throat.
Setting aſide his high bloods royalty,
And let him be no Kinſman to my Liege,
I do defie him, and I ſpit at him,
Call him a ſlanderous Coward, and a Villaine:
Which to maintaine, I would allow him oddes,
And meete him, were I tide to runne aſoote,
Euen to the frozen ridges of the Alpes,
Or any other ground inhabitable,
Where euer Engliſhman durſt ſet his foote.
Meane time, let this defend my loyaltie,
By all my hopes moſt falſely doth he lie.

Bul. Pale trembling Coward, there I throw my gage,
Diſclaiming heere the kindred of a King,
And lay aſide my high bloods Royalty,
Which feare, not reuerence makes thee to except,
If guilty dread hath left thee ſo much ſtrength,
As to take vp mine Honors pawne, then ſtoope.
By that, and all the rites of Knight-hood elſe,
Will I make good againſt thee arme to arme,
What I haue ſpoken, or thou canſt deuiſe.

Mow. I take it vp, and by that ſword I ſweare,
Which gently laid my Knight-hood on my ſhoulder,
Ile anſwer thee in any faire degree,
Or Chiualrous deſigne of knightly triall:
And when I mount, aliue may I not light,
If I be Traitor, or vniuſtly fight.

King. What doth our Coſin lay to *Mowbraies* charge?
It muſt be great that can inherite vs,
So much as of a thought of ill in him.

Bul. Looke what I ſaid, my life ſhall proue it true,
That *Mowbray* hath receiu'd eight thouſand Nobles,

In

In name of lendings for your Highneſſe Soldiers,
The which he hath detain'd for lewd employments,
Like a falſe Traitor, and iniurious Villaine.
Beſides I ſay, and will in battaile proue,
Or heere, or elſewhere to the furtheſt Verge
That euer was ſuruey'd by Engliſh eye,
That all the Treaſons for theſe eighteene yeeres
Complotted, and contriued in this Land,
Fetch'd from falſe *Mowbray* their firſt head and ſpring.
Further I ſay, and further will maintaine
Vpon his bad life, to make all this good.
That he did plot the Duke of Glouſters death,
Suggeſt his ſoone beleeuing aduerſaries,
And conſequently, like a Traitor Coward,
Sluc'd out his innocent ſoule through ſtreames of blood:
Whicb blood, like ſacrificing *Abels* cries,
(Euen from the toongleſſe cauernes of the earth)
To me for iuſtice, and rough chaſticement:
And by the glorious worth of my diſcent,
This arme ſhall do it, or this life be ſpent.

King. How high a pitch his reſolution ſoares:
Thomas of Norfolke, what fayeſt thou to this?

Mow. Oh let my Soueraigne turne away his face,
And bid his eares a little while be deafe,
Till I haue told this ſlander of his blood,
How God, and good men, hate ſo foule a lyar.

King. Mowbray, impartiall are our eyes and eares,
Were he my brother, nay our kingdomes heyre,
As he is but my fathers brothers ſonne;
Now by my Scepters awe, I make a vow,
Such neighbour-neereneſſe to our ſacred blood,
Should nothing priuiledge him, nor partialize
The vn-ſtooping firmneſſe of my vpright ſoule.
He is our ſubiect (*Mowbray*) ſo art thou,
Free ſpeech, and feareleſſe, I to thee allow.

Mow. Then *Bullingbrooke*, as low as to thy heart,
Through the falſe paſſage of thy throat; thou lyeſt:
Three parts of that receipt I had for Callice,
Disburſt I to his Highueſſe ſouldiers;
The other part reſeru'd I by conſent,
For that my Soueraigne Liege was in my debt,
Vpon remainder of a deere Accompt,
Since laſt I went to France to fetch his Queene:
Now ſwallow downe that Lye. For Glouſters death,
I ſlew him not; but (to mine owne diſgrace)
Neglected my ſworne duty in that caſe:
For you my noble Lord of *Lancaſter*,
The honourable Father to my foe,
Once I did lay an ambuſh for your life,
A treſpaſſe that doth vex my greeued ſoule:
But ere I laſt receiu'd the Sacrament,
I did confeſſe it, and exactly begg'd
Your Graces pardon, and I hope I had it.
This is my fault: as for the reſt appeal'd,
It iſſues from the rancour of a Villaine,
A recreant, and moſt degenerate Traitor,
Which in my ſelfe I boldly will defend,
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Vpon this ouer-weening Traitors foote,
To proue my ſelfe a loyall Gentleman,
Euen in the beſt blood chamber'd in his boſome.
In haſt whereof, moſt heartily I pray
Your Highneſſe to aſſigne our Triall day.

King. Wrath-kindled Gentlemen be rul'd by me:
Let's purge this choller witbout letting blood:
This we prefcribe, though no Phyſition,
Deepe malice makes too deepe inciſion.
Forget, forgiue, conclude, and be agreed,
Our Doctors ſay, This is no time to bleed.
Good Vncle, let this end where it begun,
Wee'l calme the Duke of Norfolke; you, your ſon.

Gaunt. To be a make-peace ſhall become my age,
Throw downe (my ſonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.

King. And Norfolke, throw downe his.

Gaunt. When *Harrie* when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids I ſhould not bid agen.

King. Norfolke, throw downe, we bidde; there is no boote.

Mow. My ſelfe I throw (dread Soueraigne) at thy foot.
My life thou ſhalt command, but not my ſhame,
The one my dutie owes, but my faire name
Deſpight of death, that liues vpon my graue
To darke diſhonours vſe, thou ſhalt not haue.
I am diſgrac'd, impeach'd, and baffel'd heere,
Pierc'd to the ſoule with ſlanders venom'd ſpeare:
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyſon.

King. Rage muſt be withſtood:
Giue me his gage: Lyons make Leopards tame.

Mo. Yea, but not change his ſpots: take but my ſhame,
And I reſigne my gage. My deere, deere Lord,
The pureſt treaſure mortall times afford
Is ſpotleſſe reputation: that away,
Men are but gilded loame, or painted clay.
A Iewell in a ten times barr'd vp Cheſt,
Is a bold ſpirit, in a loyall breſt.
Mine Honor is my life; both grow in one:
Take Honor from me, and my life is done.
Then (deere my Liege) mine Honor let me trie,
In that I liue; and for that will I die.

King. Coſin, throw downe your gage,
Do you begin.

Bul. Oh heauen defend my ſoule from ſuch foule ſin.
Shall I ſeeme Creſt-falne in my fathers ſight,
Or with pale beggar-feare impeach my hight
Before this out-dar'd daſtard? Ere my toong,
Shall wound mine honor with ſuch feeble wrong;
Or ſound ſo baſe a parle: my teeth ſhall teare
The ſlauiſh motiue of recanting feare,
And ſpit it bleeding in his high diſgrace,
Where ſhame doth harbour, euen in *Mowbrayes* face.
Exit Gaunt.

King. We were not borne to ſue, but to command,
Which ſince we cannot do to make you friends,
Be readie, (as your liues ſhall anſwer it)
At Couentree, vpon S. *Lamberts* day:
There ſhall your ſwords and Lances arbitrate
The ſwelling difference of your ſetled hate:
Since we cannot attone you, you ſhall ſee
Iuſtice deſigne the Victors Chiualrie.
Lord Marſhall, command our Officers at Armes,
Be readie to direct theſe home Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutcheſſe of Glouceſter.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in Glouſters blood,
Doth more ſolicite me then your exclaimes,
To ſtirre againſt the Butchers of his life.

But

But ſince correction lyeth in thoſe hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of heauen,
Who when they ſee the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Findes brotherhood in thee no ſharper ſpurre?
Hath loue in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards ſeuen ſonnes (whereof thy ſelfe art one)
Were as ſeuen violles of his Sacred blood,
Or ſeuen faire branches ſpringing from one roote:
Some of thoſe ſeuen are dride by natures courſe,
Some of thoſe branches by the deſtinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deere Lord, my life, my Glouſter,
One Viol full of *Edwards* Sacred blood,
One flouriſhing branch of his moſt Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor ſpilt;
Is hackt downe, and his ſummer leaſes all vaded
By Enuies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt!* His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettle, that ſelfe-mould that faſhion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'ſt, and breath'ſt,
Yet art thou ſlaine in him: thou doſt conſent
In ſome large meaſure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou ſeeſt thy wretched brother dye,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers liſe.
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is diſpaire,
In ſuff'ring thus thy brother to be ſlaughter'd,
Thou ſhew'ſt the naked pathway to thy life,
Teaching ſterne murther how to butcher thee:
That which in meane men we intitle patience
Is pale cold cowardice in nohle breſts:
What ſhall I ſay, to ſafegard thine owne life,
The beſt way is to venge my Glouſters death.
Gaunt. Heauens is the quarrell: for heauens ſubſtitute
His Deputy annointed in his ſight,
Hath caus'd his death, the which if wrongfully
Let heauen reuenge: for I may neuer lift
An angry arme againſt his Miniſter.
Dut. Where then (alas may I) complaint my ſelfe?
Gau. To heauen, the widdowes Champion to defence
Dut. Why then I will: farewell old *Gaunt*.
Thou go'ſt to Couentrie, there to behold
Our Coſine Herford, and fell Mowbray fight:
O ſit my husbands wrongs on Herfords ſpeare,
That it may enter butcher Mowbrayes breſt:
Or if misfortune miſſe the firſt carreere,
Be Mowbrayes ſinnes ſo heauy in his boſome,
That they may breake his foaming Courſers backe,
And throw the Rider headlong in the Liſts,
A Caytiffe recreant to my Coſine Herford:
Farewell old *Gaunt*, thy ſometimes brothers wife
With her companion Greeſe, muſt end her life.
Gau. Sister farewell: I muſt to Couentree,
As much good ſtay with thee, as go with mee.
Dut. Yet one wotd more: Greeſe boundeth where it falls,
Not with the emptie hollownes, but weight:
I take my leaue, before I haue begun,
For ſorrow ends not, when it ſeemeth done.
Commend me to my brother *Edmund Yorke*.
Loe, this is all: nay, yet depart not ſo,
Though this be all, do not ſo quickly go,
I ſhall remember more. Bid him, Oh, what?
With all good ſpeed at Plaſhie viſit mee.
Alacke, and what ſhall good old Yorke there ſee
But empty lodgings, and vnfurniſh'd walles,
Vn-peopel'd Offices, vntroden ſtones?
And what heare there for welcome, but my grones?
Therefore commend me, let him not come there,
To ſeeke out ſorrow, that dwels euery where:
Deſolate, deſolate will I hence, and dye,
The laſt leaue of thee, takes my weeping eye. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Marſhall, and Aumerle.

Mar. My L. *Aumerle*, is *Harry Herford* arm'd.
Aum. Yea, at all points, and longs to enter in.
Mar. The Duke of Norfolke, ſprightfully and bold,
Stayes but the ſummons of the Appealants Trumpet.
Au. Why then the Champions, are prepar'd, and ſtay
For nothing but his Maieſties approach. *Flouriſh.*

Enter King, Gaunt, Buſhy, Bagot, Greene, & others: Then Mowbray in Armor, and Harrold.

Rich. Marſhall, demand of yonder Champion
The cauſe of his arriuall heere in Armes,
Aske him bis name, and orderly proceed
To ſweare him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. In Gods name, and the Kings, ſay wbo ye art,
And why thou com'ſt thus knightly clad in Armes?
Againſt what man thou com'ſt, and what's thy quarrell,
Speake truly on thy knighthood, and thine oath,
As ſo defend thee heauen, and thy valour.
Mow. My name is *Tho. Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolk,
Who hither comes engaged by my oath
(Wbich heauen defend a knight ſhould violate)
Both to defend my loyalty and truth,
To God, my King, and bis ſucceeding iſſue,
Againſt the Duke of Herford, that appeales me:
And by the Grace of God, and this mine arme,
To proue him (in defending of my ſelfe)
A Traitor to my God, my King, and me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.

Tucket. Enter Hereford, and Harold.

Rich. Marſhall: Aske yonder Knight in Armes,
Both who he is, and wby he commeth bither,
Thus placed in habiliments of warre:
And formerly according to our Law
Depoſe him in the iuſtice of his cauſe.
Mar. What is thy name? and wherfore comſt ye hither
Before King *Richard* in bis Royall Liſts?
Againſt whom comſt thou? and wbat's thy quarrell?
Speake like a true Knigbt, ſo defend thee heauen.
Bul. Harry of Herford, Lancaſter, and Derbie,
Am I: who ready heere do ſtand in Armes,
To proue by heauens grace, and my bodies valour,
In Liſts, on *Thomas Mowbray* Duke of Norfolke,
That he's a Traitor foule, and dangerous,
To God of heauen, King *Richard*, and to me,
And as I truly fight, defend me heauen.
Mar. On paine of deatb, no perſon be ſo bold,
Or daring hardie as to touch the Liſtes,
Except the Marſhall, and ſuch Officers
Appointed to direct theſe faire deſignes.
Bul. Lord Marſhall, let me kiſſe my Soueraigns hand,
And bow my knee before his Maieſtie:
For *Mowbray* and my ſelfe are like two men,
That vow a long and weary pilgrimage,

Then let vs take a ceremonious leaue
And louing farwell of our feuerall friends.
Mar. The Appealant in all duty greets your Highnes,
And craues to kiſſe your hand, and take his leaue.
Rich. We will defcend, and fold him in our armes.
Cofin of Herford, as thy cauſe is iuſt,
So be thy fortune in this Royall fight:
Farewell, my blood, which if to day thou ſhead,
Lament we may, but not reuenge thee dead.
Bull. Oh let no noble eye prophane a teare
For me, if I be gor'd with *Mowbrayes* ſpeare:
As confident, as is the Falcons flight
Againſt a bird, do I with *Mowbray* fight.
My louing Lord, I take my leaue of you,
Of you (my Noble Cofin) Lord *Aumerle:*
Not ſicke, although I haue to do with death,
But luſtie, yong, and cheerely drawing breath.
Loe, as at Engliſh Feaſts, ſo I regreete
The daintieſt laſt, to make the end moſt ſweet.
Oh thou the earthy author of my blood,
Whoſe youthfull ſpirit in me regenerate,
Doth with a two-fold rigor lift mee vp
To reach at victory aboue my head,
Adde proofe vnto mine Armour with thy prayres,
And with thy blefsings ſteele my Lances point,
That it may enter *Mowbrayes* waxen Coate,
And furniſh new the name of *Iohn a Gaunt*,
Euen in the luſty hauiour of his ſonne.
Gaunt. Heauen in thy good cauſe make thee profp'rous
Be fwift like lightning in the execution,
And let thy blowes doubly redoubled,
Fall like amazing thunder on the Caske
Of thy amaz'd pernicious enemy.
Rouze vp thy youthfull blood, be valiant, and liue.
Bul. Mine innocence, and S. *George* to thriue.
Mow. How euer heauen or fortune caſt my lot,
There liues, or dies, true to Kings *Richards* Throne,
A loyall, iuſt, and vpright Gentleman:
Neuer did Captiue with a freer heart,
Caſt off his chaines of bondage, and embrace
His golden vncontroul'd enfranchiſement,
More then my dancing foule doth celebrate
This Feaſt of Battell, with mine Aduerſarie.
Moſt mighty Liege, and my companion Peeres,
Take from my mouth, the wiſh of happy yeares,
As gentle, and as iocond, as to ieſt,
Go I to fight: Truth, hath a quiet breſt.
Rich. Farewell, my Lord, fecurely I eſpy
Vertue with Valour, couched in thine eye:
Order the triall Marſhall, and begin.
Mar. Harrie of *Herford, Lancaſter,* and *Derby*,
Receiue thy Launce, and heauen defend thy right.
Bul. Strong as a towre in hope, I cry Amen.
Mar. Go beare this Lance to *Thomas* D. of Norfolke.
1.*Har. Harry* of *Herford, Lancaſter*, and *Derbie*,
Stands heere for God, his Soueraigne, and himſelfe,
On paine to be found falſe, and recreant,
To proue the Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas Mowbray*,
A Traitor to his God, his King, and him,
And dares him to ſet forwards to the fight.
2.*Har.* Here ſtandeth *Tho: Mowbray* Duke of Norfolk
On paine to be found falſe and recreant,
Both to defend himſelfe, and to approue
Henry of *Herford, Lancaſter*, and *Derby*,
To God, his Soueraigne, and to him diſloyall:
Couragiouſly, and with a free defire
Attending but the ſignall to begin. *A charge ſounded*
Mar. Sound Trumpets, and ſet forward Combatants:
Stay, the King hath throwne his Warder downe.
Rich. Let them lay by their Helmets & their Speares,
And both returne backe to their Chaires againe:
Withdraw with vs, and let the Trumpets ſound,
While we returne theſe Dukes what we decree.
A long Flouriſh.
Draw neere and liſt
What with our Councell we haue done.
For that our kingdomes earth ſhould not be foyld
With that deere blood which it hath foſtered,
And for our eyes do hate the dire aſpect
Of ciuill wounds plowgh'd vp with neighbors fwords,
Which ſo rouz'd vp with boyſtrous vntun'd drummes,
With harſh reſounding Trumpets dreadfull bray,
And grating ſhocke of wrathfull yron Armes,
Might from our quiet Confines fright faire peace,
And make vs wade euen in our kindreds blood:
Therefore, we baniſh you our Territories.
You Cofin Herford, vpon paine of death,
Till twice fiue Summers haue enrich'd our fields,
Shall not regreet our faire dominions,
But treade the ſtranger pathes of baniſhment.
Bul. Your will be done: This muſt my comfort be,
That Sun that warmes you heere, ſhall ſhine on me:
And thoſe his golden beames to you beere lent,
Shall point on me, and gild my baniſhment.
Rich. Norfolke: for thee remaines a heauier dombe,
Which I with ſome vnwillingneſſe pronounce,
The flye ſlow houres ſhall not determinate
The dateleſſe limit of thy deere exile:
The hopeleſſe word, of Neuer to returne,
Breath I againſt thee, vpon paine of life.
Mow. A heauy ſentence, my moſt Soueraigne Liege,
And all vnlook'd for from your Highneſſe mouth:
A deerer merit, not ſo deepe a maime,
As to be caſt forth in the common ayre
Haue I deſerued at your Highneſſe hands.
The Language I haue learn'd theſe forty yeares
(My natiue Engliſh) now I muſt forgo,
And now my tongues vſe is to me no more,
Then an vnſtringed Vyall, or a Harpe,
Or like a cunning Inſtrument cas'd vp,
Or being open, put into his hands
That knowes no touch to tune the harmony.
Within my mouth you haue engaol'd my tongue,
Doubly perculliſt with my teeth and lippes,
And dull, vnfeeling, barren ignorance,
Is made my Gaoler to attend on me:
I am too old to fawne vpon a Nurſe,
Too farre in yeeres to be a pupill now:
What is thy ſentence then, but ſpeechleſſe death,
Which robs my tongue from breathing natiue breath?
Rich. It boots thee not to be compaſsionate,
After our ſentence, plaining comes too late.
Mow. Then thus I turne me from my countries light
To dwell in ſolemne ſhades of endleſſe night.
Ric. Returne againe, and take an oath with thee,
Lay on our Royall ſword, your baniſht hands;
Sweare by the duty that you owe to heauen
(Our part therein we baniſh with your ſelues)
To keepe the Oath that we adminiſter:
You ueuer ſhall (ſo helpe you Truth, and Heauen)
Embrace each others loue in baniſhment,
Nor euer looke vpon each others face,

Nor

Nor euer write, regreete, or reconcile
This lowring tempeſt of your home-bred hate,
Nor euer by aduiſed purpoſe meete,
To plot, contriue, or complot any ill,
'Gainſt Vs, our State, our Subiects, or our Land.
Bull. I ſweare.
Mow. And I, to keepe all this.
Bul. Norfolke, ſo fare, as to mine enemie,
By this time (had the King permitted vs)
One of our ſoules had wandred in the ayre,
Baniſh'd this fraile ſepulchre of our fleſh,
As now our fleſh is baniſh'd from this Land.
Confeſſe thy Treaſons, ere thou flye this Realme,
Since thou haſt farre to go, beare not along
The clogging burthen of a guilty ſoule.
Mow. No *Bullingbroke:* If euer I were Traitor,
My name be blotted from the booke of Life,
And I from heauen baniſh'd, as from hence:
But what thou art, heauen, thou, and I do know,
And all too ſoone (I feare) the King ſhall rue.
Farewell (my Liege) now no way can I ſtray,
Saue backe to England, all the worlds my way. *Exit.*
Rich. Vncle, euen in the glaſſes of thine eyes
I ſee thy greeued heart: thy ſad aſpect,
Hath from the number of his baniſh'd yeares
Pluck'd foure away: Six frozen Winters ſpent,
Returne with welcome home, from baniſhment:
Bul. How long a time lyes in one little word:
Foure lagging Winters, and foure wanton ſprings
End in a word, ſuch is the breath of Kings.
Gaunt. I thanke my Liege, that in regard of me
He ſhortens foure yeares of my ſonnes exile:
But little vantage ſhall I reape thereby.
For ere the ſixe yeares that he hath to ſpend
Can change their Moones, and bring their times about,
My oyle-dride Lampe, and time-bewaſted light
Shall be extinct with age, and endleſſe night:
My inch of Taper, will be burnt, and done,
And blindfold death, not let me ſee my ſonne.
Rich. Why Vncle, thou haſt many yeeres to liue.
Gaunt. But not a minute (King) that thou canſt giue;
Shorten my dayes thou canſt with ſudden ſorow,
And plucke nights from me, but not lend a morrow:
Thou canſt helpe time to furrow me with age,
But ſtop no wrinkle in his pilgrimage:
Thy word is currant with him, for my death,
But dead, thy kingdome cannot buy my breath.
Ric. Thy ſonne is baniſh'd vpon good aduice,
Whereto thy tongue a party-verdict gaue,
Why at our Iuſtice ſeem'ſt thou then to lowre?
Gau. Things ſweet to taſt, proue in digeſtion ſowre:
You vrg'd me as a Iudge, but I had rather
you would haue bid me argue like a Father.
Alas, I look'd when ſome of you ſhould ſay,
I was too ſtrict to make mine owne away:
But you gaue leaue to my vnwilling tong,
Againſt my will, to do my ſelfe this wrong.
Rich. Coſine farewell: and Vncle bid him ſo:
Six yeares we baniſh him, and he ſhall go. *Exit.*
Flouriſh.
Au. Coſine farewell: what preſence muſt not know
From where you do remaine, let paper ſhow.
Mar. My Lord, no leaue take I, for I will ride
As farre as land will let me, by your ſide.
Gaunt. Oh to what purpoſe doſt thou hord thy words,
That thou returnſt no greeting to thy friends?
Bull. I haue too few to take my leaue of you,
When the tongues office ſhould be prodigall,
To breath th'abundant dolour of the heart.
Gau. Thy greefe is but thy abſence for a time.
Bull. Ioy abſent, greefe is preſent for that time.
Gau. What is ſixe Winters, they are quickely gone?
Bul. To men in ioy, but greefe makes one houre ten.
Gau. Call it a trauell that thou tak'ſt for pleaſure.
Bul. My heart will ſigh, when I miſcall it ſo,
Which findes it an inforced Pilgrimage.
Gau. The ſullen paſſage of thy weary ſteppes
Eſteeme a ſoyle, wherein thou art to ſet
The precious Iewell of thy home returne.
Bul. Oh who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the froſtie *Caucaſus*?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
by bare imagination of a Feaſt?
Or Wallow naked in December ſnow
by thinking on fantaſticke ſummers heate?
Oh no, the apprehenſion of the good
Giues but the greater feeling to the worſe:
Fell ſorrowes tooth, doth euer rankle more
Then when it bites, but lanceth not the ſore.
Gau. Come, come (my ſon) Ile bring thee on thy way
Had I thy youth, and cauſe, I would not ſtay.
Bul. Then Englands ground farewell: ſweet ſoil adieu,
My Mother, and my Nurſe, which beares me yet:
Where ere I wander, boaſt of this I can,
Though baniſh'd, yet a true-borne Engliſhman.

Scæna Quarta.

Enter King, Aumerle, Greene, and Bagot.
Rich. We did obſerue. Coſine *Aumerle*,
How far brought you high Herford on his way?
Aum. I brought high Herford (if you call him ſo)
but to the next high way, and there I left him.
Rich. And ſay, what ſtore of parting tears were ſhed?
Aum. Faith none for me: except the Northeaſt wind
Which then grew bitterly againſt our face,
Awak'd the ſleepie rhewme, and ſo by chance
Did grace our hollow parting with a teare.
Rich. What ſaid our Coſin when you parted with him?
Au. Farewell: and for my hart diſdained ỳ my tongue
Should ſo prophane the word, that taught me craft
To counterfeit oppreſsion of ſuch greefe,
That word ſeem'd buried in my ſorrowes graue.
Marry, would the word Farwell, haue lengthen'd houres,
And added yeeres to his ſhort baniſhment,
He ſhould'haue had a volume of Farwels,
but ſince it would not, he had none of me.
Rich. He is our Coſin (Coſin) but 'tis doubt,
When time ſhall call him home from baniſhment,
Whether our kinſman come to ſee his friends,
Our ſelfe, and *Buſhy:* beere *Bagot* and *Greene*
Obſeru'd his Courtſhip to the common people:
How he did ſeeme to diue into their hearts
With humble, and familiar courteſie,
What reuerence he did throw away on ſlaues
Wooing poore Craftſef-men, with the craft of ſoules,
And patient vnder-bearing of his Fortune,
As 'twere to baniſh their affects with him.
Off goes his bonnet to an Oyſter-wench,

A brace of Dray-men bid God ſpeed him well,
And had the tribute of his ſupple knee,
With thankes my Countrimen, my louing friends,
As were our England in reuerſion his,
And he our ſubiects next degree in hope.
Gr. Well, he is gone, & with him go theſe thoughts:
Now for the Rebels, which ſtand out in Ireland,
Expedient manage muſt be made my Liege
Ere further leyſure, yeeld them further meanes
For their aduantage, and your Highneſſe loſſe.
Ric. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are inforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
To Reuennew whereof ſhall furniſh vs
For our affayres in hand: if that come ſhort
Our Subſtitutes at home ſhall haue Blanke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?
Bu. Old *Iohn of Gaunt* is verie ſicke my Lord,
Sodainly taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſit him.
Ric. Where lyes he?
Bu. At Ely houſe.
Ric. Now put it (heauen) in his Phyſitians minde,
To helpe him to his graue immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our ſouldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heauen we may make haſt, and come too late. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gaunt, ſicke with Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his vnſtaid youth?
Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtriue not with your breth,
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.
Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention like deepe harmony;
Where words are ſcarſe, they are feldome ſpent in vaine,
For they breath truth, that breath their words in paine.
He that no more muſt ſay, is liſten'd more,
Then they whom youth and eaſe haue taught to gloſe,
More are mens ends markt, then their liues before,
The ſetting Sun, and Muſicke is the cloſe
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſweeteſt laſt,
Writ in remembrance, more then things long paſt;
Though *Richard* my liues counſell would not heare,
My deaths ſad tale, may yet vndeaſe his eare.
Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other flatt'ring ſounds
As praiſes of his ſtate: then there are ſound
Laſciuious Meeters, to whoſe venom ſound
The open eare of youth doth alwayes liſten,
Report of faſhions in proud Italy,
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardie apiſh Nation
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt forth a vanity,
So it be new, there's no reſpect how vile,
That is not quickly buz'd into his eares?
That all too late comes counſell to be heard,
Where will doth mutiny with wits regard:
Direct not him, whoſe way himſelfe will chooſe,
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that breath wilt thou looſe.
Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Prophet new inſpir'd,
And thus expiring, do foretell of him,
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot cannot laſt,
For violent fires ſoone burne out themſelues,
Small ſhowres laſt long, but ſodaine ſtormes are ſhort.
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too faſt betimes;
With eager feeding, food doth choake the feeder:
Light vanity, inſatiate cormorant,
Conſuming meanes ſoone preyes vpon it ſelfe.
This royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre;
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
This Nurſe, this teeming wombe of Royall Kings,
Fear'd by their breed, and famous for their birth,
Renowned for their deeds, as farre from home,
For Chriſtian ſeruice, and true Chiualrie,
As is the ſepulcher in ſtubborne *Iury*
Of the Worlds ranſome, bleſſed *Maries* Sonne.
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

Enter King, Queene, Aumerle, Buſhy, Greene, Bagot, Ros, and Willoughby.

Yor. The King is come, deale mildly with his youth,
For young hot Colts, being rag'd, do rage the more.
Qu. How fares our noble Vncle Lancaſter?
Ri. What comfort man? How iſt with aged *Gaunt?*
Ga. Oh how that name befits my compoſition:
Old *Gaunt* indeed, and gaunt in being old:
Within me greeſe hath kept a tedious faſt,
And who abſtaynes from meate, that is not gaunt?
For ſleeping England long time haue I watcht,
Watching breeds leanneſſe, leanneſſe is all gaunt.
The pleaſure that ſome Fathers feede vpon,
Is my ſtrict faſt, I meane my Childrens lookes,
And therein faſting, haſt thou made me gaunt:
Gaunt am I for the graue, gaunt as a graue,
Whoſe hollow wombe inherits naught but bones.
Ric. Can ſicke men play ſo nicely with their names?
Gau. No, miſery makes ſport to mocke it ſelfe:
Since thou doſt ſeeke to kill my name in mee,

133287

I mocke my name (great King) to flatter thee.
Ric. Should dying men flatter thoſe that liue?
Gau. No, no, men liuing flatter thoſe that dye.
Rich. Thou now a dying, ſayſt thou flatter'ſt me.
Gau. Oh no, thou dyeſt, though I the ſicker be.
Rich. I am in health, I breath, I ſee thee ill.
Gau. Now he that made me, knowes I ſee thee ill:
Ill in my ſelfe to ſee, and in thee, ſeeing ill,
Thy death-bed is no leſſer then the Land,
Wherein thou lyeſt in reputation ſicke,
And thou too care-leſſe patient as thou art,
Commit'ſt thy'anointed body to the cure
Of thoſe Phyſitians, that firſt wounded thee.
A thouſand flatterers ſit within thy Crowne,
Whoſe compaſſe is no bigger then thy head,
And yet incaged in ſo ſmall a Verge,
The waſte is no whit leſſer then thy Land:
Oh had thy Grandſire with a Prophets eye,
Seene how his ſonnes ſonne, ſhould deſtroy his ſonnes,
From forth thy reach he would haue laid thy ſhame,
Depoſing thee before thou wert poſſeſt,
Which art poſſeſt now to depoſe thy ſelfe.
Why (Coſine) were thou Regent of the world,
It were a ſhame to let his Land by leaſe:
But for thy world enioying but this Land,
Is it not more then ſhame, to ſhame it ſo?
Landlord of England art thou, and not King:
Thy ſtate of Law, is bondſlaue to the law,
And———
Rich. And thou, a lunaticke leane-witted foole,
Preſuming on an Agues priuiledge,
Dar'ſt with thy frozen admonition
Make pale our cheeke, chaſing the Royall blood
With fury, from his natiue reſidence?
Now by my Seates right Royall Maieſtie,
Wer't thou not Brother to great *Edwards* ſonne,
This tongue that runs ſo roundly in thy head,
Should run thy head from thy vnreuerent ſhoulders.
Gau. Oh ſpare me not, my brothers *Edwards* ſonne,
For that I was his Father *Edwards* ſonne:
That blood already (like the Pellican)
Thou haſt tapt out, and drunkenly carows'd.
My brother Glouceſter, plaine well meaning ſoule
(Whom faire befall in heauen 'mongſt happy ſoules)
May be a preſident, and witneſſe good,
That thou reſpect'ſt not ſpilling *Edwards* blood:
Ioyne with the preſent ſickneſſe that I haue,
And thy vnkindneſſe be like crooked age,
To crop at once a too-long wither'd flowre.
Liue in thy ſhame, but dye not ſhame with thee,
Theſe words heereafter, thy tormentors bee.
Conuey me to my bed, then to my graue,
Loue they to liue, that loue and honor haue. *Exit*
Rich. And let them dye, that age and ſullens haue,
For both haſt thou, and both become the graue.
Yor. I do beſeech your Maieſtie impute his words
To wayward ſicklineſſe, and age in him:
He loues you on my life, and holds you deere
As *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, were he heere.
Rich. Right, you ſay true: as *Herfords* loue, ſo his;
As theirs, ſo mine: and all be as it is.

Enter Northumberland.

Nor. My Liege, olde *Gaunt* commends him to your Maieſtie.
Rich. What ſayes he?
Nor. Nay nothing, all is ſaid:
His tongue is now a ſtringleſſe inſtrument,
Words, life, and all, old Lancaſter hath ſpent.
Yor. Be Yorke the next, that muſt be bankrupt ſo,
Though death be poore, it ends a mortall wo.
Rich. The ripeſt fruit firſt fals, and ſo doth he,
His time is ſpent, our pilgrimage muſt be:
So much for that. Now for our Iriſh warres,
We muſt ſupplant thoſe rough rug-headed Kernes,
Which liue like venom, where no venom elſe
But onely they, haue priuiledge to liue.
And for theſe great affayres do aske ſome charge
Towards our aſſiſtance, we do ſeize to vs
The plate, coine, reuennewes, and moueables,
Whereof our Vncle *Gaunt* did ſtand poſſeſt.
Yor. How long ſhall I be patient? Oh how long
Shall tender dutie make me ſuffer wrong?
Not *Glouſters* death, nor *Herfords* baniſhment,
Nor *Gauntes* rebukes, nor Englands priuate wrongs,
Nor the preuention of poore *Bullingbrooke*,
About his marriage, nor my owne diſgrace
Haue euer made me ſowre my patient cheeke,
Or bend one wrinckle on my Soueraignes face:
I am the laſt of noble *Edwards* ſonnes,
Of whom thy Father Prince of Wales was firſt,
In warre was neuer Lyon rag'd more fierce:
In peace, was neuer gentle Lambe more milde,
Then was that yong and Princely Gentleman,
His face thou haſt, for euen ſo look'd he
Accompliſh'd with the number of thy howers:
But when he frown'd, it was againſt the French,
And not againſt his friends: his noble hand
Did win what he did ſpend: and ſpent not that
Which his triumphant fathers hand had won:
His hands were guilty of no kindreds blood,
But bloody with the enemies of his kinne:
Oh *Richard*, *Yorke* is too farre gone with greefe,
Or elſe he neuer would compare betweene.
Rich. Why Vncle,
What's the matter?
Yor. Oh my Liege, pardon me if you pleaſe, if not
I pleas'd not to be pardon'd, am content with all:
Seeke you to ſeize, and gripe into your hands
The Royalties and Rights of baniſh'd Herford?
Is not *Gaunt* dead? and doth not Herford liue?
Was not *Gaunt* iuſt? and is not *Harry* true?
Did not the one deſerue to haue an heyre?
Is not his heyre a well-deſeruing ſonne?
Take Herfords rights away, and take from time
His Charters, and his cuſtomarie rights:
Let not to morrow then inſue to day,
Be not thy ſelfe. For how art thou a King
But by faire ſequence and ſucceſsion?
Now afore God, God forbid I ſay true,
If you do wrongfully ſeize Herfords right,
Call in his Letters Patents that he hath
By his Atturneyes generall, to ſue
His Liuerie, and denie his offer'd homage,
You plucke a thouſand dangers on your head,
You looſe a thouſand well-diſpoſed hearts,
And pricke my tender patience to thoſe thoughts
Which honor and allegeance cannot thinke.
Ric. Thinke what you will: we ſeiſe into our hands,
His plate, his goods, his money, and his lands.
Yor. Ile not be by the while: My Liege farewell,

What

What will enſue heereof, there's none can tell.
But by bad courſes may be vnderſtood,
That their euents can neuer fall out good. *Exit.*
Rich. Go *Buſhie* to the Earle of *Wiltſhire* ſtreight,
Bid him repaire to vs to *Ely* houſe,
To ſee this buſineſſe: to morrow next
We will for *Ireland*, and 'tis time, I trow:
And we create in abſence of our ſelfe
Our Vnele Yorke, Lord Gouernor of England:
For he is iuſt, and alwayes lou'd vs well.
Come on our Queene, to morrow muſt we part,
Be merry, for our time of ſtay is ſhort. *Flouriſh.*
Manet North. Willoughby, & Roſſ.
Nor. Well Lords, the Duke of Lancaſter is dead.
Roſſ. And liuing too, for now his ſonne is Duke.
Wil. Barely in title, not in reuennew.
Nor. Richly in both, if iuſtice had her right.
Roſſ. My heart is great: but it muſt break with ſilence,
Er't be disburthen'd with a liberall tongue.
Nor. Nay ſpeake thy mind: & let him ne'r ſpeak more
That ſpeakes thy words againe to do thee harme.
Wil. Tends that thou'dſt ſpeake to th'Du. of Hereford,
If it be ſo, out with it boldly man,
Quieke is mine eare to heare of good towards him.
Roſſ. No good at all that I can do for him,
Vnleſſe you call it good to pitie him,
Bereft and gelded of his patrimonie.
Nor. Now afore heauen, 'tis ſhame ſuch wrongs are borne,
In bim a royall Prinee, and many moe
Of noble blood in this declining Land;
The King is not himſelfe, but baſely led
By Flatterers, and what they will informe
Meerely in hate 'gainſt any of vs all,
That will the King feuerely proſeeute
'Gainſt vs, our liues, our children, and our heires.
Roſ. The Commons hath he pil'd with greeuous taxes
And quite loſt their hearts: the Nobles hath he finde
For aneient quarrels, and quite loſt their hearts.
Wil. And daily new exactions are deuis'd,
As blankes, beneuolenees, and I wot not what:
But what o'Gods name doth become of this?
Nor. Wars hath not waſted it, for war'd he hath not.
But baſely yeelded vpon comprimize,
That which his Anceſtors atchieu'd with blowes:
More hath he ſpent in peaee, then they in warres.
Roſ. The Earle of Wiltſhire hath the realme in Farme.
Wil. The Kings growne bankrupt like a broken man.
Nor. Reproach, and diſſolution hangeth ouer him.
Roſ. He hath not monie for theſe Iriſh warres:
(His burthenous taxations notwithſtanding)
But by the robbing of the baniſh'd Duke.
Nor. His noble Kinſman, moſt degenerate King:
But Lords, we heare this fearefull tempeſt ſing,
Yet ſeeke no ſhelter to auoid the ſtorme:
We ſee the winde ſit fore vpon our ſalles,
And yet we ſtrike not, but ſecurely periſh.
Roſ. We ſee the very wracke that we muſt ſuffer,
And vnauoyded is the danger now
For ſuffering ſo the cauſes of our wracke.
Nor. Not ſo: euen through the hollow eyes of death,
I ſpie life peering: but I dare not ſay
How neere the tidings of our comfort is.
Wil. Nay let vs ſhare thy thoughts, as thou doſt ours
Roſ. Be confident to ſpeake Northumberland,
We three, are but thy ſelfe, and ſpeaking ſo,
Thy words are but as thoughts, therefore be bold.
Nor. Then thus: I haue from Port *le Blan*
A Bay in *Britaine*, receiu'd intelligence,
That *Harry* Duke of *Herford*, *Rainald* Lord *Cobham*,
That late broke from the Duke of *Exeter*,
His brother Archbiſhop, late of *Canterbury*,
Sir *Thomas Erpingham*, Sir *Iohn Rainſton*,
Sir *Iohn Norberie*, Sir *Robert Waterton*, & *Francis Quoint*,
All theſe well furniſh'd by the Duke of *Britaine*,
With eight tall ſhips, three thouſand men of warre
Are making hither with all due expedience,
And ſhortly meane to touch our Northerne ſhore:
Perhaps they had ere this, but that they ſtay
The firſt departing of the King for Ireland.
If then we ſhall ſhake off our ſlauiſh yoake,
Impe out our drooping Countries broken wing,
Redeeme from broaking pawne the blemiſh'd Crowne,
Wipe off the duſt that hides our Scepters gilt,
And make high Maieſtie looke like it ſelfe,
Away with me in poſte to *Rauenspurgh*,
But if you faint, as fearing to do ſo,
Stay, and be ſeeret, and my ſelfe will go.
Roſ. To horſe, to horſe, vrge doubts to them ẏ feare.
Wil. Hold out my horſe, and I will firſt be there.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Queene, Buſhy, and Bagot.
Buſh. Madam, your Maieſty is too much ſad,
You promis'd when you parted with the King,
To lay aſide ſelfe-harming heauineſſe,
And entertaine a cheerefull diſpoſition.
Qu. To pleaſe the King, I did: to pleaſe my ſelfe
I cannot do it: yet I know no cauſe
Why I ſhould welcome ſuch a gueſt as greeſe,
Saue bidding farewell to ſo ſweet a gueſt
As my ſweet *Richard;* yet againe me thinkes,
Some vnborne ſorrow, ripe in fortunes wombe
Is comming towards me, and my inward ſoule
With nothing trembles, at ſomething it greeues,
More then with parting from my Lord the King.
Buſh. Each ſubſtance of a greefe hath twenty ſhadows
Which ſhewes like greefe it ſelfe, but is not ſo:
For ſorrowes eye, glazed with blinding teares,
Diuides one thing intire, to many obiects,
Like perſpectiues, which rightly gaz'd vpon
Shew nothing but confuſion, ey'd awry,
Diſtinguiſh forme: ſo your ſweet Maieſtie
Looking awry vpon your Lords departure,
Finde ſhapes of greefe, more then himſelfe to waile,
Which look'd on as it is, is naught but ſhadowes
Of what it is not: then thrice-gracious Queene,
More then your Lords departure weep not, more's not
Or if it be, 'tis with falſe ſorrowes eie, (ſeene;
Which for things true, weepe things imaginary.
Qu. It may be ſo: but yet my inward ſoule
Perſwades me it is otherwiſe: how ere it be,
I eannot but be ſad: ſo heauy ſad,
As though on thinking on no thougbt I thinke,
Makes me with heauy nothing faint and ſhrinke.
Buſh. 'Tis nothing but eonceit (my gracious Lady.)
Queene.

Qu. 'Tis nothing leſſe: conceit is ſtill deriu'd
From ſome fore-father greefe, mine is not ſo,
For nothing hath begot my ſomething greefe,
Or ſomething, hath the nothing that I greeue,
'Tis in reuerſion that I do poſſeſſe,
But what it is, that is not yet knowne, what
I cannot name, 'tis nameleſſe woe I wot.

Enter Greene.

Gree. Heauen ſaue your Maieſty, and wel met Gentlemen: I hope the King is not yet ſhipt for Ireland.

Qu. Why hop'ſt thou ſo? Tis better hope he is:
For his deſignes craue haſt, his haſt good hope,
Then wherefore doſt thou hope he is not ſhipt?

Gre. That he our hope, might baue retyr'd his power, and driuen into diſpaire an enemies hope,
Who ſtrongly hath ſet footing in this Land.
The baniſh'd *Bullingbrooke* repeales himſelfe,
And with vp-lifted Armes is ſafe arriu'd
At *Rauenſpurg*.

Qu. Now God in heauen forbid.

Gr. O Madam 'tis too true: and that is worſe,
The L.Northumberland, his yong ſonne *Henrie Percie*,
The Lords of *Roſſe*, *Beaumond*, and *Willoughby*,
With all their powrefull friends are fled to him.

Buſh. Why haue you not proclaim'd Northumberland
And the reſt of the reuolted faction, Traitors?

Gre. We baue: whereupon the Earle of Worceſter
Hath broke his ſtaffe, reſign'd his Stewardſhip,
And al the houſhold ſeruants fled with him to *Bullinbrook*

Qu. So *Greene*, thou art the midwife of my woe,
And *Bullinbrooke* my ſorrowes diſmall heyre:
Now hath my ſoule brought forth her prodegie,
And I a gasping new deliuered mother,
Haue woe to woe, ſorrow to ſorrow ioyn'd.

Buſh. Diſpaire not Madam.

Qu. Who ſhall hinder me?
I will diſpaire, and be at enmitie
With couzening hope; he is a Flatterer,
A Paraſite, a keeper backe of death,
Who gently would diſſolue the bands of life,
Which falſe hopes linger in extremity.

Enter Yorke.

Gre. Heere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Qu. With ſignes of warre about his aged necke,
Oh full of carefull buſineſſe are his lookes:
Vncle, for heauens ſake ſpeake comfortable words:

Yor. Comfort's in heauen, and we are on the earth,
Where nothing liues but croſſes, care and greefe:
Your husband he is gone to ſaue farre off,
Whilſt others come to make him looſe at home:
Heere am I left to vnder-prop his Land,
Who weake with age, cannot ſupport my ſelfe:
Now comes the ſicke houre that his ſurfet made,
Now ſhall he try his friends that flattered him.

Enter a ſeruant.

Ser. My Lord, your ſonne was gone before I came.

Yor. He was: why ſo: go all which way it will:
The Nobles they are fled, the Commons they are cold,
And will I feare reuolt on Herfords ſide.
Sirra, get thee to Plaſhie to my ſiſter Gloſter,
Bid her ſend me preſently a thouſand pound,
Hold, take my Ring.

Ser. My Lord, I had forgot
To tell your Lordſhip, to day I came by, and call'd there,
But I ſhall greeue you to report the reſt.

Yor. What is't knaue?

Ser. An houre before I came, the Dutcheſſe di'de.

Yor. Heau'n for his mercy, what a tide of woes
Come ruſhing on this wofull Land at once?
I know not what to do: I would to heauen
(So my vntruth had not prouok'd him to it)
The King had cut off my head with my brothers.
What, are there poſtes diſpatcht for Ireland?
How ſhall we do for money for theſe warres?
Come ſiſter (Cozen I would ſay) pray pardon me.
Go fellow, get thee home, prouide ſome Carts,
And bring away the Armour that is there.
Gentlemen, will you muſter men?
If I know how, or which way to order theſe affaires
Thus diſorderly thruſt into my hands,
Neuer beleeue me. Both are my kinſmen,
Th'one is my Soueraigne, whom both my oath
And dutie bids defend: th'other againe
Is my kinſman, whom the King hath wrong'd,
Whom conſcience, and my kindred bids to right:
Well, ſomewbat we muſt do: Come Cozen,
Ile diſpoſe of you. Gentlemen, go muſter vp your men,
And meet me preſently at Barkley Caſtle:
I ſhould to Plaſhy too: but time will not permit,
All is vneuen, and euery thing is left at ſix and ſeuen. *Exit*

Buſh. The winde ſits faire for newes to go to Ireland,
But none returnes: For vs to leuy power
Proportionable to th'enemy, is all impoſsible.

Gr. Beſides our neereneſſe to the King in loue,
Is neere the hate of thoſe loue not the King.

Ba. And that's the wauering Commons, for their loue
Lies in their purſes, and who ſo empties them,
By ſo much fils their hearts with deadly hate.

Buſh. Wherein the king ſtands generally condemn'd

Bag. If iudgement lye in them, then ſo do we,
Becauſe we haue beene euer neere the King.

Gr. Well: I will for refuge ſtraight to Briſtoll Caſtle,
The Earle of Wiltſhire is alreadie there.

Buſh. Thither will I with you, for little office
Will the hatefull Commons performe for vs,
Except like Curres, to teare vs all in peeces:
Will you go along with vs?

Bag. No, I will to Ireland to his Maieſtie:
Farewell, if hearts preſages be not vaine,
We three here part, that neu'r ſhall meete againe.

Bu. That's as Yorke thriues to beate back *Bullinbroke*

Gr. Alas poore Duke, the taske he vndertakes
Is numbring ſands, and drinking Oceans drie,
Where one on his ſide fights, thouſands will flye.

Buſh. Farewell at once, for once, for all, and euer.
Well, we may meete againe.

Bag. I feare me neuer. *Exit.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the Duke of Hereford, and Northumberland.

Bul. How farre is it my Lord to Berkley now?

Nor. Beleeue me noble Lord,
I am a ſtranger heere in Glouſterſhire,
Theſe high wilde hilles, and rough vneeuen waies,
Drawes out our miles, and makes them wearieſome,
And yet our faire diſcourſe hath beene as ſugar,

Making

Making the hard way ſweet and delectable:
But I bethinke me, what a wearie way
From Rauenſpurgh to Cottſhold will be found,
In *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*, wanting your companie,
Which I proteſt hath very much beguild
The tedioufneſſe, and proceſſe of my trauell:
But theirs is ſweetned with the hope to haue
The preſent benefit that I poſſeſſe;
And hope to ioy, is little leſſe in ioy,
Then hope enioy'd: By this, the wearie Lords
Shall make their way ſeeme ſhort, as mine hath done,
By ſight of what I haue, your Noble Companie.

Bull. Of much leſſe value is my Companie,
Then your good words: but who comes here?

Enter H. Percie.

North. It is my Sonne, young *Harry Percie*,
Sent from my Brother *Worceſter:* Whence ſoeuer.
Harry, how fares your Vnckle?

Percie. I bad thought, my Lord, to haue learn'd his health of you.

North. Why, is he not with the Queene?

Percie. No, my good Lord, he hath forſook the Court,
Broken his Staffe of Office, and diſperſt
The Houſehold of the King.

North. What was his reaſon?
He was not ſo reſolu'd, when we laſt ſpake together.

Percie. Becauſe your Lordſhip was proclaimed Traitor.
But hee, my Lord, is gone to Rauenſpurgh,
To offer ſeruice to the Duke of Hereford,
And ſent me ouer by Barkely, to diſcouer
What power the Duke of Yorke had leuied there,
Then with direction to repaire to Rauenſpurgh.

North. Haue you forgot the Duke of Hereford (Boy.)

Percie. No, my good Lord; for that is not forgot
Which ne're I did remember: to my knowledge,
I neuer in my life did looke on him.

North. Then learne to know him now: this is the Duke.

Percie. My gracious Lord, I tender you my ſeruice,
Such as it is, being tender, raw, and young,
Which elder dayes ſhall ripen, and confirme
To more approued ſeruice, and deſert.

Bull. I thanke thee gentle *Percie*, and be ſure
I count my ſelfe in nothing elſe ſo happy,
As in a Soule remembring my good Friends:
And as my Fortune ripens with thy Loue,
It ſhall be ſtill thy true Loues recompence,
My Heart this Couenant makes, my Hand thus ſeales it.

North. How farre is it to Barkely? and what ſtirre
Keepes good old *Yorke* there, with his Men of Warre?

Percie. There ſtands the Caſtle, by yond tuft of Trees,
Mann'd with three hundred men, as I haue heard,
And in it are the Lords of *Yorke*, *Barkely*, and *Seymor*,
None elſe of Name, and noble eſtimate.

Enter Roſſe and Willoughby.

North. Here come the Lords of *Roſſe* and *Willoughby*,
Bloody with ſpurring, fierie red with haſte.

Bull. Welcome my Lords, I wot your loue purſues
A baniſht Traytor; all my Treaſurie
Is yet but vnfelt thankes, which more enrich'd,
Shall be your loue, and labours recompence.

Roſſ. Your preſence makes vs rich, moſt Noble Lord.

Willo. And farre ſurmounts our labour to attaine it.

Bull. Euermore thankes, th'Exchequer of the poore,
Which till my infant-fortune comes to yeeres,
Stands for my Bountie: but who comes here?

Enter Barkely.

North. It is my Lord of Barkely, as I gheſſe.

Bark. My Lord of Hereford, my Meſſage is to you.

Bull. My Lord, my Anſwere is to *Lancaſter*,
And I am come to ſeeke that Name in England,
And I muſt finde that Title in your Tongue,
Before I make reply to aught you ſay.

Bark. Miſtake me not, my Lord, 'tis not my meaning
To raze one Title of your Honor out.
To you, my Lord, I come (what Lord you will)
From the moſt glorious of this Land,
The Duke of Yorke, to know what pricks you on
To take aduantage of the abſent time,
And fright our Natiue Peace with ſelfe-borne Armes.

Enter Yorke.

Bull. I ſhall not need tranſport my words by you,
Here comes his Grace in Perſon. My Noble Vnckle.

York. Shew me thy humble heart, and not thy knee,
Whoſe dutie is deceiuable, and falſe.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle.

York. Tut, tut, Grace me no Grace, nor Vnckle me,
I am no Traytors Vnckle; and that word Grace,
In an vngracious mouth, is but prophane.
Why haue theſe baniſh'd, and forbidden Legges,
Dar'd once to touch a Duſt of Englands Ground?
But more then why, why haue they dar'd to march
So many miles vpon her peacefull Boſome,
Frighting her pale-fac'd Villages with Warre,
And oſtentation of deſpiſed Armes?
Com'ſt thou becauſe th'anoynted King is hence?
Why fooliſh Boy, the King is left behind,
And in my loyall Boſome lyes his power.
Were I but now the Lord of ſuch hot youth,
As when braue *Gaunt*, thy Father, and my ſelfe
Reſcued the *Black Prince*, that yong *Mars* of men,
From forth the Rankes of many thouſand French:
Oh then, how quickly ſhould this Arme of mine,
Now Priſoner to the Palſie, chaſtiſe thee,
And miniſter correction to thy Fault.

Bull. My gracious Vnckle, let me know my Fault,
On what Condition ſtands it, and wherein?

York. Euen in Condition of the worſt degree,
In groſſe Rebellion, and deteſted Treaſon:
Thou art a baniſh'd man, and here art come
Before th'expiration of thy time,
In brauing Armes againſt thy Soueraigne.

Bull. As I was baniſh'd, I was baniſh'd *Hereford*,
But as I come, I come for *Lancaſter*.
And Noble Vnckle, I beſeech your Grace
Looke on my Wrongs with an indifferent eye:
You are my Father, for me thinkes in you
I ſee old *Gaunt* aliue. Oh then my Father,
Will you permit, that I ſhall ſtand condemn'd
A wandring Vagabond; my Rights and Royalties
Pluckt from my armes perforce, and giuen away
To vpſtart Vnthrifts? Wherefore was I borne?
If that my Couſin King, be King of England,
It muſt be graunted, I am Duke of Lancaſter.
You haue a Sonne, *Aumerle*, my Noble Kinſman,
Had you firſt died, and he beene thus trod downe,
He ſhould haue found his Vnckle *Gaunt* a Father,
To rowze his Wrongs, and chaſe them to the bay.
I am denyde to ſue my Liuerie here,
And yet my Letters Patents giue me leaue:
My Fathers goods are all diſtraynd, and ſold,
And theſe, and all, are all amiſſe imployd.

What

What would you haue me doe? I am a Subiect,
And challenge Law: Attorneyes are deny'd me;
And therefore perſonally I lay my claime
To my Inheritance of free Diſcent.
North. The Noble Duke hath been too much abus'd.
Roſſ. It ſtands your Grace vpon, to doe him right.
Willo. Baſe men by his endowments are made great.
York. My Lords of England, let me tell you this,
I haue had feeling of my Coſens Wrongs,
And labour'd all I could to doe him right:
But in this kind, to come in brauing Armes,
Be his owne Caruer, and cut out his way,
To find out Right with Wrongs, it may not be;
And you that doe abett him in this kind,
Cheriſh Rebellion, and are Rebels all.
North. The Noble Duke hath ſworne his comming is
But for his owne; and for the right of that,
Wee all haue ſtrongly ſworne to giue him ayd,
And let him neu'r ſee Ioy, that breakes that Oath.
York. Well, well, I ſee the iſſue of theſe Armes,
I cannot mend it, I muſt needes confeſſe,
Becauſe my power is weake, and all ill left:
But if I could, by him that gaue me life,
I would attach you all, and make you ſtoope
Vnto the Soueraigne Mercy of the King.
But ſince I cannot, be it knowne to you,
I doe remaine as Neuter. So fare you well,
Vnleſſe you pleaſe to enter in the Caſtle,
And there repoſe you for this Night.
Bull. An offer Vnckle, that wee will accept:
But wee muſt winne your Grace to goe with vs
To Briſtow Caſtle, which they ſay is held
By *Buſhie*, *Bagot*, and their Complices,
The Caterpillers of the Commonwealth,
Which I haue ſworne to weed, and plucke away.
York. It may be I will go with you: but yet Ile pawſe,
For I am loth to breake our Countries Lawes:
Nor Friends, nor Foes, to me welcome you are,
Things paſt redreſſe, are now with me paſt care. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter Salisbury, and a Captaine.

Capt. My Lord of Salisbury, we haue ſtayd ten dayes,
And hardly kept our Countreymen together,
And yet we heare no tidings from the King;
Therefore we will diſperſe our ſelues: farewell.
Sal. Stay yet another day, thou truſtie Welchman,
The King repoſeth all his confidence in thee.
Capt. 'Tis thought the King is dead, we will not ſtay;
The Bay-trees in our Countrey all are wither'd,
And Meteors fright the fixed Starres of Heauen;
The pale-fac'd Moone lookes bloody on the Earth,
And leane-look'd Prophets whiſper fearefull change;
Rich men looke ſad, and Ruffians dance and leape,
The one in feare, to looſe what they enioy,
The other to enioy by Rage, and Warre:
Theſe ſignes fore-run the death of Kings.
Farewell, our Countreymen are gone and fled,
As well aſſur'd *Richard* their King is dead. *Exit.*

Sal. Ah *Richard*, with eyes of heauie mind,
I ſee thy Glory, like a ſhooting Starre,
Fall to the baſe Earth, from the Firmament:
Thy Sunne ſets weeping in the lowly Weſt,
Witneſſing Stormes to come, Woe, and Vnreſt:
Thy Friends are fled, to wait vpon thy Foes,
And croſſely to thy good, all fortune goes. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Roſſe, Percie, Willoughby, with Buſhie and Greene Priſoners.

Bull. Bring forth theſe men:
Buſhie and *Greene*, I will not vex your ſoules,
(Since preſently your ſoules muſt part your bodies)
With too much vrging your pernitious liues,
For 'twere no Charitie: yet to waſh your blood
From off my hands, here in the view of men,
I will vnfold ſome cauſes of your deaths.
You haue mis-led a Prince, a Royall King,
A happie Gentleman in Blood, and Lineaments,
By you vnhappied, and disfigur'd cleane:
You haue in manner with your ſinfull houres
Made a Diuorce betwixt his Queene and him,
Broke the poſſeſſion of a Royall Bed,
And ſtayn'd the beautie of a faire Queenes Cheekes,
With teares drawn frō her eyes, with your foule wrongs.
My ſelfe a Prince, by fortune of my birth,
Neere to the King in blood, and neere in loue,
Till you did make him miſ-interprete me,
Haue ſtoopt my neck vnder your iniuries,
And ſigh'd my Engliſh breath in forraine Clouds,
Eating the bitter bread of baniſhment;
While you haue fed vpon my Seignories,
Diſ-park'd my Parkes, and fell'd my Forreſt Woods;
From mine owne Windowes torne my Houſehold Coat,
Raz'd out my Impreſſe, leauing me no ſigne,
Saue mens opinions, and my liuing blood,
To ſhew the World I am a Gentleman.
This, and much more, much more then twice all this,
Condemnes you to the death: ſee them deliuered ouer
To execution, and the hand of death.
Buſhie. More welcome is the ſtroake of death to me,
Then *Bullingbrooke* to England.
Greene. My comfort is, that Heauen will take our ſoules,
And plague Iniuſtice with the paines of Hell.
Bull. My Lord *Northumberland*, ſee them diſpatch'd:
Vnckle, you ſay the Queene is at your Houſe,
For Heauens ſake fairely let her be entreated,
Tell her I ſend to her my kind commends;
Take ſpeciall care my Greetings be deliuer'd.
York. A Gentleman of mine I haue diſpatch'd
With Letters of your loue, to her at large.
Bull. Thankes gentle Vnckle; come Lords away,
To fight with *Glendoure*, and his Complices;
A while to worke, and after holliday.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Drums: Flouriſh, and Colours.

Enter Richard, Aumerle, Carlile, and Souldiers.

Rich. Barkloughly Caſtle call you this at hand?
Au. Yea, my Lord: how brooks your Grace the ayre,
After your late toſſing on the breaking Seas?
Rich. Needs muſt I like it well: I weepe for ioy
To ſtand vpon my Kingdome once againe.
Deere Earth, I doe ſalute thee with my hand,
Though Rebels wound thee with their Horſes hoofes:
As a long parted Mother with her Child,
Playes fondly with her teares, and ſmiles in meeting;
So weeping, ſmiling, greet I thee my Earth,
And doe thee fauor with my Royall hands.
Feed not thy Soueraignes Foe, my gentle Earth,
Nor with thy Sweetes, comfort his rauenous ſence:
But let thy Spiders, that ſuck vp thy Venome,
And heauie-gated Toades lye in their way,
Doing annoyance to the trecherous feete,
Which with vſurping ſteps doe trample thee.
Yeeld ſtinging Nettles to mine Enemies;
And when they from thy Boſome pluck a Flower,
Guard it I prethee with a lurking Adder,
Whoſe double tongue may with a mortall touch
Throw death vpon thy Soueraignes Enemies.
Mock not my fenceleſſe Coniuration, Lords;
This Earth ſhall haue a feeling, and theſe Stones
Proue armed Souldiers, ere her Natiue King
Shall falter vnder foule Rebellious Armes.
Car. Feare not my Lord, that Power that made you King
Hath power to keepe you King, in ſpight of all.
Aum. He meanes, my Lord, that we are too remiſſe,
Whileſt *Bullingbrooke* through our ſecuritie,
Growes ſtrong and great, in ſubſtance and in friends.
Rich. Diſcomfortable Couſin, knoweſt thou not,
That when the ſearching Eye of Heauen is hid
Behind the Globe, that lights the lower World,
Then Theeues and Robbers raunge abroad vnſeene,
In Murthers and in Out-rage bloody here:
But when from vnder this Terreſtriall Ball
He fires the prowd tops of the Eaſterne Pines,
And darts his Lightning through eu'ry guiltie hole,
Then Murthers, Treaſons, and deteſted ſinnes
(The Cloake of Nigbt being pluckt from off their backs)
Stand bare and naked, trembling at themſelues.
So when this Theeſe, this Traytor *Bullingbrooke*,
Who all this while hath reuell'd in the Night,
Shall ſee vs riſing in our Throne, the Eaſt,
His Treaſons will ſit bluſhing in his face,
Not able to endure the ſight of Day;
But ſelſe-affrighted, tremble at his ſinne.
Not all the Water in the rough rude Sea
Can waſh the Balme from an anoynted King;
The breath of worldly men cannot depoſe
The Deputie elected by the Lord:
For euery man that *Bullingbrooke* hath preſt,
To lift ſhrewd Steele againſt our Golden Crowne,
Heauen for his *Richard* hath in heauenly pay
A glorious Angell: then if Angels fight,
Weake men muſt fall, for Heauen ſtill guards the right.
Enter Salisbury.
Welcome my Lord, how farre off lyes your Power?
Salish. Nor neere, nor farther off, my gracious Lord,
Then this weake arme; diſcomfort guides my tongue,
And bids me ſpeake of nothing but deſpaire:
One day too late, I feare (my Noble Lord)
Hath clouded all thy happie dayes on Earth:
Oh call backe Yeſterday, bid Time returne,
And thou ſhalt haue twelue thouſand fighting men:
To day, to day, vnhappie day too late
Orethrowes thy Ioyes, Friends, Fortune, and thy State;
For all the Welchmen hearing thou wert dead,
Are gone to *Bullingbrooke*, diſperſt, and fled.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, why lookes your Grace ſo pale?
Rich. But now the blood of twentie thouſand men
Did triumph in my face, and they are fled,
And till ſo much blood thither come againe,
Haue I not reaſon to looke pale, and dead?
All Soules that will be ſafe, flye from my ſide,
For Time hath ſet a blot vpon my pride.
Aum. Comfort my Liege, remember who you are.
Rich. I had forgot my ſelfe. Am I not King?
Awake thou ſluggard Maieſtie, thou ſleepeſt:
Is not the Kings Name fortie thouſand Names?
Arme, arme my Name: a punie ſubiect ſtrikes
At thy great glory. Looke not to the ground,
Ye Fauorites of a King: are wee not high?
High be our thoughts: I know my Vncle *Yorke*
Hath Power enough to ſerue our turne.
But who comes here? *Enter Scroope.*
Scroope. More health and happineſſe betide my Liege,
Then can my care-tun'd tongue deliuer him.
Rich. Mine eare is open, and my heart prepar'd:
The worſt is worldly loſſe, thou canſt vnfold:
Say, Is my Kingdome loſt? why 'twas my Care:
And what loſſe is it to be rid of Care?
Striues *Bullingbrooke* to be as Great as wee?
Greater he ſhall not be: If hee ſerue God,
Wee'l ſerue him too, and be his Fellow ſo.
Reuolt our Subiects? That we cannot mend,
They breake their Faith to God, as well as vs:
Cry Woe, Deſtruction, Ruine, Loſſe, Decay,
The worſt is Death, and Death will haue his day.
Scroope. Glad am I, that your Highneſſe is ſo arm'd
To beare the tidings of Calamitie.
Like an vnſeaſonable ſtormie day,
Which make the Siluer Riuers drowne their Shores,
As if the World were all diſſolu'd to teares:
So high, aboue his Limits, ſwells the Rage
Of *Bullingbrooke*, couering your fearefull Land
With hard bright Steele, and hearts harder then Steele:
White Beares haue arm'd their thin and haireleſſe Scalps
Againſt thy Maieſtie and Boyes with Womens Voyces,
Striue to ſpeake bigge, and clap their female ioints
In ſtiffe vnwieldie Armes: againſt thy Crowne
Thy very Beadſ-men learne to bend their Bowes
Of double fatall Eugh: againſt thy State
Yea Diſtaffe-Women manage ruſtie Bills:
Againſt thy Seat both young and old rebell,
And all goes worſe then I haue power to tell.
Rich. Too well, too well thou tell'ſt a Tale ſo ill.
Where is the Earle of Wiltſhire? where is *Bagot?*
What is become of *Buſhie?* where is *Greene?*

That

That they haue let the dangerous Enemie
Meaſure our Confines with ſuch peacefull ſteps?
If we preuaile, their heads ſhall pay for it.
I warrant they haue made peace with *Bullingbrooke*.

Scroope. Peace haue they made with him indeede (my Lord.)

Rich. Oh Villains, Vipers, damn'd without redemption,
Dogges, eaſily woon to fawne on any man,
Snakes in my heart blood warm'd, that ſting my heart,
Three Iudaſſes, each one thrice worſe then *Iudas*,
Would they make peace? terrible Hell make warre
Vpon their ſpotted Soules for this Offence.

Scroope. Sweet Loue (I ſee) changing his propertie,
Turnes to the ſowreſt, and moſt deadly hate:
Againe vncurſe their Soules; their peace is made
With Heads, and not with Hands: thoſe whom you curſe
Haue felt the worſt of Deaths deſtroying hand,
And lye full low, grau'd in the hollow ground.

Aum. Is *Buſhie*, *Greene*, and the Earle of Wiltſhire dead?

Scroope. Yea all of them at Briſtow loſt their heads.

Aum. Where is the Duke my Father with his Power?

Rich. No matter where; of comfort no man ſpeake:
Let's talke of Graues, of Wormes, and Epitaphs,
Make Duſt our Paper, and with Raynie eyes
Write Sorrow on the Boſome of the Earth.
Let's chuſe Executors, and talke of Wills:
And yet not ſo; for what can we bequeath,
Saue our depoſed bodies to the ground?
Our Lands, our Liues, and all are *Bullingbrookes*,
And nothing can we call our owne, but Death,
And that ſmall Modell of the barren Earth,
Which ſerues as Paſte, and Couer to our Bones:
For Heauens ſake let vs ſit vpon the ground,
And tell ſad ſtories of the death of Kings:
How ſome haue been depos'd, ſome ſlaine in warre,
Some haunted by the Ghoſts they haue depos'd,
Some poyſon'd by their Wiues, ſome ſleeping kill'd,
All murther'd. For within the hollow Crowne
That rounds the mortall Temples of a King,
Keepes Death his Court, and there the Antique ſits
Scoffing his State, and grinning at his Pompe,
Allowing him a breath, a little Scene,
To Monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with lookes,
Infuſing him with ſelfe and vaine conceit,
As if this Fleſh, which walls about our Life,
Were Braſſe impregnable: and humor'd thus,
Comes at the laſt, and with a little Pinne
Bores through his Caſtle Walls, and farwell King.
Couer your heads, and mock not fleſh and blood
With ſolemne Reuerence: throw away Reſpect,
Tradition, Forme, and Ceremonious dutie,
For you haue but miſtooke me all this while:
I liue with Bread like you, feele Want,
Taſte Griefe, need Friends: ſubiected thus,
How can you ſay to me, I am a King?

Carl. My Lord, wiſe men ne're waile their preſent woes,
But preſently preuent the wayes to waile:
To feare the Foe, ſince feare oppreſſeth ſtrength,
Giues in your weakeneſſe, ſtrength vnto your Foe;
Feare, and be ſlaine, no worſe can come to fight,
And fight and die, is death deſtroying death,
Where fearing, dying, payes death ſeruile breath.

Aum. My Father hath a Power, enquire of him,
And learne to make a Body of a Limbe.

Rich. Thou chid'ſt me well: proud *Bullingbrooke* I come
To change Blowes with thee, for our day of Doome:
This ague fit of feare is ouer-blowne,
An eaſie taske it is to winne our owne.
Say *Scroope*, where lyes our Vnckle with his Power?
Speake ſweetly man, although thy lookes be ſowre.

Scroope. Men iudge by the complexion of the Skie
The ſtate and inclination of the day;
So may you by my dull and heauie Eye:
My Tongue hath but a heauier Tale to ſay:
I play the Torturer, by ſmall and ſmall
To lengthen out the worſt, that muſt be ſpoken.
Your Vnckle *Yorke* is ioyn'd with *Bullingbrooke*,
And all your Northerne Caſtles yeelded vp,
And all your Southerne Gentlemen in Armes
Vpon his Faction.

Rich. Thou haſt ſaid enough.
Beſhrew thee Couſin, which didſt lead me forth
Of that ſweet way I was in, to deſpaire:
What ſay you now? What comfort haue we now?
By Heauen Ile hate him euerlaſtingly,
That bids me be of comfort any more.
Goe to Flint Caſtle, there Ile pine away,
A King, Woes ſlaue, ſhall Kingly Woe obey:
That Power I haue, diſcharge, and let 'em goe
To eare the Land, that hath ſome hope to grow,
For I haue none. Let no man ſpeake againe
To alter this, for counſaile is but vaine.

Aum. My Liege, one word.

Rich. He does me double wrong,
That wounds me with the flatteries of his tongue.
Diſcharge my followers: let them hence away,
From *Richards* Night, to *Bullingbrookes* faire Day.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter with Drum and Colours, Bullingbrooke, Yorke, Northumberland, Attendants.

Bull. So that by this intelligence we learne
The Welchmen are diſpers'd, and *Salisbury*
Is gone to meet the King, who lately landed
With ſome few priuate friends, vpon this Coaſt.

North. The newes is very faire and good, my Lord,
Richard, not farre from hence, hath hid his head.

York. It would beſeeme the Lord Northumberland,
To ſay King *Richard:* alack the heauie day,
When ſuch a ſacred King ſhould hide his head.

North. Your Grace miſtakes: onely to be briefe,
Left I his Title out.

York. The time hath beene,
Would you haue beene ſo briefe with him, he would
Haue beene ſo briefe with you, to ſhorten you,
For taking ſo the Head, your whole heads length.

Bull. Miſtake not (Vnckle) farther then you ſhould.

York. Take not (good Couſin) farther then you ſhould.
Leaſt you miſtake the Heauens are ore your head.

Bull. I know it (Vnckle) and oppoſe not my ſelfe
Againſt their will. But who comes here?

Enter Percie.

Welcome *Harry:* what, will not this Caſtle yeeld?

Per. The Caſtle royally is mann'd, my Lord,
Againſt thy entrance.

Bull. Roy-

Bull. Royally? Why, it containes no King?
Per. Yes (my good Lord)
It doth containe a King: King *Richard* lyes
Within the limits of yond Lime and Stone,
And with him, the Lord *Aumerle*, Lord *Salisbury*,
Sir *Stephen Scroope*, beſides a Clergie man
Of holy reuerence; who, I cannot learne.
North. Oh, belike it is the Biſhop of Carlile.
Bull. Noble Lord,
Goe to the rude Ribs of that ancient Caſtle,
Through Brazen Trumpet ſend the breath of Parle
Into his ruin'd Eares, and thus deliuer:
Henry Bullingbrooke vpon his knees doth kiſſe
King *Richards* hand, and ſends allegeance
And true faith of heart to his Royall Perſon: hither come
Euen at his feet, to lay my Armes and Power,
Prouided, that my Baniſhment repeal'd,
And Lands reſtor'd againe, be freely graunted:
If not, Ile vſe th'aduantage of my Power,
And lay the Summers duſt with ſhowers of blood,
Rayn'd from the wounds of ſlaughter'd Engliſhmen;
The which, how farre off from the mind of *Bullingbrooke*
It is, ſuch Crimſon Tempeſt ſhould bedrench
The freſh greene Lap of faire King *Richards* Land,
My ſtooping dutie tenderly ſhall ſhew.
Goe ſignifie as much, while here we march
Vpon the Graſſie Carpet of this Plaine:
Let's march without the noyſe of threatning Drum,
That from this Caſtles tatter'd Battlements
Our faire Appointments may be well perus'd.
Me thinkes King *Richard* and my ſelfe ſhould meet
With no leſſe terror then the Elements
Of Fire and Water, when their thundring ſmoake
At meeting teares the cloudie Cheekes of Heauen:
Be he the fire, Ile be the yeelding Water;
The Rage be his, while on the Earth I raine
My Waters on the Earth, and not on him.
March on, and marke King *Richard* how he lookes.

Parle without, and anſwere within: then a Flouriſh. Enter on the Walls, Richard, Carlile, Aumerle, Scroop, Salisbury.

See, ſee, King *Richard* doth himſelfe appeare
As doth the bluſhing diſcontented Sunne,
From out the fierie Portall of the Eaſt,
When he perceiues the enuious Clouds are bent
To dimme his glory, and to ſtaine the tract
Of his bright paſſage to the Occident.
York. Yet lookes he like a King: behold his Eye
(As bright as is the Eagles) lightens forth
Controlling Maieſtie: alack, alack, for woe,
That any harme ſhould ſtaine ſo faire a ſhew.
Rich. Wee are amaz'd, and thus long haue we ſtood
To watch the fearefull bending of thy knee,
Becauſe we thought our ſelfe thy lawfull King:
And if we be, how dare thy ioynts forget
To pay their awfull dutie to our preſence?
If we be not, ſhew vs the Hand of God,
That hath diſmiſs'd vs from our Stewardſhip,
For well wee know, no Hand of Blood and Bone
Can gripe the facred Handle of our Scepter,
Vnleſſe he doe prophane, ſteale, or vſurpe.
And though you thinke, that all, as you haue done,
Haue torne their Soules, by turning them from vs,
And we are barren, and bereft of Friends:
Yet know, my Maſter, God Omnipotent,
Is muſtring in his Clouds, on our behalfe,
Armies of Peſtilence, and they ſhall ſtrike
Your Children yet vnborne, and vnbegot,
That lift your Vaſſall Hands againſt my Head,
And threat the Glory of my precious Crowne.
Tell *Bullingbrooke*, for yond me thinkes he is,
That euery ſtride he makes vpon my Land,
Is dangerous Treaſon: He is come to ope
The purple Teſtament of bleeding Warre;
But ere the Crowne he lookes for, liue in peace,
Ten thouſand bloody crownes of Mothers Sonnes
Shall ill become the flower of Englands face,
Change the Complexion of her Maid-pale Peace
To Scarlet Indignation, and bedew
Her Paſtors Graſſe with faithfull Engliſh Blood.
North. The King of Heauen forbid our Lord the King
Should ſo with ciuill and vnciuill Armes
Be ruſh'd vpon: Thy thrice-noble Couſin,
Harry Bullingbrooke, doth humbly kiſſe thy hand,
And by the Honorable Tombe he ſweares,
That ſtands vpon your Royall Grandſires Bones,
And by the Royalties of both your Bloods,
(Currents that ſpring from one moſt gracious Head)
And by the buried Hand of Warlike *Gaunt*,
And by the Worth and Honor of himſelfe,
Compriſing all that may be ſworne, or ſaid,
His comming hither hath no further ſcope,
Then for his Lineall Royalties, and to begge
Infranchiſement immediate on his knees:
Which on thy Royall partie graunted once,
His glittering Armes he will commend to 'Ruſt,
His barbed Steedes to Stables, and his heart
To faithfull ſeruice of your Maieſtie:
This ſweares he, as he is a Prince, is iuſt,
And as I am a Gentleman, I credit him.
Rich. Northumberland, ſay thus: The King returnes,
His Noble Couſin is right welcome hither,
And all the number of his faire demands
Shall be accompliſh'd without contradiction:
With all the gracious vtterance thou haſt,
Speake to his gentle hearing kind commends.
We doe debaſe our ſelfe (Couſin) doe we not,
To looke ſo poorely, and to ſpeake ſo faire?
Shall we call back *Northumberland*, and ſend
Defiance to the Traytor, and ſo die?
Aum. No, good my Lord, let's fight with gentle words,
Till time lend friends, and friends their helpeful Swords.
Rich. Oh God, oh God, that ere this tongue of mine,
That layd the Sentence of dread Baniſhment
On yond prowd man, ſhould take it off againe
With words of footh: Oh that I were as great
As is my Griefe, or leſſer then my Name,
Or that I could forget what I haue beene,
Or not remember what I muſt be now:
Swell'ſt thou prowd heart? Ile giue thee ſcope to beat,
Since Foes haue ſcope to beat both thee and me.
Aum. Northumberland comes backe from *Bullingbrooke*.
Rich. What muſt the King doe now? muſt he ſubmit?
The King ſhall doe it: Muſt he be depos'd?
The King ſhall be contented: Muſt he looſe
The Name of King? o'Gods Name let it goe.
Ile giue my Iewells for a fett of Beades,
My gorgeous Pallace, for a Hermitage,
My gay Apparrell, for an Almes-mansGowne,
My figur'd Goblets, for a Diſh of Wood,
My Scepter, for a Palmers walking Staffe,

My

My Subiects, for a payre of carued Saints,
And my large Kingdome, for a little Graue,
A little little Graue, an obſcure Graue.
Or Ile be buryed in the Kings high-way,
Some way of common Trade, where Subiects feet
May howrely trample on their Soueraignes Head:
For on my heart they tread now, whileſt I liue;
And buryed once, why not vpon my Head?
Aumerle, thou weep'ſt (my tender-hearted Couſin)
Wee'le make foule Weather with deſpiſed Teares:
Our ſighes, and they, ſhall lodge the Summer Corne,
And make a Dearth in this reuolting Land.
Or ſhall we play the Wantons with our Woes,
And make ſome prettie Match, with ſhedding Teares?
As thus: to drop them ſtill vpon one place,
Till they haue fretted vs a payre of Graues,
Within the Earth: and therein lay'd, there lyes
Two Kinſmen, digg'd their Graues with weeping Eyes?
Would not this ill, doe well? Well, well, I ſee
I talke but idly, and you mock at mee.
Moſt mightie Prince, my Lord *Northumberland*,
What ſayes King *Bullingbrooke?* Will his Maieſtie
Giue *Richard* leaue to liue, till *Richard* die?
You make a Legge, and *Bullingbrooke* ſayes I.

North. My Lord, in the baſe Court he doth attend
To ſpeake with you, may it pleaſe you to come downe.

Rich. Downe, downe I come, like glift'ring *Phaeton*,
Wanting the manage of vnruly Iades.
In the baſe Court? baſe Court, where Kings grow baſe,
To come at Traytors Calls, and doe them Grace.
In the baſe Court come down: down Court, down King,
For night-Owls ſhrike, where mounting Larks ſhould ſing.

Bull. What ſayes his Maieſtie?

North. Sorrow, and griefe of heart
Makes him ſpeake fondly, like a frantick man:
Yet he is come.

Bull. Stand all apart,
And ſhew faire dutie to his Maieſtie.
My gracious Lord.

Rich. Faire Couſin,
You debaſe your Princely Knee,
To make the baſe Earth prowd with kiſſing it.
Me rather had, my Heart might feele your Loue,
Then my vnpleas'd Eye ſee your Courteſie.
Vp Couſin, vp, your Heart is vp, I know,
Thus high at leaſt, although your Knee be low.

Bull. My gracious Lord, I come but for mine owne.

Rich. Your owne is yours, and I am yours, and all.

Bull. So farre be mine, my moſt redoubted Lord,
As my true ſeruice ſhall deſerue your loue.

Rich. Well you deſeru'd:
They well deſerue to haue,
That know the ſtrong'ſt, and ſureſt way to get.
Vnckle giue me your Hand: nay, drie your Eyes,
Teares ſhew their Loue, but want their Remedies.
Couſin, I am too young to be your Father,
Though you are old enough to be my Heire.
What you will haue, Ile giue, and willing to,
For doe we muſt, what force will haue vs doe.
Set on towards London:
Couſin, is it ſo?

Bull. Yea, my good Lord.

Rich. Then I muſt not ſay, no.

Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Queene, and two Ladies.

Qu. What ſport ſhall we deuiſe here in this Garden,
To driue away the heauie thought of Care?

La. Madame, wee'le play at Bowles.

Qu. 'Twill make me thinke the World is full of Rubs,
And that my fortune runnes againſt the Byas.

La. Madame, wee'le Dance.

Qu. My Legges can keepe no meaſure in Delight,
When my poore Heart no meaſure keepes in Griefe.
Therefore no Dancing (Girle) ſome other ſport.

La. Madame, wee'le tell Tales.

Qu. Of Sorrow, or of Griefe?

La. Of eyther, Madame.

Qu. Of neyther, Girle.
For if of Ioy, being altogether wanting,
It doth remember me the more of Sorrow:
Or if of Griefe, being altogether had,
It addes more Sorrow to my want of Ioy:
For what I haue, I need not to repeat;
And what I want, it bootes not to complaine.

La. Madame, Ile ſing.

Qu. 'Tis well that thou haſt cauſe:
But thou ſhould'ſt pleaſe me better, would'ſt thou weepe.

La. I could weepe, Madame, would it doe you good.

Qu. And I could ſing, would weeping doe me good,
And neuer borrow any Teare of thee.

Enter a Gardiner, and two Seruants.

But ſtay, here comes the Gardiners,
Let's ſtep into the ſhadow of theſe Trees.
My wretchedneſſe, vnto a Rowe of Pinnes,
They'le talke of State: for euery one doth ſo,
Againſt a Change; Woe is fore-runne with Woe.

Gard. Goe binde thou vp yond dangling Apricocks,
Which like vnruly Children, make their Syre
Stoupe with oppreſſion of their prodigall weight:
Giue ſome ſupportance to the bending twigges.
Goe thou, and like an Executioner
Cut off the heads of too faſt growing ſprayes,
That looke too loftie in our Common-wealth:
All muſt be euen, in our Gouernment.
You thus imploy'd, I will goe root away
The noyſome Weedes, that without profit ſucke
The Soyles fertilitie from wholeſome flowers

Ser. Why ſhould we, in the compaſſe of a Pale,
Keepe Law and Forme, and due Proportion,
Shewing as in a Modell our firme Eſtate?
When our Sea-walled Garden, the whole Land,
Is full of Weedes, her faireſt Flowers choakt vp,
Her Fruit-trees all vnpruin'd, her Hedges ruin'd,
Her Knots diſorder'd, and her wholeſome Hearbes
Swarming with Caterpillers.

Gard. Hold thy peace.
He that hath ſuffer'd this diſorder'd Spring,
Hath now himſelfe met with the Fall of Leafe.
The Weeds that his broad-ſpreading Leaues did ſhelter,
That ſeem'd, in eating him, to hold him vp,
Are pull'd vp, Root and all, by *Bullingbrooke:*
I meane, the Earle of Wiltſhire, *Buſhie*, *Greene.*

Ser. What,

Ser. What are they dead?
Gard. They are,
And *Bullingbrooke* hath ſeiz'd the waſtefull King.
Oh, what pitty is it, that he had not ſo trim'd
And dreſt his Land, as we this Garden, at time of yeare,
And wound the Barke, the skin of our Fruit-trees,
Leaſt being ouer-proud with Sap and Blood,
With too much riches it confound it ſelfe?
Had he done ſo, to great and growing men,
They might haue liu'd to beare, and he to taſte
Their fruites of dutie. Superfluous branches
We lop away, that bearing boughes may liue:
Had he done ſo, himſelfe had borne the Crowne,
Which waſte and idle houres, hath quite thrown downe.
Ser. What thinke you the King ſhall be depos'd?
Gar. Depreſt he is already, and depos'd
'Tis doubted he will be. Letters came laſt night
To a deere Friend of the Duke of Yorkes,
That tell blacke tydings.
Qu. Oh I am preſt to death through want of ſpeaking:
Thou old *Adams* likeneſſe, ſet to dreſſe this Garden:
How dares thy harſh rude tongue ſound this vnpleaſing
What Eue? what Serpent hath ſuggeſted thee, (newes
To make a ſecond fall of curſed man?
Why do'ſt thou ſay, King *Richard* is depos'd,
Dar'ſt thou, thou little better thing then earth,
Diuine his downfall? Say, where, when, and how
Cam'ſt thou by this ill-tydings? Speake thou wretch.
Gard. Pardon me Madam. Little ioy haue I
To breath theſe newes; yet what I ſay, is true;
King *Richard*, he is in the mighty hold
Of *Bullingbrooke*, their Fortunes both are weigh'd:
In your Lords Scale, is nothing but himſelfe,
And ſome few Vanities, that make him light:
But in the Ballance of great *Bullingbrooke*,
Beſides himſelfe, are all the Engliſh Peeres,
And with that oddes he weighes King *Richard* downe.
Poſte you to London, and you'l finde it ſo,
I ſpeake no more, then euery one doth know.
Qu. Nimble miſchance, that art ſo light of foote,
Doth not thy Embaſſage belong to me?
And am I laſt that knowes it? Oh thou think'ſt
To ſerue me laſt, that I may longeſt keepe
Thy ſorrow in my breaſt. Come Ladies goe,
To meet at London, Londons King in woe.
What was I borne to this: that my ſad looke,
Should grace the Triumph of great *Bullingbrooke*.
Gard'ner, for telling me this newes of woe,
I would the Plants thou graft'ſt, may neuer grow. *Exit.*
G. Poore Queen, ſo that thy State might be no worſe,
I would my ſkill were ſubiect to thy curſe:
Heere did ſhe drop a teare, heere in this place
Ile ſet a Banke of Rew, ſowre Herbe of Grace:
Rue, eu'n for ruth, heere ſhortly ſhall be ſeene,
In the remembrance of a Weeping Queene. *Exit.*

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter as to the Parliament, Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percie, Fitz-Water, Surrey, Carlile, Abbot of Weſtminſter. Herauld, Officers, and Bagot.

Bullingbrooke. Call forth *Bagot*.
Now *Bagot*, freely ſpeake thy minde,
What thou do'ſt know of Noble Glouſters death:
Who wrought it with the King, and who perform'd
The bloody Office of his Timeleſſe end.
Bag. Then ſet before my face, the Lord *Aumerle*.
Bul. Coſin, ſtand forth, and looke vpon that man.
Bag. My Lord *Aumerle*, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnſay, what it hath once deliuer'd.
In that dead time, when Glouſters death was plotted,
I heard you ſay Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the reſtfull Engliſh Court
As farre as Callis, to my Vnkles head.
Amongſt much other talke, that very time,
I heard you ſay, that you had rather refuſe
The offer of an hundred thouſand Crownes,
Then *Bullingbrookes* returne to England; adding withall,
How bleſt this Land would be, in this your Coſins death.
Aum. Princes, and Noble Lords:
What anſwer ſhall I make to this baſe man?
Shall I ſo much diſhonour my faire Starres,
On equall termes to giue him chaſtiſement?
Either I muſt, or haue mine honor ſoyl'd
With th'Attaindor of his ſland'rous Lippes.
There is my Gage, the manuall Seale of death
That markes thee out for Hell. Thou lyeſt,
And will maintaine what thou haſt ſaid, is falſe,
In thy heart blood, though being all too baſe
To ſtaine the temper of my Knightly ſword.
Bul. Bagot forbeare, thou ſhalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the beſt
In all this preſence, that hath mou'd me ſo.
Fitz. If that thy valour ſtand on ſympathize:
There is my Gage, *Aumerle*, in Gage to thine;
By that faire Sunne, that ſhewes me where thou ſtand'ſt,
I heard thee ſay (and vauntingly thou ſpak'ſt it)
That thou wer't cauſe of Noble Glouſters death.
If thou denieſt it, twenty times thou lyeſt,
And I will turne thy falſhood to thy hart,
Where it was forged with my Rapiers point.
Aum. Thou dar'ſt not (Coward) liue to ſee the day.
Fitz. Now by my Soule, I would it were this houre.
Aum. Fitzwater thou art damn'd to hell for this.
Per. Aumerle, thou lye'ſt: his Honor is as true
In this Appeale, as thou art all vniuſt:
And that thou art ſo, there I throw my Gage
To proue it on thee, to th'extreameſt point
Of mortall breathing. Seize it, if thou dar'ſt.
Aum. And if I do not, may my hands rot off,
And neuer brandiſh more reuengefull Steele,
Ouer the glittering Helmet of my Foe.
Surrey. My Lord *Fitz-water:*
I do remember well, the very time
Aumerle, and you did talke.
Fitz. My Lord,
'Tis very true: You were in preſence then,
And you can witneſſe with me, this is true
Surrey. As falſe, by heauen,
As Heauen it ſelfe is true.
Fitz. Surrey, thou Lyeſt.
Surrey. Diſhonourable Boy;
That Lye, ſhall lie ſo heauy on my Sword,
That it ſhall render Vengeance, and Reuenge,
Till thou the Lye-giuer, and that Lye, doe lye
In earth as quiet, as thy Fathers Scull.
In proofe whereof, there is mine Honors pawne,
Engage it to the Triall, if thou dar'ſt.

Fitz.

Fitzw. How fondly do'ſt thou ſpurre a forward Horſe?
If I dare eate, or drinke, or breathe, or liue,
I dare meete *Surrey* in a Wilderneſſe,
And ſpit vpon him, whileſt I ſay he Lyes,
And Lyes, and Lyes: there is my Bond of Faith,
To tye thee to my ſtrong Correction.
As I intend to thriue in this new World,
Aumerle is guiltie of my true Appeale.
Beſides, I heard the baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſay,
That thou *Aumerle* didſt ſend two of thy men,
To execute the Noble Duke at Callis.
Aum. Some honeſt Chriſtian truſt me with a Gage,
That *Norfolke* lyes: here doe I throw downe this,
If he may be repeal'd, to trie his Honor.
Bull. Theſe differences ſhall all reſt vnder Gage,
Till *Norfolke* be repeal'd: repeal'd be ſhall be;
And (though mine Enemie) reſtor'd againe
To all his Lands and Seignories: when hee's return'd,
Againſt *Aumerle* we will enforce his Tryall.
Carl. That honorable day ſhall ne're be ſeene.
Many a time hath baniſh'd *Norfolke* ſought
For Ieſu Chriſt, in glorious Chriſtian field
Streaming the Enſigne of the Chriſtian Croſſe,
Againſt black Pagans, Turkes, and Saracens:
And toyl'd with workes of Warre, retyr'd himſelfe
To Italy, and there at Venice gaue
His Body to that pleaſant Countries Earth,
And his pure Soule vnto his Captaine Chriſt,
Vnder whoſe Colours he had fought ſo long.
Bull. Why Biſhop, is *Norfolke* dead?
Carl. As ſure as I liue, my Lord.
Bull. Sweet peace conduct his ſweet Soule
To the Boſome of good old *Abraham.*
Lords Appealants, your differēces ſhal all reſt vnder gage,
Till we aſſigne you to your dayes of Tryall.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. Great Duke of Lancaſter, I come to thee
From plume-pluckt *Richard*, who with willing Soule
Adopts thee Heire, and his high Scepter yeelds
To the poſſeſſion of thy Royall Hand.
Aſcend his Throne, deſcending now from him,
And long liue *Henry*, of that Name the Fourth.
Bull. In Gods Name, Ile aſcend the Regall Throne.
Carl. Mary, Heauen forbid.
Worſt in this Royall Preſence may I ſpeake,
Yet beſt beſeeming me to ſpeake the truth.
Would God, that any in this Noble Preſence
Were enough Noble, to be vpright Iudge
Of Noble *Richard:* then true Nobleneſſe would
Learne him forbearance from ſo foule a Wrong.
What Subiect can giue Sentence on his King?
And who ſits here, that is not *Richards* Subiect?
Theeues are not iudg'd, but they are by to heare,
Although apparant guilt be ſeene in them:
And ſhall the figure of Gods Maieſtie,
His Captaine, Steward, Deputie elect,
Anoynted, Crown'd, planted many yeeres,
Be iudg'd by ſubiect, and inferior breathe,
And he himſelfe not preſent? Oh, forbid it, God,
That in a Chriſtian Climate, Soules refin'de
Should ſhew ſo heynous, black, obſcene a deed.
I ſpeake to Subiects, and a Subiect ſpeakes,
Stirr'd vp by Heauen, thus boldly for his King.
My Lord of Hereford here, whom you call King,
Is a foule Traytor to prowd *Herefords* King.
And if you Crowne him, let me prophecie,
The blood of Engliſh ſhall manure the ground.
And future Ages groane for his foule Act.
Peace ſhall goe ſleepe with Turkes and Infidels,
And in this Seat of Peace, tumultuous Warres
Shall Kinne with Kinne, and Kinde with Kinde confound.
Diſorder, Horror, Feare, and Mutinie
Shall here inhabite, and this Land be call'd
The field of Golgotha, and dead mens Sculls.
Oh, if you reare this Houſe, againſt this Houſe
It will the wofulleſt Diuiſion proue,
That euer fell vpon this curſed Earth.
Preuent it, reſiſt it, and let it not be ſo,
Leaſt Child, Childs Children cry againſt you, Woe.
North. Well haue you argu'd Sir: and for your paines,
Of Capitall Treaſon we arreſt you here.
My Lord of Weſtminſter, be it your charge,
To keepe him ſafely, till his day of Tryall.
May it pleaſe you, Lords, to grant the Commons Suit?
Bull. Fetch hither *Richard*, that in common view
He may ſurrender: ſo we ſhall proceede
Without ſuſpition.
Yorke. I will be his Conduct. *Exit.*
Bull. Lords, you that here are vnder our Arreſt,
Procure your Sureties for your Dayes of Anſwer:
Little are we beholding to your Loue,
And little look'd for at your helping Hands.

Enter Richard and Yorke.

Rich. Alack, why am I ſent for to a King,
Before I haue ſhooke off the Regall thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet haue learn'd
To inſinuate, flatter, bowe, and bend my Knee.
Giue Sorrow leaue a while, to tuture me
To this ſubmiſſion. Yet I well remember
The fauors of theſe men: were they not mine?
Did they not ſometime cry, All hayle to me?
So *Iudas* did to Chriſt: but he in twelue,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelue thouſand, none.
God ſaue the King: will no man ſay, Amen?
Am I both Prieſt, and Clarke? well then, Amen.
God ſaue the King, although I be not hee:
And yet Amen, if Heauen doe thinke him mee.
To doe what ſeruice, am I ſent for hither?
Yorke. To doe that office of thine owne good will,
Which tyred Maieſtie did make thee offer:
The Reſignation of thy State and Crowne
To *Henry Bullingbrooke.*
Rich. Giue me the Crown. Here Couſin, ſeize ỹ Crown:
Here Couſin, on this ſide my Hand, on that ſide thine.
Now is this Golden Crowne like a deepe Well,
That owes two Buckets, filling one another,
The emptier euer dancing in the ayre,
The other downe, vnſeene, and full of Water:
That Bucket downe, and full of Teares am I,
Drinking my Griefes, whil'ſt you mount vp on high.
Bull. I thought you had been willing to reſigne.
Rich. My Crowne I am, but ſtill my Griefes are mine:
You may my Glories and my State depoſe,
But not my Griefes; ſtill am I King of thoſe.
Bull. Part of your Cares you giue me with your Crowne.
Rich. Your Cares ſet vp, do not pluck my Cares downe.
My Care, is loſſe of Care, by old Care done,
Your Care, is gaine of Care, by new Care wonne:
The Cares I giue, I haue, though giuen away,
They 'tend the Crowne, yet ſtill with me they ſtay:
Bull. Are you contented to reſigne the Crowne?

Rich. I,

Rich. I, no; no, I: for I muſt nothing bee:
Therefore no, no, for I reſigne to thee.
Now, marke me how I will vndoe my ſelfe.
I giue this heauie Weight from off my Head,
And this vnwieldie Scepter from my Hand,
The pride of Kingly ſway from out my Heart.
With mine owne Teares I waſh away my Balme,
With mine owne Hands I giue away my Crowne,
With mine owne Tongue denie my Sacred State,
With mine owne Breath releaſe all dutious Oathes;
All Pompe and Maieſtie I doe forſweare:
My Manors, Rents, Reuenues, I forgoe;
My Acts, Decrees, and Statutes I denie:
God pardon all Oathes that are broke to mee,
God keepe all Vowes vnbroke are made to thee.
Make me, that nothing haue, with nothing grieu'd,
And thou with all pleas'd, that haſt all atchieu'd.
Long may'ſt thou liue in *Richards* Seat to ſit,
And ſoone lye *Richard* in an Earthie Pit.
God ſaue King *Henry*, vn-King'd *Richard* ſayes,
And ſend him many yeeres of Sunne-ſhine dayes.
What more remaines?

North. No more: but that you reade
Theſe Accuſations, and theſe grieuous Crymes,
Committed by your Perſon, and your followers,
Againſt the State, and Profit of this Land:
That by confeſſing them, the Soules of men
May deeme, that you are worthily depos'd.

Rich. Muſt I doe ſo? and muſt I rauell out
My weau'd-vp follyes? Gentle *Northumberland*,
If thy Offences were vpon Record,
Would it not ſhame thee, in ſo faire a troupe,
To reade a Lecture of them? If thou would'ſt,
There ſhould'ſt thou finde one heynous Article,
Containing the depoſing of a King,
And cracking the ſtrong Warrant of an Oath,
Mark'd with a Blot, damn'd in the Booke of Heauen.
Nay, all of you, that ſtand and looke vpon me,
Whil'ſt that my wretchedneſſe doth bait my ſelfe,
Though ſome of you, with *Pilate*, waſh your hands,
Shewing an outward pittie: yet you *Pilates*
Haue here deliuer'd me to my ſowre Croſſe,
And Water cannot waſh away your ſinne.

North. My Lord diſpatch, reade o're theſe Articles.

Rich. Mine Eyes are full of Teares, I cannot ſee:
And yet ſalt-Water blindes them not ſo much,
But they can ſee a ſort of Traytors here.
Nay, if I turne mine Eyes vpon my ſelfe,
I finde my ſelfe a Traytor with the reſt:
For I haue giuen here my Soules conſent,
T'vndeck the pompous Body of a King;
Made Glory baſe; a Soueraignтie, a Slaue;
Prowd Maieſtie, a Subiect; State, a Peſant.

North. My Lord.

Rich. No Lord of thine, thou haught-inſulting man;
No, nor no mans Lord: I haue no Name, no Title;
No, not that Name was giuen me at the Font,
But 'tis vſurpt: alack the heauie day,
That I haue worne ſo many Winters out,
And know not now, what Name to call my ſelfe.
Oh, that I were a Mockerie, King of Snow,
Standing before the Sunne of *Bullingbrooke*,
To melt my ſelfe away in Water-drops.
Good King, great King, and yet not greatly good,
And if my word be Sterling yet in England,
Let it command a Mirror hither ſtraight,
That it may ſhew me what a Face I haue,
Since it is Bankrupt of his Maieſtie.

Bull. Goe ſome of you, and fetch a Looking-Glaſſe.

North. Read o're this Paper, while ỹ Glaſſe doth come.

Rich. Fiend, thou torments me, ere I come to Hell.

Bull. Vrge it no more, my Lord *Northumberland.*

North. The Commons will not then be ſatisfy'd.

Rich. They ſhall be ſatisfy'd: Ile reade enough,
When I doe ſee the very Booke indeede,
Where all my ſinnes are writ, and that's my ſelfe.

Enter one with a Glaſſe.

Giue me that Glaſſe, and therein will I reade.
No deeper wrinckles yet? hath Sorrow ſtrucke
So many Blowes vpon this Face of mine,
And made no deeper Wounds? Oh flatt'ring Glaſſe,
Like to my followers in proſperitie,
Thou do'ſt beguile me. Was this Face, the Face
That euery day, vnder his Houſe-hold Roofe,
Did keepe ten thouſand men? Was this the Face,
That like the Sunne, did make beholders winke?
Is this the Face, which fac'd ſo many follyes,
That was at laſt out-fac'd by *Bullingbrooke*?
A brittle Glory ſhineth in this Face,
As brittle as the Glory, is the Face,
For there it is, crackt in an hundred ſhiuers.
Marke ſilent King, the Morall of this ſport,
How ſoone my Sorrow hath deſtroy'd my Face.

Bull. The ſhadow of your Sorrow hath deſtroy'd
The ſhadow of your Face.

Rich. Say that againe.
The ſhadow of my Sorrow: ha, let's ſee,
'Tis very true, my Grieſe lyes all within,
And theſe externall manner of Laments,
Are meerely ſhadowes, to the vnſeene Griefe,
That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd Soule.
There lyes the ſubſtance: and I thanke thee King
For thy great bountie, that not onely giu'ſt
Me cauſe to wayle, but teacheſt me the way
How to lament the cauſe. Ile begge one Boone,
And then be gone, and trouble you no more.
Shall I obtaine it?

Bull. Name it, faire Couſin.

Rich. Faire Couſin? I am greater then a King:
For when I was a King, my flatterers
Were then but ſubiects; being now a ſubiect,
I haue a King here to my flatterer:
Being ſo great, I haue no neede to begge.

Bull. Yet aske.

Rich. And ſhall I haue?

Bull. You ſhall.

Rich. Then giue me leaue to goe.

Bull. Whither?

Rich. Whither you will, ſo I were from your ſights.

Bull. Goe ſome of you, conuey him to the Tower.

Rich. Oh good: conuey: Conueyers are you all,
That riſe thus nimbly by a true Kings fall.

Bull. On Wedneſday next, we ſolemnly ſet downe
Our Coronation: Lords, prepare your ſelues. *Exeunt.*

Abbot. A wofull Pageant haue we here beheld.

Carl. The Woes to come, the Children yet vnborne,
Shall ſeele this day as ſharpe to them as Thorne.

Aum. You holy Clergie-men, is there no Plot
To rid the Realme of this pernicious Blot.

Abbot. Before I freely ſpeake my minde herein,
You ſhall not onely take the Sacrament,
To bury mine intents, but alſo to effect

What

What euer I ſhall happen to deuiſe.
I ſee your Browes are full of Diſcontent,
Your Heart of Sorrow, and your Eyes of Teares.
Come home with me to Supper, Ile lay a Plot
Shall ſhew vs all a merry day. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene, and Ladies.

Qu. This way the King will come: this is the way
To *Iulius Cæſars* ill-erected Tower:
To whoſe flint Boſome, my condemned Lord
Is doom'd a Priſoner, by prowd *Bullingbrooke.*
Here let vs reſt, if this rebellious Earth
Haue any reſting for her true Kings Queene.

Enter Richard, and Guard.

But ſoft, but ſee, or rather doe not ſee,
My faire Roſe wither: yet looke vp; behold,
That you in pittie may diſſolue to dew,
And waſh him freſh againe with true-loue Teares.
Ah thou, the Modell where old Troy did ſtand,
Thou Mappe of Honor, thou King *Richards* Tombe,
And not King *Richard:* thou moſt beauteous Inne,
Why ſhould hard-fauor'd Griefe be lodg'd in thee,
When Triumph is become an Ale-houſe Gueſt.

Rich. Ioyne not with griefe, faire Woman, do not ſo,
To make my end too ſudden: learne good Soule,
To thinke our former State a happie Dreame,
From which awak'd, the truth of what we are,
Shewes vs but this. I am ſworne Brother (Sweet)
To grim Neceſſitie; and bee and I
Will keepe a League till Death. Hie thee to France,
And Cloyſter thee in ſome Religious Houſe:
Our holy liues muſt winne a new Worlds Crowne,
Which our prophane houres here haue ſtricken downe.

Qu. What, is my *Richard* both in ſhape and minde
Transform'd, and weaken'd? Hath *Bullingbrooke*
Depos'd thine Intellect? hath he beene in thy Heart?
The Lyon dying, thruſteth forth his Paw,
And wounds the Earth, if nothing elſe, with rage
To be o're-powr'd: and wilt thou, Pupill-like,
Take thy Correction mildly, kiſſe the Rodde,
And fawne on Rage with baſe Humilitie,
Which art a Lyon, and a King of Beaſts?

Rich. A King of Beaſts indeed: if aught but Beaſts,
I had beene ſtill a happy King of Men.
Good (ſometime Queene) prepare thee hence for France:
Thinke I am dead, and that euen here thou tak'ſt,
As from my Death-bed, my laſt liuing leaue.
In Winters tedious Nights ſit by the fire
With good old folkes, and let them tell thee Tales
Of wofull Ages, long agoe betide:
And ere thou bid good-night, to quit their griefe,
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me,
And ſend the hearers weeping to their Beds:
For why? the ſenceleſſe Brands will ſympathize
The heauie accent of thy mouing Tongue,
And in compaſſion, weepe the fire out:
And ſome will mourne in aſhes, ſome coale-black,
For the depoſing of a rightfull King.

Enter Northumberland.

North. My Lord, the mind of *Bullingbrooke* is chang'd.
You muſt to Pomfret, not vnto the Tower.
And Madame, there is order ta'ne for you:
With all ſwiſt ſpeed, you muſt away to France.

Rich. Northumberland, thou Ladder wherewithall
The mounting *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne,
The time ſhall not be many houres of age,
More then it is, ere foule ſinne, gathering head,
Shall breake into corruption: thou ſhalt thinke,
Though he diuide the Realme, and giue thee halfe,
It is too little, helping him to all:
He ſhall thinke, that thou which know'ſt the way
To plant vnrightfull Kings, wilt know againe,
Being ne're ſo little vrg'd another way,
To pluck him headlong from the vſurped Throne.
The Loue of wicked friends conuerts to Feare;
That Feare, to Hate; and Hate turnes one, or both,
To worthie Danger, and deſerued Death.

North. My guilt be on my Head, and there an end:
Take leaue, and part, for you muſt part forthwith.

Rich. Doubly diuorc'd? (bad men) ye violate
A two-fold Marriage; 'twixt my Crowne, and me,
And then betwixt me, and my marryed Wife.
Let me vn-kiſſe the Oath 'twixt thee, and me;
And yet not ſo, for with a Kiſſe 'twas made.
Part vs, *Northumberland:* I, towards the North,
Where ſhiuering Cold and Sickneſſe pines the Clyme:
My Queene to France: from whence, ſet forth in pompe,
She came adorned hither like ſweet May;
Sent back like Hollowmas, or ſhort'ſt of day.

Qu. And muſt we be diuided? muſt we part?

Rich. I, hand from hand (my Loue) and heart frõ heart.

Qu. Baniſh vs both, and ſend the King with me.

North. That were ſome Loue, but little Pollicy.

Qu. Then whither he goes, thither let me goe.

Rich. So two together weeping, make one Woe.
Weepe thou for me in France; I, for thee heere:
Better farre off, then neere, be ne're the neere.
Goe, count thy Way with Sighes; I, mine with Groanes.

Qu. So longeſt Way ſhall haue the longeſt Moanes.

Rich. Twice for one ſtep Ile groane, ỹ Way being ſhort,
And peece the Way out with a heauie heart.
Come, come, in wooing Sorrow let's be briefe,
Since wedding it, there is ſuch length in Griefe:
One Kiſſe ſhall ſtop our mouthes, and dumbely part;
Thus giue I mine, and thus take I thy heart.

Qu. Giue me mine owne againe: 'twere no good part,
To take on me to keepe, and kill thy heart.
So, now I haue mine owne againe, be gone,
That I may ſtriue to kill it with a groane.

Rich. We make Woe wanton with this fond delay:
Once more adieu; the reſt, let Sorrow ſay. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Secunda.

Enter Yorke, and his Ducheſſe.

Duch. My Lord you told me you would tell the reſt,
When weeping made you breake the ſtory off,
Of our two Couſins comming into London.

Yorke. Where did I leaue?

Duch. At that ſad ſtoppe, my Lord,
Where rude miſ-gouern'd hands, from Windowes tops,
Threw duſt and rubbiſh on King *Richards* head.

Yorke. Then, as I ſaid, the Duke, great *Bullingbrooke*,
Mounted vpon a hot and fierie Steed,
Which his aſpiring Rider ſeem'd to know,
With ſlow, but ſtately pace, kept on his courſe:
While all tongues cride, God ſaue thee *Bullingbrooke*.
You would haue thought the very windowes ſpake,
So many greedy lookes of yong and old,
Through Caſements darted their deſiring eyes
Vpon his viſage: and that all the walles,
With painted Imagery had ſaid at once,
Ieſu preſerue thee, welcom *Bullingbrooke*.
Whil'ſt he, from one ſide to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower then his proud Steeds necke,
Beſpake them thus: I thanke you Countrimen:
And thus ſtill doing, thus he paſt along.
Dutch. Alas poore *Richard*, where rides he the whilſt?
Yorke. As in a Theater, the eyes of men
After a well grac'd Actor leaues the Stage,
Are idlely bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Euen ſo, or with much more contempt, mens eyes
Did ſcowle on *Richard:* no man cride, God ſaue him:
No ioyfull tongue gaue him his welcome home,
But duſt was throwne vpon his Sacred head,
Which with ſuch gentle ſorrow he ſhooke off,
His face ſtill combating with teares and ſmiles
(The badges of his greefe and patience)
That had not God (for ſome ſtrong purpoſe) ſteel'd
The hearts of men, they muſt perforce haue melted,
And Barbariſme it ſelfe haue pittied him.
But heauen hath a hand in theſe euents,
To whoſe high will we bound our calme contents.
To *Bullingbrooke*, are we ſworne Subiects now,
Whoſe State, and Honor, I for aye allow.

Enter Aumerle.

Dut. Heere comes my ſonne *Aumerle*.
Yor. *Aumerle* that was,
But that is loſt, for being *Richards* Friend.
And Madam, you muſt call him *Rutland* now:
I am in Parliament pledge for his truth,
And laſting fealtie to the new-made King.
Dut. Welcome my ſonne: who are the Violets now,
That ſtrew the greene lap of the new-come Spring?
Aum. Madam, I know not, nor I greatly care not,
God knowes, I had as liefe be none, as one.
Yorke. Well, beare you well in this new-ſpring of time
Leaſt you be cropt before you come to prime.
What newes from Oxford? Hold thoſe Iuſts & Triumphs?
Aum. For ought I know my Lord, they do.
Yorke. You will be there I know.
Aum. If God preuent not, I purpoſe ſo.
Yor. What Seale is that that hangs without thy boſom?
Yea, look'ſt thou pale? Let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. My Lord, 'tis nothing.
Yorke. No matter then who ſees it,
I will be ſatisfied, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
It is a matter of ſmall conſequence,
Which for ſome reaſons I would not haue ſeene.
Yorke. Which for ſome reaſons ſir, I meane to ſee:
I feare, I feare.
Dut. What ſhould you feare?
'Tis nothing but ſome bond, that he is enter'd into
For gay apparrell, againſt the Triumph.
Yorke. Bound to himſelfe? What doth he with a Bond
That he is bound to? Wife, thou art a foole.
Boy, let me ſee the Writing.
Aum. I do beſeech you pardon me, I may not ſhew it.
Yor. I will be ſatisfied: let me ſee it I ſay. *Snatches it*
Treaſon, foule Treaſon, Villaine, Traitor, Slaue.
Dut. What's the matter, my Lord?
Yorke. Hoa, who's within there? Saddle my horſe.
Heauen for his mercy: what treachery is heere?
Dut. Why, what is't my Lord?
Yorke. Giue me my boots, I ſay: Saddle my horſe:
Now by my Honor, my life, my troth,
I will appeach the Villaine.
Dut. What is the matter?
Yorke. Peace fooliſh Woman.
Dut. I will not peace. What is the matter Sonne?
Aum. Good Mother be content, it is no more
Then my poore life muſt anſwer.
Dut. Thy life anſwer?

Enter Seruant with Boots.

Yor. Bring me my Boots, I will vnto the King.
Dut. Strike him *Aumerle*. Poore boy, y^u^ art amaz'd,
Hence Villaine, neuer more come in my ſight.
Yor. Giue me my Boots, I ſay.
Dut. Why Yorke, what wilt thou do?
Wilt thou not hide the Treſpaſſe of thine owne?
Haue we more Sonnes? Or are we like to haue?
Is not my teeming date drunke vp with time?
And wilt thou plucke my faire Sonne from mine Age,
And rob me of a happy Mothers name?
Is he not like thee? Is he not thine owne?
Yor. Thou fond mad woman:
Wilt thou conceale this darke Conſpiracy?
A dozen of them heere haue tane the Sacrament,
And interchangeably ſet downe their hands
To kill the King at Oxford.
Dut. He ſhall be none:
Wee'l keepe him heere: then what is that to him?
Yor. Away fond woman: were hee twenty times my Son, I would appeach him.
Dut. Hadſt thou groan'd for him as I haue done,
Thou wouldeſt be more pittifull:
But now I know thy minde; thou do'ſt ſuſpect
That I haue bene diſloyall to thy bed,
And that he is a Baſtard, not thy Sonne:
Sweet Yorke, ſweet husband, be not of that minde:
He is as like thee, as a man may bee,
Not like to me, nor any of my Kin,
And yet I loue him.
Yorke. Make way, vnruly Woman. *Exit*
Dut. After *Aumerle*. Mount thee vpon his horſe,
Spurre poſt, and get before him to the King,
And begge thy pardon, ere he do accuſe thee,
Ile not be long behind: though I be old,
I doubt not but to ride as faſt as Yorke:
And neuer will I riſe vp from the ground,
Till *Bullingbrooke* haue pardon'd thee: Away be gone. *Exit*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Bullingbrooke, Percie, and other Lords.

Bul. Can no man tell of my vnthriftie Sonne?
'Tis full three monthes ſince I did ſee him laſt.
If any plague hang ouer vs, 'tis he,
I would to heauen (my Lords) he might be found:
Enquire at London, 'mongſt the Tauernes there:

For

For there (they ſay) he dayly doth frequent,
With vnreſtrained looſe Companions,
Euen ſuch (they ſay) as ſtand in narrow Lanes,
And rob our Watch, and beate our paſſengers,
Which he, yong wanton, and effeminate Boy
Takes on the point of Honor, to ſupport
So diſſolute a crew.

Per. My Lord, ſome two dayes ſince I ſaw the Prince,
And told him of theſe Triumphes held at Oxford.

Bul. And what ſaid the Gallant?

Per. His anſwer was: he would vnto the Stewes,
And from the common'ſt creature plucke a Gloue
And weare it as a fauour, and with that
He would vnhorſe the luſtieſt Challenger.

Bul. As diſſolute as deſp'rate, yet through both,
I ſee ſome ſparkes of better hope: which elder dayes
May happily bring forth. But who comes heere?

Enter Aumerle.

Aum. Where is the King?

Bul. What meanes our Coſin, that hee ſtares
And lookes ſo wildely?

Aum. God ſaue your Grace, I do beſeech your Maieſty
To haue ſome conference with your Grace alone.

Bul. Withdraw your ſelues, and leaue vs here alone:
What is the matter with our Coſin now?

Aum. For euer may my knees grow to the earth,
My tongue cleaue to my roofe within my mouth,
Vnleſſe a Pardon, ere I riſe, or ſpeake.

Bul. Intended, or committed was this fault?
If on the firſt, how heynous ere it bee,
To win thy after loue, I pardon thee.

Aum. Then giue me leaue, that I may turne the key,
That no man enter, till my tale me donc.

Bul. Haue thy deſire. *Yorke within.*

Yor. My Liege beware, looke to thy ſelfe,
Thou haſt a Traitor in thy preſence there.

Bull. Villaine, Ile make thee ſafe.

Aum. Stay thy reuengefull hand, thou haſt no cauſe to feare.

Yorke. Open the doore, ſecure foole-hardy King:
Shall I for loue ſpeake treaſon to thy face?
Open the doore, or I will breake it open.

Enter Yorke.

Bul. What is the matter (Vnkle) ſpeak, recouer breath,
Tell vs how neere is danger,
That we may arme vs to encounter it.

Yor. Peruſe this writing heere, and thou ſhalt know
The reaſon that my haſte forbids me ſhow.

Aum. Remember as thou read'ſt, thy promiſe paſt:
I do repent me, reade not my name there,
My heart is not confederate with my hand.

Yor. It was (villaine) ere thy band did ſet it downe.
I tore it from the Traitors boſome, King.
Feare, and not Loue, begets his penitence;
Forget to pitty him, leaſt thy pitty proue
A Serpent, that will ſting thee to the heart.

Bul. Oh beinous, ſtrong, and bold Conſpiracie,
O loyall Father of a treacherous Sonne:
Thou ſheere, immaculate, and ſiluer fountaine,
From whence this ſtreame, through muddy paſſages
Hath had his current, and defil'd himſelfe.
Thy oucrflow of good, conuerts to bad,
And thy abundant goodneſſe ſhall excuſe
This deadly blot, in thy digreſſing ſonne.

Yorke. So ſhall my Vertue be his Vices bawd,
And he ſhall ſpend mine Honour, with bis Shame;
As thriftleſſe Sonnes, their ſcraping Fathers Gold,
Mine honor liues, when his diſhonor dies,
Or my ſham'd life, in his diſhonor lies,
Thou kill'ſt me in his life, giuing him breatb,
The Traitor liues, and true man's put to death.

Dutcheſſe within.

Dut. What hoa (my Liege) for heauens ſake let me in.

Bul. What ſhrill-voic'd Suppliant, makes this eager cry?

Dut. A woman, and thine Aunt (great King) 'tis I.
Speake with me, pitty me, open the dore,
A Begger begs, that neuer begg'd before.

Bul. Our Scene is alter'd from a ſerious thing,
And now chang'd to the Begger, and the King.
My dangerous Coſin, let your Mother in,
I know ſhe's come, to pray for your foule ſin.

Yorke. If thou do pardon, whoſoeuer pray,
More ſinnes for this forgiueneſſe, proſper may.
This feſter'd ioynt cut off, the reſt reſts ſound,
This let alone, will all the reſt confound.

Enter Dutcheſſe.

Dut. O King, beleeue not this hard-bearted man,
Loue, louing not it ſelfe, none other can.

Yor. Thou franticke woman, what doſt ỹ make here,
Shall thy old dugges, once more a Traitor reare?

Dut. Sweet Yorke be patient, beare me gentle Liege.

Bul. Riſe vp good Aunt.

Dut. Not yet, I thee beſeech.
For euer will I kneel vpon my knees,
And neuer ſee day, that the happy ſees,
Till thou giue ioy, vntill thou bid me ioy.
By pardoning Rutland, my tranſgreſſing Boy.

Aum. Vnto my mothers prayres, I bend my knee.

Yorke. Againſt them both, my true ioynts bended be.

Dut. Pleades he in earneſt? Looke vpon his Face,
His eyes do drop no teares: his prayres are in ieſt:
His words come from his mouth, ours from our breſt.
He prayes but faintly, and would be denide,
We pray with heart, and ſoule, and all beſide;
His weary ioynts would gladly riſe, I know,
Our knees ſhall kneele, till to the ground they grow:
His prayers are full of falſe hypocriſie,
Ours of true zeale, and deepe integritie:
Our prayers do out-pray his, then let them haue
That mercy, which true prayers ougbt to haue.

Bul. Good Aunt ſtand vp.

Dut. Nay, do not ſay ſtand vp.
But Pardon firſt, and afterwards ſtand vp.
And if I were thy Nurſe, thy tongue to teach,
Pardon ſhould be the firſt word of thy ſpeach.
I neuer long'd to heare a word till now:
Say Pardon (King,) let pitty teach thee how.
The word is ſhort, but not ſo ſhort as ſweet,
No word like Pardon, for Kings mouth's ſo meet.

Yorke. Speake it in French (King) ſay *Pardon'ne moy.*

Dut. Doſt thou teach pardon, Pardon to deſtroy?
Ah my ſowre husband, my hard-hearted Lord,
That ſet's the word it ſelfe, againſt the word.
Speake Pardon, as 'tis currant in our Land,
The chopping French we do not vnderſtand.
Thine eye begins to ſpeake, ſet thy tongue there,
Or in thy pitteous heart, plant thou thine eare,
That hearing how our plaints and prayres do pearce,
Pitty may moue thee, Pardon to rehearſe.

Bul. Good Aunt, ſtand vp.

Dut. I do not ſue to ſtand,
Pardon is all tbe ſuite I baue in hand.

Bul.

Bul. I pardon him, as heauen ſhall pardon mee.
Dut. O happy vantage of a kneeling knee:
Yet am I ſicke for feare: Speake it againe,
Twice ſaying Pardon, doth not pardon twaine,
But makes one pardon ſtrong.
Bul. I pardon him with all my hart.
Dut. A God on earth thou art.
Bul. But for our truſty brother-in-Law, the Abbot,
With all the reſt of that conſorted crew,
Deſtruction ſtraight ſhall dogge them at the heeles:
Good Vnckle helpe to order ſeuerall powres
To Oxford, or where ere theſe Traitors are:
They ſhall not liue within this world I ſweare,
But I will haue them, if I once know where.
Vnckle farewell, and Coſin adieu:
Your mother well hath praid, and proue you true.
Dut. Come, my old ſon, I pray heauen make thee new.
Exeunt.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ext. Didſt thou not marke the King what words hee ſpake?
Haue I no friend will rid me of this liuing feare:
Was it not ſo?
Ser. Thoſe were his very words.
Ex. Haue I no Friend? (quoth he:) he ſpake it twice,
And vrg'd it twice together, did he not?
Ser. He did.
Ex. And ſpeaking it, he wiſtly look'd on me,
As who ſhould ſay, I would thou wer't the man
That would diuorce this terror from my heart,
Meaning the King at Pomfret: Come, let's goe;
I am the Kings Friend, and will rid his Foe. *Exit.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Richard.

Rich. I haue bin ſtudying, how to compare
This Priſon where I liue, vnto the World:
And for becauſe the world is populous,
And heere is not a Creature, but my ſelfe,
I cannot do it: yet Ile hammer't out.
My Braine, Ile proue the Female to my Soule,
My Soule, the Father: and theſe two beget
A generation of ſtill breeding Thoughts;
And theſe ſame Thoughts, people this Little World
In humors, like the people of this world,
For no thought is contented. The better ſort,
As thoughts of things Diuine, are intermixt
With ſcruples, and do ſet the Faith it ſelfe
Againſt the Faith: as thus: Come litle ones: & then again,
It is as hard to come, as for a Camell
To thred the poſterne of a Needles eye.
Thoughts tending to Ambition, they do plot
Vnlikely wonders; how theſe vaine weake nailes
May teare a paſſage through the Flinty ribbes
Of this hard world, my ragged priſon walles:
And for they cannot, dye in their owne pride.
Thoughts tending to Content, flatter themſelues,
That they are not the firſt of Fortunes ſlaues,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt. Like ſilly Beggars,
Who ſitting in the Stockes, refuge their ſhame
That many haue, and others muſt ſit there;
And in this Thought, they finde a kind of eaſe,
Bearing their owne misfortune on the backe
Of ſuch as haue before indur'd the like.
Thus play I in one Priſon, many people,
And none contented. Sometimes am I King:
Then Treaſon makes me wiſh my ſelfe a Beggar,
And ſo I am. Then cruſhing penurie,
Perſwades me, I was better when a King:
Then am I king'd againe: and by and by,
Thinke that I am vn-king'd by *Bullingbrooke*,
And ſtraight am nothing. But what ere I am, *Muſick*
Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
With nothing ſhall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
With being nothing. Muſicke do I heare?
Ha, ha? keepe time: How ſowre ſweet Muſicke is,
When Time is broke, and no Proportion kept?
So is it in the Muſicke of mens liues:
And heere haue I the daintineſſe of eare,
To heare time broke in a diſorder'd ſtring:
But for the Concord of my State and Time,
Had not an eare to heare my true Time broke.
I waſted Time, and now doth Time waſte me:
For now hath Time made me his numbring clocke;
My Thoughts, are minutes; and with Sighes they iarre,
Their watches on vnto mine eyes, the outward Watch,
Whereto my finger, like a Dialls point,
Is pointing ſtill, in cleanſing them from teares.
Now ſir, the ſound that tels what houre it is,
Are clamorous groanes, that ſtrike vpon my heart,
Which is the bell: ſo Sighes, and Teares, and Grones,
Shew Minutes, Houres, and Times: but my Time
Runs poaſting on, in *Bullingbrookes* proud ioy,
While I ſtand fooling heere, his iacke o'th'Clocke.
This Muſicke mads me, let it ſound no more,
For though it haue holpe madmen to their wits,
In me it ſeemes, it will make wiſe-men mad:
Yet bleſſing on his heart that giues it me;
For 'tis a ſigne of loue, and loue to *Richard*,
Is a ſtrange Brooch, in this all-hating world.

Enter Groome.

Groo. Haile Royall Prince.
Rich. Thankes Noble Peere,
The cheapeſt of vs, is ten groates too deere.
What are thou? And how com'ſt thou hither?
Where no man euer comes, but that ſad dogge
That brings me food, to make misfortune liue?
Groo. I was a poore Groome of thy Stable (King)
When thou wer't King: who trauelling towards Yorke,
With much adoo, at length haue gotten leaue
To looke vpon my (ſometimes Royall) maſters face.
O how it yern'd my heart, when I beheld
In London ſtreets, that Coronation day,
When *Bullingbrooke* rode on Roane Barbary,
That horſe, that thou ſo often haſt beſtrid,
That horſe, that I ſo carefully haue dreſt.
Rich. Rode he on Barbary? Tell me gentle Friend,
How went he vnder him?
Groo. So proudly, as if he had diſdain'd the ground.
Rich. So proud, that *Bullingbrooke* was on his backe;
That Iade hath eate bread from my Royall hand.
This hand hath made him proud with clapping him.
Would he not ſtumble? Would he not fall downe
(Since Pride muſt haue a fall) and breake the necke
Of that proud man, that did vſurpe his backe?
Forgiueneſſe horſe: Why do I raile on thee,
Since thou created to be aw'd by man
Was't borne to beare? I was not made a horſe,

And

And yet I beare a burthen like an Aſſe,
Spur-gall'd, and tyrd by iauncing *Bullingbrooke.*
Enter Keeper with a Diſh.
Keep. Fellow, giue place, heere is no longer ſtay.
Rich. If thou loue me, 'tis time thou wer't away.
Groo. What my tongue dares not, that my heart ſhall ſay. *Exit.*
Keep. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you to fall too?
Rich. Taſte of it firſt, as thou wer't wont to doo.
Keep. My Lord I dare not: Sir *Pierce* of Exton,
Who lately came from th'King, commands the contrary.
Rich. The diuell take *Henrie* of Lancaſter, and thee;
Patience is ſtale, and I am weary of it.
Keep. Helpe, helpe, helpe.

Enter Exton and Seruants.

Ri. How now? what meanes Death in this rude aſſalt?
Villaine, thine owne hand yeelds thy deaths inſtrument,
Go thou and fill another roome in hell.
Exton ſtrikes him downe.
That hand ſhall burne in neuer-quenching fire,
That ſtaggers thus my perſon. *Exton*, thy fierce hand,
Hath with the Kings blood, ſtain'd the Kings own land.
Mount, mount my ſoule, thy ſeate is vp on high,
Whil'ſt my groſſe fleſh ſinkes downward, heere to dye.
Exton. As full of Valor, as of Royall blood,
Both haue I ſpilt: Oh would the deed were good.
For now the diuell, that told me I did well,
Sayes, that this deede is chronicled in hell.
This dead King to the liuing King Ile beare,
Take hence the reſt, and giue them buriall heere. *Exit.*

Scœna Quinta.

Flouriſh. Enter Bullingbrooke, Yorke, with other Lords & attendants.
Bul. Kinde Vnkle Yorke, the lateſt newes we heare,
Is that the Rebels haue conſum'd with fire
Our Towne of Ciceter in Glouceſterſhire,
But whether they be tane or ſlaine, we heare not.
Enter Northumberland.
Welcome my Lord: What is the newes?
Nor. Firſt to thy Sacred State, wiſh I all happineſſe:
The next newes is, I haue to London ſent
The heads of *Salsbury*, *Spencer*, *Blunt*, and *Kent*.
The manner of their taking may appeare
At large diſcourſed in this paper heere.
Bul. We thank thee gentle *Percy* for thy paines,
And to thy worth will adde right worthy gaines.
Enter Fitz-waters.
Fitz. My Lord, I haue from Oxford ſent to London,
The heads of *Broccas*, and Sir *Bennet Seely*,
Two of the dangerous conſorted Traitors,
That fought at Oxford, thy dire ouerthrow.
Bul. Thy paines *Fitzwaters* ſhall not be forgot,
Right Noble is thy merit, well I wot.
Enter Percy and Carlile.
Per. The grand Conſpirator, Abbot of Weſtminſter,
With clog of Conſcience, and ſowre Melancholly,
Hath yeelded vp his body to the graue:
But heere is *Carlile*, liuing to abide
Thy Kingly doome, and ſentence of his pride.
Bul. Carlile, this is your doome:
Chooſe out ſome ſecret place, ſome reuerend roome
More then thou haſt, and with it ioy thy life:
So as thou liu'ſt in peace, dye free from ſtrife:
For though mine enemy, thou haſt euer beene,
High ſparkes of Honor in thee haue I ſeene.
Enter Exton with a Coffin.
Exton. Great King, within this Coffin I preſent
Thy buried feare. Heerein all breathleſſe lies
The mightieſt of thy greateſt enemies
Richard of Burdeaux, by me hither brought.
Bul. Exton, I thanke thee not, for thou haſt wrought
A deede of Slaughter, with thy fatall hand,
Vpon my head, and all this famous Land.
Ex. From your owne mouth my Lord, did I this deed.
Bul. They loue not poyſon, that do poyſon neede,
Nor do I thee: though I did wiſh him dead,
I hate the Murtherer, loue him murthered.
The guilt of conſcience take thou for thy labour,
But neither my good word, nor Princely fauour.
With *Caine* go wander through the ſhade of night,
And neuer ſhew thy head by day, nor light.
Lords, I proteſt my ſoule is full of woe,
That blood ſhould ſprinkle me, to make me grow.
Come mourne with me, for that I do lament,
And put on ſullen Blacke incontinent:
Ile make a voyage to the Holy-land,
To waſh this blood off from my guilty hand.
March ſadly after, grace my mourning heere,
In weeping after this vntimely Beere. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Firſt Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY *Sirnamed HOT-SPVRRE.*

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,
And breath ſhortwinded accents of new broils
To be commenc'd in Stronds a-farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this Soile,
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:
No more ſhall trenching Warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces. Thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,
All of one Nature, of one Subſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloze of ciuil Butchery,
Shall now in mutuall well-beſeeming rankes
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his Maſter. Therefore Friends,
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Chriſt,
Whoſe Souldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed Croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuie,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,
To chace theſe Pagans in thoſe holy Fields,
Ouer whoſe Acres walk'd thoſe bleſſed feete
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd
For our aduantage on the bitter Croſſe.
But this our purpoſe is a twelueMonth old,
And bootleſſe 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare
Of you my gentle Couſin Weſtmerland,
What yeſternight our Councell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My Liege: This haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the Charge ſet downe
But yeſternight: when all athwart there came
A Poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy Newes;
Whoſe worſt was, That the Noble *Mortimer*,
Leading the men of Herefordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular and wilde *Glendower*,
Was by the rude hands of that Welſhman taken,
And a thouſand of his people butchered:
Vpon whoſe dead corpes there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly, ſhameleſſe transformation,
By thoſe Welſhwomen done, as may not be
(Without much ſhame) re-told or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then, that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſineſſe for the Holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like, my gracious Lord,
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes
Came from the North, and thus it did report:
On Holy-roode day, the gallant *Hotſpurre* there,
Young *Harry Percy*, and braue *Archibald*,
That euer-valiant and approoued Scot,
At *Holmeden* met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloody houre:
As by diſcharge of their Artillerie,
And ſhape of likely-hood the newes was told:
For he that brought them, in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe,
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true induſtrious friend,
Sir *Walter Blunt*, new lighted from his Horſe,
Strain'd with the variation of each ſoyle,
Betwixt that *Holmedon*, and this Seat of ours:
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcomes newes.
The Earle of *Dowglas* is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir *Walter* ſee
On *Holmedons* Plaines. Of Priſoners, *Hotſpurre* tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten *Dowglas*, and the Earle of *Atholl*,
Of *Murry*, *Angus*, and *Menteith*.
And is not this an honourable ſpoyle?
A gallant prize? Ha Coſin, is it not? Infaith it is.

Weſt. A Conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'ſt me ſad, & mak'ſt me ſin,
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the Father of ſo bleſt a Sonne:
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;
Among'ſt a Groue, the very ſtraighteſt Plant,
Who is ſweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:
Whil'ſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See Ryot and Diſhonor ſtaine the brow
Of my yong *Harry*. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome Night-tripping-Faiery, had exchang'd
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,
And call'd mine *Percy*, his *Plantagenet:*

Then

Then would I haue his *Harry*, and he mine:
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze
Of this young *Percies* pride? The Priſoners
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriz'd,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word
I ſhall haue none but *Mordake* Earle of *Fife*.

Weſt. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worceſter
Malcuolent to you in all Aſpects:
Which makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of Youth againſt your Dignity.

King. But I haue ſent for him to anſwer this:
And for this cauſe a-while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.
Coſin, on Wedneſday next, our Councell we will hold
At Windſor, and ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeed to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid, and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat-witted with drinking of olde Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and ſleeping vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou haſt forgotten to demand that truely, which thou wouldeſt truly know. What a diuell haſt thou to do with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of Sacke, and minutes Capons, and clockes the tongues of Bawdes, and dialls the ſignes of Leaping-houſes, and the bleſſed Sunne himſelfe a faire hot Wench in Flame-coloured Taffata; I ſee no reaſon, why thou ſhouldeſt bee ſo ſuperfluous, to demaund the time of the day.

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now *Hal*, for we that take Purſes, go by the Moone and ſeuen Starres, and not by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight ſo faire. And I prythee ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy Grace, Maieſty I ſhould ſay, for Grace thou wilte haue none.

Prin. What, none?

Fal. No, not ſo much as will ſerue to be Prologue to an Egge and Butter.

Prin. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, ſweet Wagge, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be *Dianaes* Forreſters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone; and let men ſay, we be men of good Gouernment, being gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaſt miſtris the Moone, vnder whoſe countenance we ſteale.

Prin. Thou ſay'ſt well, and it holds well too: for the fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and flow like the Sea, beeing gouerned as the Sea is, by the Moone: as for proofe. Now a Purſe of Gold moſt reſolutely ſnatch'd on Monday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday Morning; got with ſwearing, Lay by: and ſpent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the Gallowes.

Fal. Thou ſay'ſt true Lad: and is not my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne a moſt ſweet Wench?

Prin. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Caſtle: and is not a Buffe Ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prin. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Hoſteſſe of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou haſt call'd her to a reck'ning many a time and oft.

Prin. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elſewhere, ſo farre as my Coine would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and ſo vs'd it, that were it heere apparant, that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee ſweet Wag, ſhall there be Gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ruſtie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane, thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the Theeues, and ſo become a rare Hangman.

Fal. Well *Hal*, well: and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell you.

Prin. For obtaining of ſuites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of ſuites, whereof the Hangman hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prin. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnſhire Bagpipe.

Prin. What ſay'ſt thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou haſt the moſt vnſauoury ſmiles, and art indeed the moſt comparatiue raſcalleſt ſweet yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated me the other day in the ſtreet about you ſir; but I mark'd him not, and yet hee talk'd very wiſely, but I regarded him not, and yet he talkt wiſely, and in the ſtreet too.

Prin. Thou didſt well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou haſt damnable iteration, and art indeede able to corrupt a Saint. Thou haſt done much harme vnto me *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it. Before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man ſhold ſpeake truly) little better then one of the wicked. I muſt giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a Villaine. Ile be damn'd for neuer a Kings ſonne in Chriſtendome.

Prin. Where ſhall we take a purſe to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe not, call me Villaine, and baffile me.

Prin. I ſee a good amendment of life in thee: From Praying, to Purſe-taking.

Fal. Why, *Hal*, 'tis my Vocation *Hal:* 'Tis no ſin for a man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now ſhall wee know if Gads hill haue ſet a Watch. O, if men were to be ſaued by merit, what hole in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the moſt omnipotent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prin. Good morrow *Ned.*

Pointz.

Poines. Good morrow ſweet *Hal.* What ſaies Monſieur Remorſe? What ſayes Sir Iohn Sacke and Sugar: Iacke? How agrees the Diuell and thee about thy Soule, that thou foldeſt him on Good-Friday laſt, for a Cup of Madera, and a cold Capons legge?

Prin. Sir Iohn ſtands to his word, the diuel ſhall haue his bargaine, for he was neuer yet a Breaker of Prouerbs: *He will giue the diuell his due.*

Poin. Then art thou damn'd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prin. Elſe he had damn'd for cozening the diuell.

Poy. But my Lads, my Lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clocke early at Gads hill, there are Pilgrimes going to Canterbury with rich Offerings, and Traders riding to London with fat Purſes. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horſes for your ſelues: Gads-hill lyes to night in Rocheſter, I haue beſpoke Supper to morrow in Eaſtcheape; we may doe it as ſecure as ſleepe: if you will go, I will ſtuffe your Purſes full of Crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hang'd.

Fal. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Fal. Hal, wilt thou make one?

Prin. Who, I rob? I a Theefe? Not I.

Fal. There's neither honeſty, manhood, nor good fellowſhip in thee, nor thou cam'ſt not of the blood-royall, if thou dar'ſt not ſtand for ten ſhillings.

Prin. Well then, once in my dayes Ile be a mad-cap.

Fal. Why, that's well ſaid.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Fal. Ile be a Traitor then, when thou art King.

Prin. I care not.

Poyn. Sir *Iohn,* I prythee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe ſuch reaſons for this aduenture, that he ſhall go.

Fal. Well, maiſt thou haue the Spirit of perſwaſion; and he the eares of profiting, that what thou ſpeakeſt, may moue; and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true Prince, may (for recreation ſake) proue a falſe theefe; for the poore abuſes of the time, want countenance. Farewell, you ſhall finde me in Eaſtcheape.

Prin. Farwell the latter Spring. Farewell Alhollown Summer.

Poy. Now, my good ſweet Hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow. I haue a ieſt to execute, that I cannot manage alone. *Falſtaffe, Haruey, Roſſill,* and *Gads-hill,* ſhall robbe thoſe men that wee haue already way-layde, your ſelfe and I, wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my ſhoulders.

Prin. But how ſhal we part with them in ſetting forth?

Poyn. Why, we wil ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherin it is at our pleaſure to faile; and then will they aduenture vppon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, but wee'l ſet vpon them.

Prin. I, but tis like that they will know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Poy. Tut our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tye them in the wood, our vizards wee will change after wee leaue them: and ſirrah, I haue Caſes of Buckram for the nonce, to immaske our noted outward garments.

Prin. But I doubt they will be too hard for vs.

Poin. Well, for two of them, I know them to bee as true bred Cowards as euer turn'd backe: and for the third if he fight longer then he ſees reaſon, Ile forſwear Armes. The vertue of this Ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lyes that this fat Rogue will tell vs, when we meete at Supper: how thirty at leaſt he fought with, what Wardes, what blowes, what extremities he endured; and in the reproofe of this, lyes the ieſt.

Prin. Well, Ile goe with thee, prouide vs all things neceſſary, and meete me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſup. Farewell.

Poyn. Farewell, my Lord. *Exit Pointz*

Prin. I know you all, and will a-while vphold
The vnyoak'd humor of your idleneſſe:
Yet heerein will I imitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious cloudes
To ſmother vp his Beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted, he may be more wondred at,
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours, that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeare were playing holidaies,
To ſport, would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht-for come,
And nothing pleaſeth but rare accidents.
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed;
By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright Mettall on a ſullen ground:
My reformation glittering o're my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no foyle to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpurre, Sir Walter Blunt, and others.

King. My blood hath beene too cold and temperate,
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me; for accordingly,
You tread vpon my patience: But be ſure,
I will from henceforth rather be my Selfe,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as Oyle, ſoft as yong Downe,
And therefore loſt that Title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule ne're payes, but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my Soueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that fame greatneſſe too, which our owne bands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly.

Nor. My Lord.

King. Worceſter get thee gone: for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye.
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody Frontier of a feruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs. When we need
Your vſe and counſell, we ſhall ſend for you.
You were about to ſpeake.

North. Yea, my good Lord.

Thoſe

Thoſe Priſoners in your Highneſſe demanded,
Which *Harry Percy* heere at *Holmedon* tooke,
Were (as he ſayes) not with ſuch ſtrength denied
As was deliuered to your Maieſty:
Who either through enuy, or miſpriſion,
Was guilty of this fault; and not my Sonne.
Hot. My Liege, I did deny no Priſoners.
But, I remember when the fight was done,
When I was dry with Rage, and extreame Toyle,
Breathleſſe, and Faint, leaning vpon my Sword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt:
Freſh as a Bride-groome, and his Chin new reapt,
Shew'd like a ſtubble Land at Harueſt home.
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And 'twixt his Finger and his Thumbe, he held
A Pouncet-box: which euer and anon
He gaue his Noſe, and took't away againe:
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in Snuffe. And ſtill he ſmil'd and talk'd:
And as the Souldiers bare dead bodies by,
He call'd them vntaught Knaues, Vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome Coarſe
Betwixt the Winde, and his Nobility.
With many Holiday and Lady tearme
He queſtion'd me: Among the reſt, demanded
My Priſoners, in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all-ſmarting, with my wounds being cold,
(To be ſo peſtered with a Popingay)
Out of my Greeſe, and my Impatience,
Anſwer'd (neglectingly) I know not what,
He ſhould, or ſhould not: For he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhide ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a Waiting-Gentlewoman,
Of Guns, & Drums, and Wounds: God ſaue the marke;
And telling me, the Soueraign'ſt thing on earth
Was Parmacity, for an inward bruiſe:
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was,
That villanous Salt-peter ſhould be digg'd
Out of the Bowels of the harmleſſe Earth,
Which many a good Tall Fellow had deſtroy'd
So Cowardly. And but for theſe vile Gunnes,
He would himſelfe haue beene a Souldier.
This bald, vnioynted Chat of his (my Lord)
Made me to anſwer indirectly (as I ſaid.)
And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an Accuſation,
Betwixt my Loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord,
What euer *Harry Percie* then had ſaid,
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonably dye, and neuer riſe
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now.
King. Why yet doth deny his Priſoners,
But with Prouiſo and Exception,
That we at our owne charge, ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His Brother-in-Law, the fooliſh *Mortimer*,
Who (in my ſoule) hath wilfully betraid
The liues of thoſe, that he did leade to Fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damn'd *Glendower:*
Whoſe daughter (as we heare) the Earle of March
Hath lately married. Shall our Coffers then,
Be emptied, to redeeme a Traitor home?
Shall we buy Treaſon? and indent with Feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeyted themſelues.
No: on the barren Mountaine let him ſterue:
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my Friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one peny coſt
To ranſome home reuolted *Mortimer.*
Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer?*
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of Warre: to proue that true,
Needs no more but one tongue. For all thoſe Wounds,
Thoſe mouthed Wounds, which valiantly he tooke,
When on the gentle Seuernes ſedgie banke,
In ſingle Oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great *Glendower:*
Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink
Vpon agreement, of ſwift Seuernes flood:
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,
Ran fearefully among the trembling Reeds,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Blood-ſtained with theſe Valiant Combatants.
Neuer did baſe and rotten Policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds;
Nor neuer could the Noble *Mortimer*
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be ſland'red with Reuolt.
King. Thou do'ſt bely him *Percy*, thou doſt bely him;
He neuer did encounter with *Glendower:*
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As *Owen Glendower* for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd? But Sirrah, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of *Mortimer.*
Send me your Priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me
As will diſpleaſe ye. My Lord *Northumberland*,
We Licenſe your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your Priſoners, or you'l heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them
I will not ſend them. I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo: for I will eaſe my heart,
Although it be with hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choller? ſtay & pauſe awhile,
Heere comes your Vnckle. *Enter Worceſter.*
Hot. Speake of *Mortimer?*
Yes, I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him.
In his behalfe, Ile empty all theſe Veines,
And ſhed my deere blood drop by drop i'th duſt,
But I will lift the downfall *Mortimer*
As high i'th Ayre, as this Vnthankfull King,
As this Ingrate and Cankred *Bullingbrooke.*
Nor. Brother, the King hath made your Nephew mad
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will (forſooth) haue all my Priſoners:
And when I vrg'd the ranſom once againe
Of my Wiues Brother, then his cheeke look'd pale,
And on my face he turn'd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of *Mortimer.*
Wor. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaim'd
By *Richard* that dead is, the next of blood?
Nor. He was: I heard the Proclamation,
And then it was, when the vnhappy King
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh Expedition:
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murthered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandaliz'd, and fouly ſpoken of.

Hot. But ſoft I pray you ; did King *Richard* then
Proclaime my brother *Mortimer*,
Heyre to the Crowne ?
Nor. He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his Couſin King,
That wiſh'd him on the barren Mountaines ſtaru'd.
But ſhall it be, that you that ſet the Crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake, wore the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation ? Shall it be,
That you a world of curſes vndergoe,
Being the Agents, or baſe ſecond meanes,
The Cords, the Ladder, or the Hangman rather ?
O pardon, if that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the Line, and the Predicament
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtill King.
Shall it for ſhame, be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp Chronicles in time to come,
That men of your Nobility and Power,
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe
(As Both of you, God pardon it, haue done)
To put downe *Richard*, that ſweet louely Roſe,
And plant this Thorne, this Canker *Bullingbrooke?*
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent ?
No: yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſh'd Honors, and reſtore your ſelues
Into the good Thoughts of the world againe.
Reuenge the geering and diſdain'd contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwer all the Debt he owes vnto you,
Euen with the bloody Payment of your deaths :
Therefore I ſay———
Wor. Peace Couſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a Secret booke,
And to your quicke conceyuing Diſcontents
Ile reade you Matter, deepe and dangerous,
As full of perill and aduenturous Spirit,
As to o're-walke a Current, roaring loud
On the vnſtedfaſt footing of a Speare.
Hot. If he fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwimme :
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the Weſt,
So Honor croſſe it from the North to South,
And let them grapple : The blood more ſtirres
To rowze a Lyon, then to ſtart a Hare.
Nor. Imagination of ſome great exploit,
Driues him beyond the bounds of Patience.
Hot. By heauen, me thinkes it were an eaſie leap,
To plucke bright Honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where Fadome-line could neuer touch the ground,
And plucke vp drowned Honor by the Lockes :
So he that doth redeeme her thence, might weare
Without Co-riuall, all her Dignities :
But out vpon this halfe-fac'd Fellowſhip.
Wor. He apprehends a World of Figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend :
Good Couſin giue me audience for a-while,
And liſt to me.
Hot. I cry you mercy.
Wor. Thoſe ſame Noble Scottes
That are your Priſoners.
Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By heauen, he ſhall not haue a Scot of them :
No if a Scot would ſaue his Soule, he ſhall not.
Ile keepe them, by this Hand.
Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes.
Thoſe Priſoners you ſhall keepe.
Hot. Nay, I will ; that's flat :
He ſaid, he would not ranſome *Mortimer :*
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of *Mortimer.*
But I will finde him when he lyes aſleepe,
And in his eare, Ile holla *Mortimer.*
Nay, Ile haue a Starling ſhall be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but *Mortimer*, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion.
Wor. Heare you Couſin : a word.
Hot. All ſtudies heere I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this *Bullingbrooke*,
And that ſame Sword and Buckler Prince of Wales.
But that I thinke his Father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance,
I would haue poyſon'd him with a pot of Ale.
Wor. Farewell Kinſman : Ile talke to you
When you are better temper'd to attend.
Nor. Why what a Waſpe-tongu'd & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this Womans mood,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne ?
Hot. Why look you, I am whipt & ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with Piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile Politician *Bullingbrooke.*
In *Richards* time : What de'ye call the place ?
A plague vpon't, it is in Glouſterſhire :
'Twas, where the madcap Duke his Vncle kept,
His Vncle Yorke, where I firſt bow'd my knee
Vnto this King of Smiles, this *Bullingbrooke :*
When you and he came backe from Rauenſpurgh.
Nor. At Barkley Caſtle.
Hot. You ſay true :
Why what a caudie deale of curteſie,
This fawning Grey-hound then did proffer me.
Looke when his infant Fortune came to age,
And gentle *Harry Percy*, and kinde Couſin :
O, the Diuell take ſuch Couzeners, God forgiue me,
Good Vncle tell your tale, for I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, too't againe,
Wee'l ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done inſooth.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh Priſoners.
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the *Dowglas* ſonne your onely meane
For powres in Scotland : which for diuers reaſons
Which I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſur'd
Will eaſily be granted you, my Lord.
Your Sonne in Scotland being thus imploy'd,
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate, well belou'd,
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is't not ?
Wor. True, who beares hard
His Brothers death at *Briſtow*, the Lord *Scroope.*
I ſpeake not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtayes but to behold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it :
Vpon my life, it will do wond'rous well.
Nor. Before the game's a-foot, thou ſtill let'ſt ſlip.
Hot. Why, it cannot chooſe but be a Noble plot,

And

And then the power of Scotland, and of Yorke
To ioyne with *Mortimer*, Ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hot. Infaith it is exceedingly well aym'd.
Wor. And 'tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeed,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a Head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King will alwayes thinke him in our debt,
And thinke, we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.
Hot. He does, he does; wee'l be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Couſin, farewell. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters ſhall direct your courſe
When time is ripe, which will be ſodainly:
Ile ſteale to *Glendower*, and loe, *Mortimer*,
Where you, and *Dowglas*, and our powres at once,
As I will faſhion it, ſhall happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
Which now we hold at much vncertainty.
Nor. Farewell good Brother, we ſhall thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle, adieu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and blowes, and grones, applaud our ſport. *exit*

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Carrier with a Lanterne in his hand.

1.*Car.* Heigh-ho, an't be not foure by the day, Ile be hang'd. *Charles waine* is ouer the new Chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. What Oſtler?

Oſt. Anon, anon.

1.*Car.* I prethee Tom, beate Cuts Saddle, put a few Flockes in the point: the poore Iade is wrung in the withers, out of all ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2.*Car.* Peaſe and Beanes are as danke here as a Dog, and this is the next way to giue poore Iades the Bottes: This houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince *Robin* the Oſtler dyed.

1.*Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioy'd ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.

2. *Car.* I thinke this is the moſt villanous houſe in al London rode for Fleas: I am ſtung like a Tench.

1.*Car.* Like a Tench? There is ne're a King in Chriſtendome, could be better bit, then I haue beene ſince the firſt Cocke.

2.*Car.* Why, you will allow vs ne're a Iourden, and then we leake in your Chimney: and your Chamber-lye breeds Fleas like a Loach.

1.*Car.* What Oſtler, come away, and be hangd: come away.

2.*Car.* I haue a Gammon of Bacon, and two razes of Ginger, to be deliuered as farre as Charing-croſſe.

1.*Car.* The Turkies in my Pannier are quite ſtarued. What Oſtler? A plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? Can'ſt not heare? And 'twere not as good a deed as drinke, to break the pate of thee, I am a very Villaine. Come and be hang'd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Good-morrow Carriers. What's a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clocke.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy Lanthorne to ſee my Gelding in the ſtable.

1.*Car.* Nay ſoft I pray ye, I know a trick worth two of that.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2.*Car.* I, when, canſt tell? Lend mee thy Lanthorne (quoth-a) marry Ile ſee thee hang'd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carrier: What time do you mean to come to London?

2.*Car.* Time enough to goe to bed with a Candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour *Mugges*, wee'll call vp the Gentlemen, they will along with company, for they haue great charge. *Exeunt*

Enter Chamberlaine.

Gad. What ho, Chamberlaine?

Cham. At hand quoth Pick-purſe.

Gad. That's euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Chamberlaine: For thou varieſt no more from picking of Purſes, then giuing direction, doth from labouring. Thou lay'ſt the plot, how.

Cham. Good morrow Maſter *Gads-Hill*, it holds currant that I told you yeſternight. There's a Franklin in the wilde of Kent hath brought three hundred Markes with him in Gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at Supper; a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too (God knowes what) they are vp already, and call for Egges and Butter. They will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meete not with S. Nicholas Clarks, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cham. No, Ile none of it: I prythee keep that for the Hangman, for I know thou worſhipſt S. Nicholas as truly as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the Hangman? If I hang, Ile make a fat payre of Gallowes. For, if I hang, old Sir *Iohn* hangs with mee, and thou know'ſt hee's no Starueling. Tut, there are other Troians that y̆ dream'ſt not of, the which (for ſport ſake) are content to doe the Profeſſion ſome grace; that would (if matters ſhould bee look'd into) for their owne Credit ſake, make all Whole. I am ioyned with no Foot-land-Rakers, no Long-ſtaffe ſix-penny ſtrikers, none of theſe mad Muſtachio-purple-hu'd-Maltwormes, but with Nobility, and Tranquilitie; Bourgomaſters, and great Oneyers, ſuch as can holde in, ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake; and ſpeake ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray: and yet I lye, for they pray continually vnto their Saint the Commonwealth; or rather, not to pray to her, but prey on her: for they ride vp & downe on her, and make hir their Boots.

Cham. What, the Commonwealth their Bootes? Will ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She will, ſhe will; Iuſtice hath liquor'd her. We ſteale as in a Caſtle, cockſure: we haue the receit of Fernſeede, we walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, I thinke rather, you are more beholding to the Night, then to the Fernſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand.
Thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purpoſe,
As I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let mee haue it, as you are a falſe Theeſe.

Gad. Goe too: *Homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the Oſtler bring the Gelding out of the ſtable. Farewell, ye muddy Knaue. *Exeunt.*

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Prince, Poynes, and Peto.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoued *Falſtafs* Horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prin. Stand cloſe.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hang'd *Poines.*

Prin. Peace ye fat-kidney'd Raſcall, what a brawling doſt thou keepe.

Fal. What *Poines. Hal?*

Prin. He is walk'd vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeek him.

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that Theefe company: that Raſcall hath remoued my Horſe, and tied him I know not where. If I trauell but foure foot by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhall breake my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that Rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this two and twenty yeare, & yet I am bewitcht with the Rogues company. If the Raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hang'd; it could not be elſe: I haue drunke Medicines. *Poines, Hal,* a Plague vpon you both. *Bardolph, Peto:* Ile ſtarue ere I rob a foote further. And 'twere not as good a deede as to drinke, to turne True-man, and to leaue theſe Rogues, I am the verieſt Varlet that euer chewed with a Tooth. Eight yards of vneuen ground, is threeſcore & ten miles afoot with me: and the ſtony-hearted Villaines knowe it well enough. A plague vpon't, when Theeues cannot be true one to another. *They Whiſtle.* Whew: a plague light vpon you all. Giue my Horſe you Rogues: giue me my Horſe, and be hang'd.

Prin. Peace ye fat guttes, lye downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Fal. Haue you any Leauers to liſt me vp again being downe? Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo far afoot again, for all the coine in thy Fathers Exchequer. What a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prin. Thou ly'ſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Fal. I prethee good Prince *Hal,* help me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prin. Out you Rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler?

Fal. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine owne heire-apparant-Garters: If I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, and ſung to filthy tunes, let a Cup of Sacke be my poyſon: when a ieſt is ſo forward, & a foote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gad. Stand.

Fal. So I do againſt my will.

Poin. O 'tis our Setter, I know his voyce:
Bardolfe, what newes?

Bar. Caſe ye, caſe ye; on with your Vizards, there's mony of the Kings comming downe the hill, 'tis going to the Kings Exchequer.

Fal. You lie you rogue, 'tis going to the Kings Tauern.

Gad. There's enough to make vs all.

Fal. To be bang'd.

Prin. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow Lane; *Ned* and I, will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be of them?

Gad. Some eight or ten.

Fal. Will they not rob vs?

Prin. What, a Coward Sir *Iohn* Paunch?

Fal. Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gaunt* your Grandfather; but yet no Coward, *Hal.*

Prin. Wee'l leaue that to the proofe.

Poin. Sirra Iacke, thy horſe ſtands behinde the hedg, when thou need'ſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him. Farewell, and ſtand faſt.

Fal. Now cannot I ſtrike him, if I ſhould be hang'd.

Prin. Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poin. Heere hard by: Stand cloſe.

Fal. Now my Maſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I: euery man to his buſineſſe.

Enter Trauellers.

Tra. Come Neighbor: the boy ſhall leade our Horſes downe the hill: Wee'l walke a-foot awhile, and eaſe our Legges.

Theeues. Stay.

Tra. Ieſu bleſſe vs.

Fal. Strike: down with them, cut the villains throats; a whorſon Caterpillars: Bacon-fed Knaues, they hate vs youth; downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours for euer.

Fal. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are you vndone? No ye Fat Chuffes, I would your ſtore were heere. On Bacons on, what ye knaues? Yong men muſt liue, you are Grand Iurers, are ye? Wee'l iure ye ifaith.

Heere they rob them, and binde them. Enter the Prince and Poines.

Prin. The Theeues haue bound the True-men: Now could thou and I rob the Theeues, and go merily to London, it would be argument for a Weeke, Laughter for a Moneth, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poynes. Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter Theeues againe.

Fal. Come my Maſters, let vs ſhare, and then to horſſe before day: and the Prince and Poynes bee not two arrand Cowards, there's no equity ſtirring. There's no moe valour in that Poynes, than in a wilde Ducke.

Prin. Your money.

Poin. Villaines.

As they are ſharing, the Prince *and* Poynes *ſet vpon them. They all run away, leauing the booty behind them.*

Prince. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to Horſe: The Theeues are ſcattred, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meet each other: each takes his fellow for an Officer. Away good *Ned, Falſtaffe* ſweates to death, and Lards the leane earth as he walkes along: wer't not for laughing, I ſhould pitty him.

Poin. How the Rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpurre ſolus, reading a Letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could bee well contented to be there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He

He could be contented: Why is he not then? in reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe. He ſhewes in this, he loues his owne Barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous.* Why that's certaine: 'Tis dangerous to take a Colde, to ſleepe, to drinke: but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this Nettle, Danger; we plucke this Flower, Safety. *The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the Friends you haue named vncertaine, the Time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole Plot too light, for the counterpoize of ſo great an Oppoſition.* Say you ſo, ſay you ſo: I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly Hinde, and you Lye. What a lacke-braine is this? I proteſt, our plot is as good a plot as euer was laid; our Friend true and conſtant: A good Plotte, good Friends, and full of expectation: An excellent plot, very good Friends. What a Froſty-ſpirited rogue is this? Why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the action. By this hand, if I were now by this Raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies Fan. Is there not my Father, my Vncle, and my Selfe, Lord *Edmund Mortimer*, my Lord of *Yorke*, and *Owen Glendour*? Is there not beſides, the *Dowglas*? Haue I not all their letters, to meete me in Armes by the ninth of the next Moneth? and are they not ſome of them ſet forward already? What a Pagan Raſcall is this? An Infidell. Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſincerity of Feare and Cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could diuide my ſelfe, and go to buffets, for mouing ſuch a diſh of skim'd Milk with ſo honourable an Action. Hang him, let him tell the King we are prepared. I will ſet forwards to night.

Enter his Lady.

How now Kate, I muſt leaue you within theſe two hours.

La. O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A baniſh'd woman from my *Harries* bed?
Tell me (ſweet Lord) what is't that takes from thee
Thy ſtomacke, pleaſure, and thy golden ſleepe?
Why doſt thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And ſtart ſo often when thou ſitt'ſt alone?
Why haſt thou loſt the freſh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my Treaſures and my rights of thee,
To thicke-ey'd muſing, and curſt melancholly?
In my faint-ſlumbers, I by thee haue watcht,
And heard thee murmore tales of Iron Warres:
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding Steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou haſt talk'd
Of Sallies, and Retires; Trenches, Tents,
Of Palizadoes, Frontiers, Parapets,
Of Baſiliskes, of Canon, Culucrin,
Of Priſoners ranſome, and of Souldiers ſlaine,
And all the current of a headdy fight.
Thy ſpirit within thee hath beene ſo at Warre,
And thus hath ſo beſtirr'd thee in thy ſleepe,
That beds of ſweate hath ſtood vpon thy Brow,
Like bubbles in a late-diſturbed Streame;
And in thy face ſtrange motions haue appear'd,
Such as we ſee when men reſtraine their breath
On ſome great ſodaine haſt. O what portents are theſe?
Some heauie buſineſſe hath my Lord in hand,
And I muſt know it: elſe he loues me not.

Hot. What ho; Is *Gilliams* with the Packet gone?

Ser. He is my Lord, an houre agone.

Hot. Hath *Butler* brought thoſe horſes frō the Sheriffe?

Ser. One horſe, my Lord, he brought euen now.

Hot. What Horſe? A Roane, a crop eare, is it not.

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roane ſhall be my Throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. *Eſperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

La. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What fay'ſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horſe (my Loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headed Ape, a Weazell hath not ſuch a deale of Spleene, as you are toſt with. In ſooth Ile know your buſineſſe *Harry*, that I will. I feare my Brother *Mortimer* doth ſtirre about his Title, and hath ſent for you to line his enterprize. But if you go———

Hot. So farre a foot, I ſhall be weary, Loue.

La. Come, come, you Paraquito, anſwer me directly vnto this queſtion, that I ſhall aske. Indeede Ile breake thy little finger *Harry*, if thou wilt not tel me true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler: Loue, I loue thee not,
I care not for thee *Kate:* this is no world
To play with Mammets and to tilt with lips.
We muſt haue bloodie Noſes, and crack'd Crownes,
And paſſe them currant too. Gods me, my horſe.
What ſay'ſt thou *Kate?* what wold'ſt thou haue with me?

La. Do ye not loue me? Do ye not indeed?
Well, do not then. For ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tell me if thou ſpeak'ſt in ieſt, or no.

Hot. Come, wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſebacke, I will ſweare
I loue thee infinitely. But hearke you *Kate*,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whether I go: nor reaſon whereabout.
Whether I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This Euening muſt I leaue thee, gentle *Kate*.
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe
Then *Harry Percies* wiſe. Conſtant you are,
But yet a woman: and for ſecrecie,
No Lady cloſer. For I will beleeue
Thou wilt not vtter what thou do'ſt not know,
And ſo farre wilt I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How ſo farre?

Hot. Not an inch further. But harke you *Kate*,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you.
Will this content you *Kate?*

La. It muſt of force. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prin. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines. Where haſt bene *Hall?*

Prin. With three or foure Logger-heads, amongſt 3. or foureſcore Hogſheads. I haue founded the verie baſe ſtring of humility. Sirra, I am ſworn brother to a leaſh of Drawers, and can call them by their names, as *Tom*, *Dicke*, and *Francis*. They take it already vpon their confidence, that though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the King of Curteſie: telling me flatly I am no proud Iack like *Falſtaffe*, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy, and when I am King of England, I ſhall command al the good Laddes in Eaſt-cheape. They call drinking deepe, dying Scarlet; and when you breath in your watering, then they

they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinker in his owne Language during my life. I tell thee *Ned*, thou haſt loſt much honor, that thou wer't not with me in this action: but ſweet *Ned*, to ſweeten which name of *Ned*, I giue thee this peniworth of Sugar, clapt euen now into my hand by an vnder Skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, then *Eight ſhillings and ſix pence*, and, *You are welcome:* with this ſhril addition, *Anon, Anon ſir, Score a Pint of Baſtard in the Halfe Moone*, or ſo. But *Ned*, to driue away time till *Falſtaffe* come, I prythee doe thou ſtand in ſome by-roome, while I queſtion my puny Drawer, to what end hee gaue me the Sugar, and do neuer leaue calling *Francis*, that his Tale to me may be nothing but, Anon: ſtep aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a Preſident.

Poines. Francis.

Prin. Thou art perfect.

Poin. Francis.

Enter Drawer.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet, *Ralfe.*

Prince. Come hither *Francis.*

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerue, Francis?

Fran. Forſooth fiue yeares, and as much as to———

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Fiue yeares: Berlady a long Leaſe for the clinking of Pewter. But Francis, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, & ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?

Fran. O Lord ſir, Ile be ſworne vpon all the Books in England, I could finde in my heart.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. How old art thou, *Francis?*

Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhalbe—

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little, my Lord.

Prin. Nay but harke you Francis, for the Sugar thou gaueſt me, 'twas a penyworth, was't not?

Fran. O Lord ſir, I would it had bene two.

Prin. I will giue thee for it a thouſand pound: Aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.

Poin. Francis.

Fran. Anon, anon.

Prin. Anon Francis? No Francis, but to morrow Francis: or Francis, on thurſday: or indeed Francis when thou wilt. But Francis.

Fran. My Lord.

Prin. Wilt thou rob this Leatherne Ierkin, Chriſtall button, Not-pated, Agat ring, Puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, Smooth tongue, Spaniſh pouch.

Fran. O Lord ſir, who do you meane?

Prin. Why then your browne Baſtard is your onely drinke: for looke you Francis, your white Canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.

Fran. What ſir?

Poin. Francis.

Prin. Away you Rogue, doſt thou heare them call?

Heere they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to go

Enter Vintner.

Vint. What, ſtand'ſt thou ſtill, and hear'ſt ſuch a calling? Looke to the Gueſts within: My Lord, olde Sir *Iohn* with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore: ſhall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone awhile, and then open the doore. *Poines.*

Enter Poines.

Poin. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. Sirra, *Falſtaffe* and the reſt of the Theeues, are at the doore, ſhall we be merry?

Poin. As merrie as Crickets my Lad. But harke yee, What cunning match haue you made with this ieſt of the Drawer? Come, what's the iſſue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue ſhewed themſelues humors, ſince the old dayes of goodman *Adam*, to the pupill age of this preſent twelue a clock at midnight. What's a clocke Francis?

Fran. Anon, anon ſir.

Prin. That euer this Fellow ſhould haue fewer words then a Parret, and yet the ſonne of a Woman. His induſtry is vp-ſtaires and down-ſtaires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of *Percies* mind, the Hotſpurre of the North, he that killes me ſome ſixe or ſeauen dozen of Scots at a Breakfaſt, waſhes his hands, and ſaies to his wife; Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my ſweet *Harry* ſayes ſhe, how many haſt thou kill'd to day? Giue my Roane horſe a drench (ſayes hee) and anſweres, ſome fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in *Falſtaffe*, Ile play *Percy*, and that damn'd Brawne ſhall play Dame *Mortimer* his wife, *Riuo*, ſayes the drunkard. Call in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Poin. Welcome Iacke, where haſt thou beene?

Fal. A plague of all Cowards I ſay, and a Vengeance too, marry and Amen. Giue me a cup of Sacke Boy. Ere I leade this life long, Ile ſowe nether ſtockes, and mend them too. A plague of all Cowards. Giue me a Cup of Sacke, Rogue. Is there no Vertue extant?

Prin. Didſt thou neuer ſee Titan kiſſe a diſh of Butter, pittifull hearted Titan that melted at the ſweete Tale of the Sunne? If thou didſt then behold that compound.

Fal. You Rogue, heere's Lime in this Sacke too: there is nothing but Roguery to be found in Villanous man; yet a Coward is worſe then a Cup of Sack with lime. A villanous Coward, go thy wayes old Iacke, die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten Herring: there liues not three good men vnhang'd in England, & one of them is fat, and growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay. I would I were a Weauer, I could ſing all manner of ſongs. A plague of all Cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now Woolſacke, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Sonne? If I do not beate thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and driue all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wilde-geeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more. You Prince of Wales?

Prin. Why you horſon round man? what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a Coward? Anſwer me to that, and *Poines* there?

Prin. Ye fatch paunch, and yee call mee Coward, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee Coward? Ile ſee thee damn'd ere I call the Coward: but I would giue a thouſand pound I could run as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſhoulders, you care not who ſees your backe: Call you that

that backing of your friends? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue me them that will face me. Giue me a Cup of Sack, I am a Rogue if I drunke to day.

Prince. O Villaine, thy Lippes are ſcarce wip'd, ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

Falſt. All's one for that. *He drinkes.*
A plague of all Cowards ſtill, ſay I.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falſt. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thouſand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?

Falſt. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Prince. Speake ſirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſt. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſt. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falſt. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack*, then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Poin. Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I haue payed, two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a Lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my olde word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſt. Foure *Hal*, I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid foure.

Falſt. Theſe foure came all a-front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſt. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falſt. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, we ſhall haue more anon.

Falſt. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal?*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack.*

Falſt. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falſt. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

Falſt. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

Falſt. But as the Deuill would haue it, three miſ-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hal*, that thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand.

Prin. Theſe Lyes are like the Father that begets them, groſſe as a Mountaine, open, palpable. Why thou Clay-brayn'd Guts, thou Knotty-pated Foole, thou Horſon obſcene greaſie Tallow Catch.

Falſt. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth, the truth?

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall Greene, when it was ſo darke, thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon *Iack*, your reaſon.

Falſt. What, vpon compulſion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? If Reaſons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine Coward, this Bed-preſſer, this Horſ-back-breaker, this huge Hill of Fleſh.

Falſt. Away you Starueling, you Elfe-skin, you dried Neats tongue, Bulles-piſſell, you ſtocke-fiſh: O for breth to vtter. What is like thee? You Tailors yard, you ſheath you Bow-caſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Well, breath a-while, and then to't againe: and when thou haſt tyr'd thy ſelfe in baſe compariſons, heare me ſpeake but thus.

Poin. Marke Iacke.

Prin. We two, ſaw you foure ſet on foure and bound them, and were Maſters of their Wealth: mark now how a plaine Tale ſhall put you downe. Then did we two, ſet on you foure, and with a word, outfac'd you from your prize, and haue it: yea, and can ſhew it you in the Houſe. And *Falſtaffe*, you caried your Guts away as nimbly, with as quicke dexteritie, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ranne and roar'd, as euer I heard Bull-Calfe. What a Slaue art thou, to hacke thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight. What trick? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poines. Come, let's heare Iacke: What tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why heare ye my Maſters, was it for me to kill the Heire apparant? Should I turne vpon the true Prince? Why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as *Hercules:* but beware Inſtinct, the Lion will not touch the true Prince: Inſtinct is a great matter. I was a Coward on Inſtinct: I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, and thee, during my life: I, for a valiant Lion, and thou for a true Prince. But Lads, I am glad you haue the Mony. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores: watch to night, pray to morrow. Gallants, Lads, Boyes, Harts of Gold, all the good Titles of Fellowſhip come to you. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we haue a Play extempory.

Prin. Content, and the argument ſhall be, thy runing away.

Fal. A, no more of that *Hall*, and thou loueſt me.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. My Lord, the Prince?

Prin.

Prin. How now my Lady the Hoſteſſe, what ſay'ſt thou to me?

Hoſteſſe. Marry, my Lord, there is a Noble man of the Court at doore would ſpeake with you: hee ſayes, hee comes from your Father.

Prin. Giue him as much as will make him a Royall man, and ſend him backe againe to my Mother.

Falſt. What manner of man is hee?

Hoſteſſe. An old man.

Falst. What doth Grauitie out of his Bed at Midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee doe *Iacke.*

Falſt. 'Faith, and Ile ſend him packing. *Exit.*

Prince. Now Sirs: you ſought faire; ſo did you *Peto*, ſo did you *Bardol:* you are Lyons too, you ranne away vpon inſtinct: you will not touch the true Prince; no, fie.

Bard. 'Faith, I ranne when I ſaw others runne.

Prin. Tell mee now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

Peto. Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid, hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

Bard. Yea, and to tickle our Noſes with Spear-graſſe, to make them bleed, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuices.

Prin. O Villaine, thou ſtoleſt a Cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres agoe, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore: thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away; what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bard. My Lord, doe you ſee theſe Meteors? doe you behold theſe Exhalations?

Prin. I doe.

Bard. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot Liuers, and cold Purſes.

Bard. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, Halter.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Heere comes leane *Iacke*, heere comes bare-bone. How now my ſweet Creature of Bombaſt, how long is't agoe, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaw'ſt thine owne Knee?

Falſt. My owne Knee? When I was about thy yeeres (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles Talent in the Waſte, I could haue crept into any Aldermans Thumbe-Ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a Bladder. There's villanous Newes abroad: heere was Sir *Iohn Braby* from your Father; you muſt goe to the Court in the Morning. The ſame mad fellow of the North, *Percy*; and hee of Wales, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* Cuckold, and ſwore the Deuill his true Liege-man vpon the Croſſe of a Welch-hooke; what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, *Glendower.*

Falſt. Owen, Owen; the ſame, and his Sonne in Law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprightly Scot of Scots, *Dowglas*, that runnes a Horſe-backe vp a Hill perpendicular.

Prin. Hee that rides at high ſpeede, and with a Piſtoll kills a Sparrow flying.

Falſt. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the Sparrow.

Falſt. Well, that Raſcall hath good mettall in him, hee will not runne.

Prin. Why, what a Raſcall art thou then, to prayſe him ſo for running?

Falſt. A Horſe-backe (ye Cuckoe) but a foot hee will not budge a foot.

Prin. Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſtinct.

Falſt. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: Well, hee is there too, and one *Mordake*, and a thouſand blew-Cappes more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away by Night: thy Fathers Beard is turn'd white with the Newes; you may buy Land now as cheape as ſtinking Mackrell.

Prin. Then 'tis like, if there come a hot Sunne, and this ciuill buffetting hold, wee ſhall buy Maiden-heads as they buy Hob-nayles, by the Hundreds.

Falſt. By the Maſſe Lad, thou ſay'ſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way. But tell me *Hal*, art not thou horrible afear'd? thou being Heire apparant, could the World picke thee out three ſuch Enemyes againe, as that Fiend *Dowglas*, that Spirit *Percy*, and that Deuill *Glendower?* Art not thou horrible afraid? Doth not thy blood thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit: I lacke ſome of thy inſtinct.

Falſt. Well, thou wilt be horrible chidde to morrow, when thou commeſt to thy Father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwere.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my Father, and examine mee vpon the particulars of my Life.

Falſt. Shall I? content: This Chayre ſhall bee my State, this Dagger my Scepter, and this Cuſhion my Crowne.

Prin. Thy State is taken for a Ioyn'd-Stoole, thy Golden Scepter for a Leaden Dagger, and thy precious rich Crowne, for a pittifull bald Crowne.

Falst. Well, and the fire of Grace be not quite out of thee now ſhalt thou be moued. Giue me a Cup of Sacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may be thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

Prin. Well, heere is my Legge.

Falst. And heere is my ſpeech: ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Hoſteſſe. This is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Falſt. Weepe not, ſweet Queene, for trickling teares are vaine.

Hoſteſſe. O the Father, how hee holdes his countenance?

Falſt. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queen, For teares doe ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hoſteſſe. O rare, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry Players, as euer I ſee.

Falſt. Peace good Pint-pot, peace good Tickle-braine. *Harry*, I doe not onely maruell where thou ſpendeſt thy time; but alſo, how thou art accompanied: For though the Camomile, the more it is troden, the faſter it growes; yet Youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares. Thou art my Sonne: I haue partly thy Mothers Word, partly my Opinion; but chiefely, a villanous tricke of thine Eye, and a fooliſh hanging of thy nether Lippe, that doth warrant me. If then thou be Sonne to mee, heere lyeth the point: why, being Sonne to me, art thou ſo poynted at? Shall the bleſſed Sonne of Heauen proue a Micher, and eate Black-berryes? a queſtion not to bee askt. Shall the Sonne of England proue a Theefe, and take Purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, *Harry*, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is knowne to many

many in our Land, by the Name of Pitch: this Pitch (as ancient Writers doe report) doth defile; ſo doth the companie thou keepeſt: for *Harry*, now I doe not ſpeake to thee in Drinke, but in Teares; not in Pleaſure, but in Paſſion; not in Words onely, but in Woes alſo: and yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy companie, but I know not his Name.

Prin. What manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Falſt. A goodly portly man yſaith, and a corpulent, of a chearefull Looke, a pleaſing Eye, and a moſt noble Carriage, and as I thinke, his age ſome fiftie, or (byrlady) inclining to threeſcore; and now I remember mee, his Name is *Falſtaffe:* if that man ſhould be lewdly giuen, hee deceiues mee; for *Harry*, I ſee Vertue in his Lookes. If then the Tree may be knowne by the Fruit, as the Fruit by the Tree, then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is Vertue in that *Falſtaffe:* him keepe with, the reſt baniſh. And tell mee now, thou naughtie Varlet, tell mee, where haſt thou beene this moneth?

Prin. Do'ſt thou ſpeake like a King? doe thou ſtand for mee, and Ile play my Father.

Falst. Depoſe me: if thou do'ſt it halfe ſo grauely, ſo maieſtically, both in word and matter, hang me vp by the heeles for a Rabbet-ſucker, or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Falſt. And heere I ſtand: iudge my Maſters.

Prin. Now *Harry*, whence come you?

Falſt. My Noble Lord, from Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Falst. Yfaith, my Lord, they are falſe: Nay, Ile tickle ye for a young Prince.

Prin. Sweareſt thou, vngracious Boy? henceforth ne're looke on me: thou art violently carryed away from Grace: there is a Deuill haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of a fat old Man; a Tunne of Man is thy Companion: Why do'ſt thou conuerſe with that Trunke of Humors, that Boulting-Hutch of Beaſtlineſſe, that ſwolne Parcell of Dropſies, that huge Bombard of Sacke, that ſtuft Cloake-bagge of Guts, that roſted Manning Tree Oxe with the Pudding in his Belly, that reuerend Vice, that grey Iniquitie, that Father Ruffian, that Vanitie in yeeres? wherein is he good, but to taſte Sacke, and drinke it? wherein neat and cleanly, but to carue a Capon, and eat it? wherein Cunning, but in Craft? wherein Craftie, but in Villanie? wherein Villanous, but in all things? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Falst. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom meanes your Grace?

Prince. That villanous abhominable mis-leader of Youth, *Falstaffe*, that old white-bearded Sathan.

Falst. My Lord, the man I know.

Prince. I know thou do'ſt.

Falst. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know. That hee is olde (the more the pittie) his white hayres doe witneſſe it: but that hee is (ſauing your reuerence) a Whore-maſter, that I vtterly deny. If Sacke and Sugar bee a fault, Heauen helpe the Wicked: if to be olde and merry, be a ſinne, then many an olde Hoſte that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to be hated, then *Pharaohs* leane Kine are to be loued. No, my good Lord, baniſh *Peto*, baniſh *Bardolph*, baniſh *Poines:* but for ſweete *Iacke Falstaffe*, kinde *Iacke Falstaffe*, true *Iacke Falstaffe*, valiant *Iacke Falſtaffe*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is olde *Iack Falstaffe*, baniſh not him thy *Harryes* companie, baniſh not him thy *Harryes* companie; baniſh plumpe *Iacke*, and baniſh all the World.

Prince. I doe, I will.

Enter Bardolph running.

Bard. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriſe, with a moſt moſt monſtrous Watch, is at the doore.

Falſt. Out you Rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtaffe.*

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Hosteſſe. O, my Lord, my Lord.

Falſt. Heigh, heigh, the Deuill rides vpon a Fiddle-ſticke: what's the matter?

Hoſteſſe. The Sheriſe and all the Watch are at the doore: they are come to ſearch the Houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal*, neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit: thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince. And thou a naturall Coward, without inſtinct.

Falſt. I deny your *Maior:* if you will deny the Sheriſe, ſo: if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a Halter, as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue. Now my Maſters, for a true Face and good Conſcience.

Falſt. Both which I haue had: but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me. *Exit.*

Prince. Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince. Now Maſter Sheriſe, what is your will with mee?

She. Firſt pardon me, my Lord. A Hue and Cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince. What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat as Butter.

Prince. The man, I doe aſſure you, is not heere,
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imploy'd him:
And Sheriſe, I will engage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow Dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee, or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be charg'd withall:
And ſo let me entreat you, leaue the houſe.

She. I will, my Lord: there are two Gentlemen Haue in this Robberie loſt three hundred Markes.

Prince. It may be ſo: if he haue robb'd theſe men, He ſhall be anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

She. Good Night, my Noble Lord.

Prince. I thinke it is good Morrow, is it not?

She. Indeede, my Lord, I thinke it be two a Clocke. *Exit.*

Prince. This oyly Raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falſtaffe? faſt aſleepe behinde the Arras, and ſnorting like a Horſe.

Prince. Harke, how hard he fetches breath: ſearch his Pockets.

He ſearcheth his Pockets, and findeth certaine Papers.

Prince. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but Papers, my Lord.

Prince. Let's ſee, what be they? reade them.

Peto. Item, a Capon. ii.s.ii.d.
Item, Sawce. iiii.d.
Item, Sacke, two Gallons. v.s.viii.d.
Item, Anchoues and Sacke after Supper. ii.s.vi.d.
Item, Bread. ob.

Prince. O monſtrous, but one halfe penny-worth of Bread to this intollerable deale of Sacke? What there is elſe, keepe cloſe, wee'le reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleepe till day: Ile to the Court in the Morning: Wee muſt all to the Warres, and thy place ſhall be honorable. Ile procure this fat Rogue a Charge of Foot, and I know his death will be a Match of Twelue-ſcore. The Money ſhall be pay'd backe againe with aduantage. Be with me betimes in the Morning: and ſo good morrow *Peto.*

Peto. Good morrow, good my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Hotſpurre, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer, Owen Glendower.

Mort. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,
And our induction full of proſperous hope.

Hotſp. Lord *Mortimer*, and Couſin *Glendower*,
Will you ſit downe?
And Vnckle *Worceſter*; a plague vpon it,
I haue forgot the Mappe.

Glend. No, here it is:
Sit Couſin *Percy*, ſit good Couſin *Hotſpurre*:
For by that Name, as oft as *Lancaſter* doth ſpeake of you,
His Cheekes looke pale, and with a riſing ſigh,
He wiſheth you in Heauen.

Hotſp. And you in Hell, as oft as he heares *Owen Glendower* ſpoke of.

Glend. I cannot blame him: At my Natiuitie,
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
Of burning Creſſets; and at my Birth,
The frame and foundation of the Earth
Shak'd like a Coward.

Hotſp. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your Mothers Cat had but kitten'd, though your ſelfe had neuer beene borne.

Glend. I ſay the Earth did ſhake when I was borne.

Hotſp. And I ſay the Earth was not of my minde,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.

Glend. The Heauens were all on fire, the Earth did tremble.

Hotſp. Oh, then the Earth ſhooke
To ſee the Heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your Natiuitie.
Diſeaſed Nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
Is with a kinde of Collick pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly Winde
Within her Wombe: which for enlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame Earth, and tombles downe
Steeples, and moſſe-growne Towers. At your Birth,
Our Grandam Earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.

Glend. Couſin: of many men
I doe not beare theſe Croſſings: Giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my Birth
The front of Heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The Goates ranne from the Mountaines, and the Heards
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields:
Theſe ſignes baue markt me extraordinarie,
And all the courſes of my Life doe ſhew,
I am not in the Roll of common men.
Where is the Liuing, clipt in with the Sea,
That chides the Bankes of England, Scotland, and Wales,
Which calls me Pupill, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but Womans Sonne,
Can trace me in the tedious wayes of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.

Hotſp. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh: Ile to Dinner.

Mort. Peace Couſin *Percy*, you will make him mad.

Glend. I can call Spirits from the vaſtie Deepe.

Hotſp. Why ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you doe call for them?

Glend. Why, I can teach thee, Couſin, to command the Deuill.

Hotſp. And I can teach thee, Couſin, to ſhame the Deuil,
By telling truth. *Tell truth, and ſhame the Deuill.*
If thou haue power to rayſe him, bring him hither,
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth, and ſhame the Deuill.

Mort. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable Chat.

Glend. Three times hath *Henry Bullingbrooke* made head
Againſt my Power: thrice from the Banks of Wye,
And ſandy-bottom'd Seuerne, haue I hent him
Bootleſſe home, and Weather-beaten backe.

Hotſp. Home without Bootes,
And in foule Weather too,
How ſcapes he Agues in the Deuils name?

Glend. Come, heere's the Mappe:
Shall wee diuide our Right,
According to our three-fold order ta'ne?

Mort. The Arch-Deacon hath diuided it
Into three Limits, very equally:
England, from Trent, and Seuerne, hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſign'd:
All Weſtward, Wales, beyond the Seuerne, ſhore,
And all the fertile Land within that bound,
To *Owen Glendower*: and deare Couze, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent.
And our Indentures Tripartite are drawne:
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A Buſineſſe that this Night may execute)
To morrow, Couſin *Percy*, you and I,
And my good Lord of Worceſter, will ſet forth,
To meete your Father, and the Scottiſh Power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewsbury.
My Father *Glendower* is not readie yet,
Nor ſhall wee neede his helpe theſe foureteene dayes:
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your Tenants, Friends, and neighbouring Gentlemen.

Glend. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords:
And in my Conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whom you now muſt ſteale, and take no leaue,
For there will be a World of Water ſhed,

Vpon

Vpon the parting of your Wiues and you.
Hotſp. Me thinks my Moity, North from Burton here,
In quantitie equals not one of yours:
See, how this Riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my Land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous Cantle out.
Ile haue the Currant in this place damn'd vp,
And here the ſmug and Siluer Trent ſhall runne,
In a new Channell, faire and euenly:
It ſhall not winde with ſuch a deepe indent,
To rob me of ſo rich a Bottome here.
Glend. Not winde? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mort. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe,
And runnes me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide,
Gelding the oppoſed Continent as much,
As on the other ſide it takes from you.
Worc. Yea, but a little Charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide winne this Cape of Land,
And then he runnes ſtraight and euen.
Hotſp. Ile haue it ſo, a little Charge will doe it.
Glend. Ile not haue it alter'd.
Hotſp. Will not you?
Glend. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hotſp. Who ſhall ſay me nay?
Glend. Why, that will I.
Hotſp. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in Welſh.
Glend. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you:
For I was trayn'd vp in the Engliſh Court;
Where, being but young, I framed to the Harpe
Many an Engliſh Dittie, louely well.
And gaue the Tongue a helpefull Ornament;
A Vertue that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hotſp. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart,
I had rather be a Kitten, and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame Meeter Ballad-mongers;
I had rather heare a Brazen Candleſtick turn'd,
Or a dry Wheele grate on the Axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing ſo much, as mincing Poetrie;
'Tis like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling Nagge.
Glend. Come, you ſhall haue Trent turn'd.
Hotſp. I doe not care: Ile giue thrice ſo much Land
To any well-deſeruing friend;
But in the way of Bargaine, marke ye me,
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a hayre.
Are the Indentures drawne? ſhall we be gone?
Glend. The Moone ſhines faire,
You may away by Night:
Ile haſte the Writer; and withall,
Breake with your Wiues, of your departure hence:
I am afraid my Daughter will runne madde,
So much ſhe doteth on her *Mortimer*. *Exit.*
Mort. Fie, Couſin *Percy*, how you croſſe my Father.
Hotſp. I cannot chuſe: ſometime he angers me,
With telling me of the Moldwarpe and the Ant,
Of the Dreamer *Merlin*, and his Prophecies;
And of a Dragon, and a finne-leſſe Fiſh,
A clip-wing'd Griffin, and a moulten Rauen,
A couching Lyon, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble-skamble Stuffe,
As puts me from my Faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt Night, at leaſt, nine howres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall Deuils Names,
That were his Lacqueyes:
I cry'd hum, and well, goe too,
But mark'd him not a word. O, he is as tedious
As a tyred Horſe, a rayling Wife,
Worſe then a ſmoakie Houſe. I had rather liue
With Cheeſe and Garlick in a Windmill farre,
Then feede on Cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any Summer-Houſe in Chriſtendome.
Mort. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read, and profited,
In ſtrange Concealements:
Valiant as a Lyon, and wondrous affable,
And as bountifull, as Mynes of India.
Shall I tell you, Couſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbes himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you doe croſſe his humor: 'faith he does.
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger, and reproofe:
But doe not vſe it oft, let me entreat you.
Worc. In faith, my Lord, you are too wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough,
To put him quite beſides his patience.
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault:
Though ſometimes it ſhew Greatneſſe, Courage, Blood,
And that's the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet oftentimes it doth preſent harſh Rage,
Defect of Manners, want of Gouernment,
Pride, Haughtineſſe, Opinion, and Diſdaine:
The leaſt of which, haunting a Nobleman,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a ſtayne
Vpon the beautie of all parts beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
Hotſp. Well, I am ſchool'd:
Good-manners be your ſpeede;
Heere come your Wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower, with the Ladies.

Mort. This is the deadly ſpight, that angers me,
My Wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no Welſh.
Glend. My Daughter weepes, ſhee'le not part with you,
Shee'le be a Souldier too, ſhee'le to the Warres.
Mort. Good Father tell her, that ſhe and my Aunt *Percy*
Shall follow in your Conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in Welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glend. Shee is deſperate heere:
A peeuiſh ſelfe-will'd Harlotry,
One that no perſwaſion can doe good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in Welſh.

Mort. I vnderſtand thy Lookes: that pretty Welſh
Which thou powr'ſt down from theſe ſwelling Heauens,
I am too perfect in: and but for ſhame,
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in Welſh.

Mort. I vnderſtand thy Kiſſes, and thou mine,
And that's a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a Truant, Loue,
Till I haue learn'd thy Language: for tby tongue
Makes

Makes Welſh as ſweet as Ditties highly penn'd,
Sung by a faire Queene in a Summers Bowre,
With rauiſhing Diuiſion to her Lute.
Glend. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne madde.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in Welſh.

Mort. O, I am Ignorance it ſelfe in this.
Glend. She bids you,
On the wanton Ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle Head vpon her Lappe,
And ſhe will ſing the Song that pleaſeth you,
And on your Eye-lids Crowne the God of Sleepe,
Charming your blood with pleaſing heauineſſe;
Making ſuch difference betwixt Wake and Sleepe,
As is the difference betwixt Day and Night,
The houre before the Heauenly Harneis'd Teeme
Begins his Golden Progreſſe in the Eaſt.
Mort. With all my heart Ile ſit, and heare her ſing:
By that time will our Booke, I thinke, be drawne.
Glend. Doe ſo:
And thoſe Muſitians that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the Ayre a thouſand Leagues from thence;
And ſtraight they ſhall be here: ſit, and attend.
Hotſp. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my Head in thy Lappe.
Lady. Goe, ye giddy-Gooſe.

The Muſicke playes.

Hotſp. Now I perceiue the Deuill vnderſtands Welſh,
And 'tis no maruell he is ſo humorous:
Byrlady hee's a good Muſitian.
Lady. Then would you be nothing but Muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lye ſtill ye Theeſe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hotſp. I had rather heare (Lady) my Brach howle in Iriſh.
Lady. Would'ſt haue thy Head broken?
Hotſp. No.
Lady. Then be ſtill.
Hotſp. Neyther, 'tis a Womans fault.
Lady. Now God helpe thee.
Hotſp. To the Welſh Ladies Bed.
Lady. What's that?
Hotſp. Peace, ſhee ſings.

Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh Song.

Hotſp. Come, Ile haue your Song too.
Lady. Not mine, in good ſooth.
Hotſp. Not yours, in good ſoothe?
You ſweare like a Comfit-makers Wife:
Not you, in good ſoothe; and, as true as I liue;
And, as God ſhall mend me; and, as ſure as day;
And giueſt ſuch Sarcenet ſuretie for thy Oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finsbury.
Sweare me, *Kate*, like a Lady, as thou art,
A good mouth-filling Oath: and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of Pepper Ginger-bread,
To Veluet-Guards, and Sunday-Citizens.
Come, ſing.
Lady. I will not ſing.
Hotſp. 'Tis the next way to turne Taylor, or be Red-breſt teacher: and the Indentures be drawne, Ile away within theſe two howres: and ſo come in, when yee will. *Exit.*
Glend. Come, come, Lord *Mortimer*, you are as ſlow,
As hot Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.
By this our Booke is drawne: wee'le but ſeale,
And then to Horſe immediately.
Mort. With all my heart. *Exeunt*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, and others.

King. Lords, giue vs leaue:
The Prince of Wales, and I,
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference:
But be neere at hand,
For wee ſhall preſently haue need of you.
Exeunt Lords.
I know not whether Heauen will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done;
That in his ſecret Doome, out of my Blood,
Hee'le breede Reuengement, and a Scourge for me:
But thou do'ſt in thy paſſages of Life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark'd
For the hot vengeance, and the Rod of heauen
To puniſh my Miſtreadings. Tell me elſe,
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch meane attempts,
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted too,
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blood,
And hold their leuell with thy Princely heart?
Prince. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me begge,
As in reproofe of many Tales deuis'd,
Which oft the Eare of Greatneſſe needes muſt heare,
By ſmiling Pick-thankes, and baſe Newes-mongers;
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faultie wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. Heauen pardon thee:
Yet let me wonder, *Harry*,
At thy affections, which doe hold a Wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely loſt,
Which by thy younger Brother is ſupply'de;
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts
Of all the Court and Princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruin'd, and the Soule of euery man
Prophetically doe fore-thinke thy fall.
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackney'd in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar Company;
Opinion, that did helpe me to the Crowne,
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeleſſe baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke, nor likelyhood.
By being ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtirre,
But like a Comet, I was wondred at,

That

That men would tell their Children, This is hee:
Others would ſay; Where, Which is *Bullingbrooke*
And then I ſtole all Courteſie from Heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch Humilitie,
That I did plucke Allegeance from mens hearts,
Lowd Showts and Salutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the Crowned King.
Thus I did keepe my Perſon freſh and new,
My Preſence like a Robe Pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at: and ſo my State,
Seldome but ſumptuous, ſhewed like a Feaſt,
And wonne by rareneſſe ſuch Solemnitie.
The skipping King hee ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow Ieſters, and raſh Bauin Wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his State,
Mingled his Royaltie with Carping Fooles,
Had his great Name prophaned with their Scornes,
And gaue his Countenance, againſt his Name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery Beardleſſe vaine Comparatiue;
Grew a Companion to the common Streetes,
Enfeoff'd himſelfe to Popularitie:
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens Eyes,
They ſurfeted with Honey, and began to loathe
The taſte of Sweetneſſe, whereof a little
More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to be ſeene,
He was but as the Cuckow is in Iune,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch Eyes,
As ſicke and blunted with Communitie,
Affoord no extraordinarie Gaze,
Such as is bent on Sunne-like Maieſtie,
When it ſhines ſeldome in admiring Eyes:
But rather drowz'd, and hung their eye-lids downe,
Slept in his Face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As Cloudie men vſe to doe to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence glutted, gorg'd, and full.
And in that very Line, *Harry*, ſtandeſt thou:
For thou haſt loſt thy Princely Priuiledge,
With vile participation. Not an Eye
But is awearie of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſir'd to ſee thee more:
Which now doth that I would not haue it doe,
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tenderneſſe.

Prince. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gracious Lord,
Be more my ſelfe.

King. For all the World,
As thou art to this houre, was *Richard* then,
When I from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh;
And euen as I was then, is *Percy* now:
Now by my Scepter, and my Soule to boot,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the State
Then thou, the ſhadow of Succeſſion;
For of no Right, nor colour like to Right.
He doth fill fields with Harneis in the Realme,
Turnes head againſt the Lyons armed Iawes;
And being no more in debt to yeeres, then thou,
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on
To bloody Battailes, and to bruſing Armes.
What neuer-dying Honor hath he got,
Againſt renowned *Dowglas?* whoſe high Deedes,
Whoſe hot Incurſions, and great Name in Armes,
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe Maioritie,
And Militarie Title Capitall.
Through all the Kingdomes that acknowledge Chriſt,
Thrice hath the *Hotſpur Mars*, in ſwathing Clothes,
This Infant Warrior, in his Enterpriſes,
Diſcomfited great *Dowglas*, ta'ne him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe Defiance vp,
And ſhake the peace and ſafetie of our Throne.
And what ſay you to this? *Percy*, *Northumberland*,
The Arch-biſhops Grace of Yorke, *Dowglas*, *Mortimer*,
Capitulate againſt vs, and are vp.
But wherefore doe I tell theſe Newes to thee?
Why, *Harry*, doe I tell thee of my Foes,
Which art my neer'ſt and deareſt Enemie?
Thou, that art like enough, through vaſſall Feare,
Baſe Inclination, and the ſtart of Spleene,
To fight againſt me vnder *Percies* pay,
To dogge his heeles, and curtſie at his frownes,
To ſhew how much thou art degenerate.

Prince. Doe not thinke ſo, you ſhall not finde it ſo:
And Heauen forgiue them, that ſo much haue ſway'd
Your Maieſties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on *Percies* head,
And in the cloſing of ſome glorious day,
Be bold to tell you, that I am your Sonne,
When I will weare a Garment all of Blood,
And ſtaine my fauours in a bloody Maske:
Which waſht away, ſhall ſcowre my ſhame with it.
And that ſhall be the day, when ere it lights,
That this ſame Child of Honor and Renowne,
This gallant *Hotſpur*, this all-prayſed Knight,
And your vnthought-of *Harry* chance to meet:
For euery Honor ſitting on his Helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My ſhames redoubled. For the time will come,
That I ſhall make this Northerne Youth exchange
His glorious Deedes for my Indignities:
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord,
To engroſſe vp glorious Deedes on my behalfe:
And I will call him to ſo ſtrict account,
That he ſhall render euery Glory vp,
Yea, euen the ſleighteſt worſhip of his time,
Or I will teare the Reckoning from his Heart.
This, in the Name of Heauen, I promiſe here:
The which, if I perſorme, and doe ſuruiue,
I doe beſeech your Maieſtie, may ſalue
The long-growne Wounds of my intemperature:
If not, the end of Life cancells all Bands,
And I will dye a hundred thouſand Deaths,
Ere breake the ſmalleſt parcell of this Vow.

King. A hundred thouſand Rebels dye in this:
Thou ſhalt haue Charge, and ſoueraigne truſt herein.

Enter Blunt.

How now good *Blunt?* thy Lookes are full of ſpeed.

Blunt. So hath the Buſineſſe that I come to ſpeake of.
Lord *Mortimer* of Scotland hath ſent word,
That *Dowglas* and the Engliſh Rebels met
The eleuenth of this moneth, at Shrewsbury:
A mightie and a feareſull Head they are,
(If Promiſes be kept on euery hand)
As euer offered foule play in a State.

King. The Earle of Weſtmerland ſet forth to day:
With him my ſonne, Lord *John* of Lancaſter,
For this aduertiſement is fiue dayes old.
On Wedneſday next, *Harry* thou ſhalt ſet forward:
On Thurſday, wee our ſelues will march.
Our meeting is Bridgenorth: and *Harry*, you ſhall march

Through

Through Glocesterſhire: by which account,
Our Buſineſſe valued ſome twelue dayes hence,
Our generall Forces at Bridgenorth ſhall meete.
Our Hands are full of Buſineſſe: let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. Bardolph, am I not falne away vilely, ſince this laſt action? doe I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skinne hangs about me like an olde Ladies looſe Gowne: I am withered like an olde Apple *Iohn*. Well, Ile repent, and that ſuddenly, while I am in ſome liking: I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, and then I ſhall haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the in-ſide of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper-Corne, a Brewers Horſe, the in-ſide of a Church. Company, villanous Company hath beene the ſpoyle of me.

Bard. Sir *Iohn*, you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Falſt. Why there is it: Come, ſing me a bawdy Song, make me merry: I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a Gentleman need to be; vertuous enough, ſwore little, dic'd not aboue ſeuen times a weeke, went to a Bawdy-houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an houre, payd Money that I borrowed, three or foure times; liued well, and in good compaſſe: and now I liue out of all order, out of compaſſe.

Bard. Why, you are ſo fat, Sir *Iohn*, that you muſt needes bee out of all compaſſe; out of all reaſonable compaſſe, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Doe thou amend thy Face, and Ile amend thy Life: Thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the Lanterne in the Poope, but 'tis in the Noſe of thee; thou art the Knight of the burning Lampe.

Bard. Why, Sir *Iohn*, my Face does you no harme.

Falſt. No, Ile be ſworne: I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a Deaths-Head, or a *Memento Mori*. I neuer ſee thy Face, but I thinke vpon Hell fire, and *Diues* that liued in Purple; for there he is in his Robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy Face; my Oath ſhould bee, *By this Fire:* But thou art altogether giuen ouer; and wert indeede, but for the Light in thy Face, the Sunne of vtter Darkeneſſe. When thou ran'ſt vp Gads-Hill in the Night, to catch my Horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt beene an *Ignis fatuus*, or a Ball of Wild-fire, there's no Purchaſe in Money. O thou art a perpetuall Triumph, an euerlaſting Bone-fire-Light: thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes and Torches, walking with thee in the Night betwixt Tauerne and Tauerne: But the Sack that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me Lights as good cheape, as the deareſt Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintain'd that Salamander of yours with fire, any time this two and thirtie yeeres, Heauen reward me for it.

Bard. I would my Face were in your Belly.

Falſt. So ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burn'd.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

How now, Dame *Partlet* the Hen, haue you enquir'd yet who pick'd my Pocket?

Hoſteſſe. Why Sir *Iohn*, what doe you thinke, Sir *Iohn*? doe you thinke I keepe Theeues in my Houſe? I haue ſearch'd, I haue enquired, ſo haz my Husband, Man by Man, Boy by Boy, Seruant by Seruant: the tight of a hayre was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Falſt. Ye lye Hoſteſſe: *Bardolph* was ſhau'd, and loſt many a hayre; and Ile be ſworne my Pocket was pick'd: goe to, you are a Woman, goe.

Hoſteſſe. Who I? I defie thee: I was neuer call'd ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Falſt. Goe to, I know you well enough.

Hoſteſſe. No, Sir *Iohn*, you doe not know me, Sir *Iohn*: I know you, Sir *Iohn*: you owe me Money, Sir *Iohn*, and now you picke a quarrell, to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of Shirts to your Backe.

Falſt. Doulas, filthy Doulas: I haue giuen them away to Bakers Wiues, and they haue made Boulters of them.

Hoſteſſe. Now as I am a true Woman, Holland of eight ſhillings an Ell: You owe Money here beſides, Sir *Iohn*, for your Dyet, and by-Drinkings, and Money lent you, foure and twentie pounds.

Falſt. Hee had his part of it, let him pay.

Hoſteſſe. Hee? alas hee is poore, hee hath nothing.

Falſt. How? Poore? Looke vpon his Face: What call you Rich? Let them coyne his Noſe, let them coyne his Cheekes, Ile not pay a Denier. What, will you make a Younker of me? Shall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhall haue my Pocket pick'd? I haue loſt a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers, worth fortie Marke.

Hoſteſſe. I haue heard the Prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that Ring was Copper.

Falſt. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a Sneake-Cuppe: and if hee were heere, I would cudgell him like a Dogge, if hee would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtaffe meets him, playing on his Trunchion like a Fife.

Falſt. How now Lad? is the Winde in that Doore? Muſt we all march?

Bard. Yea, two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Hoſteſſe. My Lord, I pray you heare me.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, Miſtreſſe *Quickly?* How does thy Husband? I loue him well, hee is an honeſt man.

Hoſteſſe. Good, my Lord, heare mee.

Falſt. Prethee let her alone, and liſt to mee.

Prince. What ſay'ſt thou, *Iacke?*

Falſt. The other Night I fell aſleepe heere behind the Arras, and had my Pocket pickt: this Houſe is turn'd Bawdy-houſe, they picke Pockets.

Prince. What didſt thou loſe, *Iacke?*

Falſt. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal?* Three or foure Bonds of fortie pound apeece, and a Seale-Ring of my Grand-fathers.

Prince. A Trifle, ſome eight-penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him, my Lord; and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and (my Lord) hee ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule-mouth'd man as hee is, and ſaid, hee would cudgell you.

Prince. What hee did not?

Hoſt. There's neyther Faith, Truth, nor Woman-hood in me elſe.

Falſt. There's

Falſt. There's no more faith in thee then a ſtu'de Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Wooman-hood, Maid-marian may be the Deputies wife of the Ward to thee. Go you nothing: go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing? what thing?

Falſt. What thing? why a thing to thanke heauen on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke heauen on, I wold thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife: and ſetting thy Knighthood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Falſt. Setting thy woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? Why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, ſir *Iohn*? Why an Otter?

Fal. Why? She's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or anie man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prince. Thou ſay'ſt true Hoſteſſe, and he ſlanders thee moſt groſſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſayde this other day, You ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince. Sirrah, do I owe you a thouſand pound?

Falſt. A thouſand pound *Hal?* A Million. Thy loue is worth a Million: thou ow'ſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay my Lord, he call'd you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardolph?*

Bar. Indeed Sir *Iohn*, you ſaid ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring was Copper.

Prince. I ſay 'tis Copper. Dar'ſt thou bee as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know'ſt, as thou art but a man, I dare: but, as thou art a Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince. And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe is to bee feared as the Lyon: Do'ſt thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I feare thy Father? nay if I do, let my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guttes fall about thy knees. But ſirra: There's no roome for Faith, Truth, nor Honeſty, in this boſome of thine: it is all fill'd vppe with Guttes and Midriffe. Charge an honeſt Woman with picking thy pocket? Why thou horſon impudent imboſt Raſcall, if there were any thing in thy Pocket but Tauerne Recknings, *Memorandums* of Bawdie-houſes, and one poore peny-worth of Sugar-candie to make thee long-winded: if thy pocket were enrich'd with anie other iniuries but theſe, I am a Villaine: And yet you will ſtand to it, you will not Pocket vp wrong. Art thou not aſham'd?

Fal. Do'ſt thou heare *Hal?* Thou know'ſt in the ſtate of Innocency, *Adam* fell: and what ſhould poore *Iacke Falſtaffe* do, in the dayes of Villany? Thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, and therefore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my Pocket?

Prin. It appeares ſo by the Story.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee:
Go make ready Breakfaſt, loue thy Husband,
Looke to thy Seruants, and cheriſh thy Gueſts:
Thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon:
Thou ſeeſt, I am pacified ſtill.
Nay, I prethee be gone.

Exit Hoſteſſe.

Now *Hal*, to the newes at Court for the Robbery, Lad? How is that anſwered?

Prin. O my ſweet Beefe:
I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee.
The Monie is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, 'tis a double Labour.

Prin. I am good Friends with my Father, and may do any thing.

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou do'ſt, and do it with vnwaſh'd hands too.

Bard. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee *Iacke*, a Charge of Foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of Horſe. Where ſhal I finde one that can ſteale well? O, for a fine theefe, of two and twentie, or thereabout: I am heynouſly vnprouided. Wel God be thanked for theſe Rebels, they offend none but the Vertuous. I laud them, I praiſe them.

Prin. Bardolph.

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this Letter to Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter
To my Brother *Iohn*. This to my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Go *Peto*, to horſe: for thou, and I,
Haue thirtie miles to ride yet ere dinner time.
Iacke, meet me to morrow in the Temple Hall
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy Charge, and there receiue
Money and Order for their Furniture.
The Land is burning, *Percie* ſtands on hye,
And either they, or we muſt lower lye.

Fal. Rare words! braue world.
Hoſteſſe, my breakfaſt, come:
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drumme.

Exeunt omnes.

Actus Quartus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Harrie Hotſpurre, Worceſter, and Dowglas.

Hot. Well ſaid, my Noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine Age, were not thought flatterie,
Such attribution ſhould the *Dowglas* haue,
As not a Souldiour of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world.
By heauen I cannot flatter: I defie
The Tongues of Soothers. But a Brauer place
In my hearts loue, hath no man then your Selfe.
Nay, taske me to my word: approue me Lord.

Dow. Thou art the King of Honor:
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will Beard him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Hot. Do ſo, and 'tis well. What Letters haſt there? I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe Letters come from your Father.

Hot. Letters from him?
Why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſ. He cannot come, my Lord,
He is greeuous ſicke.

Hot. How? haz he the leyſure to be ſicke now,
In ſuch a iuſtling time? Who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe Gouernment come they along?

Meſ

Meſſ. His Letters beares his minde, not I his minde.
Wor. I prethee tell me, doth he keepe his Bed?
Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth:
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much fear'd by his Phyſician.
Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt beene whole,
Ere he by ſickneſſe had beene viſited:
His health was neuer better worth then now.
Hotſp. Sicke now? droope now? this ſicknes doth infect
The very Life-blood of our Enterpriſe,
'Tis catching hither, euen to our Campe.
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne: nor did he thinke it meet,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any Soule remou'd, but on his owne.
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction we ſhould on,
To ſee how Fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes. What ſay you to it?
Wor. Your Fathers ſickneſſe is a mayme to vs.
Hotſp. A perillous Gaſh, a very Limme lopt off:
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall finde it.
Were it good, to ſet the exact wealth of all our ſtates
All at one Caſt? To ſet ſo rich a mayne
On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good: for therein ſhould we reade
The very Bottome, and the Soule of Hope,
The very Liſt, the very vtmoſt Bound
Of all our fortunes.
Dowg. Faith, and ſo wee ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion.
We may boldly ſpend, vpon the bope
Of what is to come in:
A comfort of retyrement liues in this.
Hotſp. A Randeuous, a Home to flye vnto,
If that the Deuill and Miſchance looke bigge
Vpon the Maydenhead of our Affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your Father had beene here:
The Qualitie and Heire of our Attempt
Brookes no diuiſion: It will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſedome, loyaltie, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tyde of fearefull Faction,
And breede a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For well you know, wee of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs:
This abſence of your Father drawes a Curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant a kinde of feare,
Before not dreamt of.
Hotſp. You ſtrayne too farre.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe:
It lends a Luſtre, and more great Opinion,
A larger Dare to your great Enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a Head
To puſh againſt the Kingdome; with his helpe,
We ſhall o're-turne it topſie-turuy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our ioynts are whole.
Dowg. As heart can thinke:
There is not ſuch a word ſpoke of in Scotland,
As this Dreame of Feare.

Enter Sir Richard Vernon.

Hotſp. My Couſin *Vernon*, welcome by my Soule.
Vern. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hither-wards, with Prince *Iohn*.
Hotſp. No harme: what more?
Vern. And further, I haue learn'd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hither-wards intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mightie preparation.
Hotſp. He ſhall be welcome too.
Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed Mad-Cap, Prince of Wales,
And his Cumrades, that daſt the World aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Vern. All furniſht, all in Armes,
All plum'd like Eſtridges, that with the Winde
Bayted like Eagles, hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in Golden Coates, like Images,
As full of ſpirit as the Moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Mid-ſummer,
Wanton as youthfull Goates, wilde as young Bulls.
I ſaw young *Harry* with his Beuer on,
His Cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Riſe from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his Seat,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Clouds,
To turne and winde a fierie *Pegaſus*,
And witch the World with Noble Horſemanſhip.
Hotſp. No more, no more,
Worſe then the Sunne in March:
This prayſe doth nouriſh Agues: let them come.
They come like Sacrifices in their trimme,
And to the fire-ey'd Maid of ſmoakie Warre,
All hot, and bleeding, will wee offer them:
The mayled *Mars* ſhall on his Altar ſit
Vp to the eares in blood. I am on fire,
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours. Come, let me take my Horſe,
Who is to beare me like a Thunder-bolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales.
Harry to *Harry*, ſhall not Horſe to Horſe
Meete, and ne're part, till one drop downe a Coarſe?
Oh, that *Glendower* were come.
Ver. There is more newes:
I learned in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He cannot draw his Power this foureteene dayes.
Dowg. That's the worſt Tidings that I heare of yet.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a froſty ſound.
Hotſp. What may the Kings whole Battaile reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My Father and *Glendower* being both away,
The powres of vs, may ſerue ſo great a day.
Come, let vs take a muſter ſpeedily:
Doomeſday is neere; dye all, dye merrily.
Dow. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death, or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare.
Exeunt Omnes.

Scena

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolph.

Falſt. Bardolph, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a Bottle of Sack, our Souldiers ſhall march through: wee'le to Sutton-cop-hill to Night.

Bard. Will you giue me Money, Captaine?

Falſt. Lay out, lay out.

Bard. This Bottle makes an Angell.

Falſt. And if it doe, take it for thy labour: and if it make twentie, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage. Bid my Lieutenant *Peto* meete me at the Townes end.

Bard. I will Captaine: farewell. *Exit.*

Falſt. If I be not aſham'd of my Souldiers, I am a fowc't-Gurnet: I haue mif-vs'd the Kings Preſſe damnably. I haue got, in exchange of a hundred and fiftie Souldiers, three hundred and odde Pounds. I preſſe me none but good Houſe-holders, Yeomens Sonnes: enquire me out contracted Batchelers, ſuch as had beene ask'd twice on the Banes: ſuch a Commoditie of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Deuill, as a Drumme; ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe then a ſtruck-Foole, or a hurt wilde-Ducke. I preſt me none but ſuch Toſtes and Butter, with Hearts in their Bellyes no bigger then Pinnes heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices: And now, my whole Charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, Gentlemen of Companies, Slaues as ragged as *Lazarus* in the painted Cloth, where the Gluttons Dogges licked his Sores; and ſuch, as indeed were neuer Souldiers, but dif-carded vniuſt Seruingmen, younger Sonnes to younger Brothers, reuolted Tapſters and Oſtlers, Trade-falne, the Cankers of a calme World, and long Peace, tenne times more dis-honorable ragged, then an old-fac'd Ancient; and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them that haue bought out their ſeruices: that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fiftie totter'd Prodigalls, lately come from Swine-keeping, from eating Draffe and Huskes. A mad fellow met me on the way, and told me, I had vnloaded all the Gibbets, and preſt the dead bodyes. No eye hath ſeene ſuch skar-Crowes: Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat. Nay, and the Villaines march wide betwixt the Legges, as if they had Gyues on; for indeede, I had the moſt of them out of Priſon. There's not a Shirt and a halfe in all my Company: and the halfe Shirt is two Napkins tackt together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds Coat, without ſleeues: and the Shirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my Hoſt of S. Albones, or the Red-Noſe Inne-keeper of Dauintry. But that's all one, they'le finde Linnen enough on euery Hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prince. How now blowne *Iack?* how now Quilt?

Falſt. What *Hal?* How now mad Wag, what a Deuill do'ſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good Lord of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercy, I thought your Honour had already beene at Shrewsbury.

Weſt. 'Faith, Sir *Iohn*, 'tis more then time that I were there, and you too: but my Powers are there alreadie. The King, I can tell you, lookes for vs all: we muſt away all to Night.

Falſt. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.

Prince. I thinke to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath alreadie made thee Butter: but tell me, *Iack*, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after?

Falſt. Mine, *Hal*, mine.

Prince. I did neuer ſee ſuch pittifull Rafcals.

Falſt. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe: foode for Powder, foode for Powder: they'le fill a Pit, as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men.

Weſtm. I, but Sir *Iohn*, me thinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Falſt. Faith, for their pouertie, I know not where they had that; and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learn'd that of me.

Prince. No, Ile be ſworne, vnleſſe you call three fingers on the Ribbes bare. But ſirra, make haſte, *Percy* is already in the field.

Falſt. What, is the King encamp'd?

Weſtm. Hee is, Sir *Iohn*, I feare wee ſhall ſtay too long.

Falſt. Well, to the latter end of a Fray, and the beginning of a Feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene Gueſt.

Exeunt.

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Dowglas, and Vernon.

Hotſp. Wee'le fight with him to Night.

Worc. It may not be.

Dowg. You giue him then aduantage.

Vern. Not a whit.

Hotſp. Why ſay you ſo? lookes he not for ſupply?

Vern. So doe wee.

Hotſp. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Worc. Good Coſin be aduis'd, ſtirre not to night.

Vern. Doe not, my Lord.

Dowg. You doe not counſaile well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Vern. Doe me no ſlander, *Dowglas:* by my Life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my Life,
If well-reſpected Honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſaile with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues.
Let it be ſeene to morrow in the Battell,
Which of vs feares.

Dowg. Yea, or to night.

Vern. Content.

Hotſp. To night, ſay I.

Vern. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much, being mē of ſuch great leading as you are
That you fore-ſee not what impediments
Drag backe our expedition: certaine Horſe
Of my Coſin *Vernons* are not yet come vp,
Your Vncle *Worceſters* Horſe came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is aſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a Horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hotſp. So are the Horſes of the Enemie
In generall iourney bated, and brought low:
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Worc. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Couſin, ſtay till all come in.

The Trumpet ſounds a Parley. Enter Sir Walter Blunt.

Blunt. I come with gracious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.
Hotſp. Welcome Sir *Walter Blunt:*
And would to God you were of our determination.
Some of vs loue you well: and euen thoſe ſome
Enuie your great deſeruings, and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an Enemie.
Blunt. And Heauen defend, but ſtill I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of Limit, and true Rule,
You ſtand againſt anoynted Maieſtie.
But to my Charge.
The King hath ſent to know
The nature of your Griefes, and whereupon
You coniure from the Breſt of Ciuill Peace,
Such bold Hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious Land
Audacious Crueltie. If that the King
Haue any way your good Deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your Griefes, and with all ſpeed
You ſhall haue your deſires, with intereſt;
And Pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and thoſe,
Herein mis-led, by your ſuggeſtion.
Hotſp. The King is kinde:
And well wee know, the King
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay.
My Father, my Vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame Royaltie he weares:
And when he was not ſixe and twentie ſtrong,
Sicke in the Worlds regard, wretched, and low,
A poore vnminded Out-law, ſneaking home,
My Father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare, and vow to God,
He came but to be Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his Liuerie, and begge his Peace,
With teares of Innocencie, and tearmes of Zeale;
My Father, in kinde heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance, and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and Barons of the Realme
Perceiu'd *Northumberland* did leane to him.
The more and leſſe came in with Cap and Knee,
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on Bridges, ſtood in Lanes,
Layd Gifts before him, proffer'd him their Oathes,
Gaue him their Heires, as Pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes.
He preſently, as Greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his Vow
Made to my Father, while his blood was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh:
And now (forſooth) takes on him to reforme
Some certaine Edicts, and ſome ſtrait Decrees,
That lay too heauie on the Common-wealth;
Cryes out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Countries Wrongs: and by this Face,
This ſeeming Brow of Iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of all that hee did angle for.
Proceeded further, cut me off the Heads
Of all the Fauorites, that the abſent King
In deputation left behinde him heere,
When hee was perſonall in the Iriſh Warre.
Blunt. Tut, I came not to heare this.
Hotſp. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, hee depos'd the King.
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his Life:
And in the neck of that, task't the whole State.
To make that worſe, ſuffer'd his Kinſman *March*,
Who is, if euery Owner were plac'd,
Indeede his King, to be engag'd in Wales,
There, without Ranſome, to lye forfeited:
Diſgrac'd me in my happie Victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated my Vnckle from the Councell-Boord,
In rage diſmiſs'd my Father from the Court,
Broke Oath on Oath, committed Wrong on Wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This Head of ſafetie; and withall, to prie
Into his Title: the which wee finde
Too indirect, for long continuance.
Blunt. Shall I returne this anſwer to the King?
Hotſp. Not ſo, Sir *Walter.*
Wee'le with-draw a while:
Goe to the King, and let there be impawn'd
Some ſuretie for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the Morning early ſhall my Vncle
Bring him our purpoſe: and ſo farewell.
Blunt. I would you would accept of Grace and Loue.
Hotſp. And't may be, ſo wee ſhall.
Blunt. Pray Heauen you doe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter the Arch-Biſhop of Yorke and Sir Michell.

Arch. Hie, good Sir *Michell*, beare this ſealed Briefe
With winged haſte to the Lord Marſhall,
This to my Couſin *Scroope*, and all the reſt
To whom they are directed.
If you knew how much they doe import,
You would make haſte.
Sir Mich. My good Lord, I gueſſe their tenor.
Arch. Like enough you doe.
To morrow, good Sir *Michell*, is a day,
Wherein the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For Sir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truly giuen to vnderſtand,
The King, with mightie and quick-rayſed Power,
Meetes with Lord *Harry:* and I feare, Sir *Michell*,
What with the ſickneſſe of *Northumberland*,
Whoſe Power was in the firſt proportion;
And what with *Owen Glendowers* abſence thence,
Who with them was rated firmely too,
And comes not in, ouer-rul'd by Prophecies,
I feare the Power of *Percy* is too weake,
To wage an inſtant tryall with the King.
Sir Mich. Why, my good Lord, you need not feare,
There is *Dowglas*, and Lord *Mortimer.*
Arch. No, *Mortimer* is not there.
Sir Mic. But there is *Mordake*, *Vernon*, Lord *Harry Percy*,
And there is my Lord of Worceſter,
And a Head of gallant Warriors,
Noble Gentlemen.

Arch. And

Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the King hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of all the Land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
The Noble Weſtmerland, and warlike *Blunt*;
And many moe Corriualls, and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in Armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my Lord, he ſhall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leſſe? Yet needfull 'tis to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, Sir *Michell* ſpeed;
For if Lord *Percy* thriue not, ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs;
For he hath heard of our Confederacie,
And 'tis but Wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therefore make haſt, I muſt go write againe
To other Friends: and ſo farewell, Sir *Michell*. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt, and Falſtaffe.

King. How bloodily the Sunne begins to peere
Aboue yon busky hill: the day lookes pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prin. The Southerne winde
Doth play the Trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by his hollow whiſtling in the Leaues,
Fortels a Tempeſt, and a bluſt'ring day.
King. Then with the loſers let it ſympathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that win.
The Trumpet ſounds.
Enter Worceſter.

King. How now my Lord of Worſter? 'Tis not well
That you and I ſhould meet vpon ſuch tearmes,
As now we meet. You haue deceiu'd our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie Robes of Peace,
To cruſh our old limbes in vngentle Steele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? Will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all-abhorred Warre?
And moue in that obedient Orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhall'd Meteor,
A prodigie of Feare, and a Portent
Of broached Miſcheefe, to the vnborne Times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the Lagge-end of my life
With quiet houres: For I do proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin. Peace, Chewet, peace.
Wor. It pleas'd your Maieſty, to turne your lookes
Of Fauour, from my Selfe, and all our Houſe;
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord,
We were the firſt, and deareſt of your Friends:
For you, my ſtaffe of Office did I breake
In *Richards* time, and poaſted day and night
To meete you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate, as I;
It was my Selfe, my Brother, and his Sonne,
That brought you home, and boldly did out-dare
The danger of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that Oath at Doncaſter,
That you did nothing of purpoſe 'gainſt the State,
Nor claime no further, then your new-falne right,
The ſeate of *Gaunt*, Dukedome of Lancaſter,
To this, we ſware our aide: But in ſhort ſpace,
It rain'd downe Fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of Greatneſſe fell on you,
What with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
What with the iniuries of wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious Windes that held the King
So long in the vnlucky Iriſh Warres,
That all in England did repute him dead:
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly woo'd,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your Oath to vs at Doncaſter,
And being fed by vs, you vs'd vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes Bird,
Vſeth the Sparrow, did oppreſſe our Neſt,
Grew by our Feeding, to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our Loue durſt not come neere your ſight
For feare of ſwallowing: But with nimble wing
We were inforc'd for ſafety ſake, to flye
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent Head,
Whereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe, haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkinde vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in yonger enterprize.
Kin. Theſe things indeede you haue articulated,
Proclaim'd at Market Croſſes, read in Churches,
To face the Garment of Rebellion
With ſome fine colour, that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle Changelings, and poore Diſcontents,
Which gape, and rub the Elbow at the newes
Of hurly burly Innouation:
And neuer yet did Infurrection want
Such water-colours, to impaint his cauſe:
Nor moody Beggars, ſtaruing for a time
Of pell-mell hauocke, and confuſion.
Prin. In both our Armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall. Tell your Nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth ioyne with all the world
In praiſe of *Henry Percie:* By my Hopes,
This preſent enterprize ſet off his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, valiant, or more valiant yong,
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter Age with Noble deeds.
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a Truant beene to Chiualry,
And ſo I heare, he doth account me too:
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the oddes
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the blood on either ſide,
Try fortune with him, in a Single Fight.
King. And Prince of Wales, ſo dare we venter thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite

Do make againſt it: No good Worſter, no,
We loue our people well; euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your Couſins part:
And will they take the offer of our Grace:
Both he, and they, and you; yea, euery man
Shall be my Friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your Couſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction waite on vs,
And they ſhall do their Office. So bee gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
We offer faire, take it aduiſedly.

Exit Worceſter.

Prin. It will not be accepted, on my life,
The *Dowglas* and the *Hotſpurre* both together,
Are confident againſt the world in Armes.

King. Hence therefore, euery Leader to his charge.
For on their anſwer will we ſet on them;
And God befriend vs, as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt.*

Manet Prince and Falſtaffe.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell,
And beſtride me, ſo; 'tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can do thee that frendſhip
Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why, thou ow'ſt heauen a death.

Falſt. 'Tis not due yet: I would bee loath to pay him before his day. What neede I bee ſo forward with him, that call's not on me? Well, 'tis no matter, Honor prickes me on. But how if Honour pricke me off when I come on? How then? Can Honour ſet too a legge? No: or an arme? No: Or take away the greeſe of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in Surgerie, then? No. What is Honour? A word. What is that word Honour? Ayre: A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that dy'de a Wedneſday. Doth he feele it? No. Doth hee heare it? No. Is it inſenſible then? yea, to the dead. But wil it not liue with the liuing? No. Why? Detraction wil not ſuffer it, therfore Ile none of it. Honour is a meere Scutcheon, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Worceſter, and Sir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, Sir *Richard*,
The liberall kinde offer of the King.

Ver. 'Twere beſt he did.

Wor. Then we are all vndone.
It is not poſſible, it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and finde a time
To puniſh this offence in others faults:
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes;
For Treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
Who ne're ſo tame, ſo cheriſht, and lock'd vp,
Will haue a wilde tricke of his Anceſtors:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merrily,
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feede like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpaſſe may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heate of blood,
And an adopted name of Priuiledge.
A haire-brain'd *Hotſpurre*, gouern'd by a Spleene:
All his offences liue vpon my head,
And on his Fathers. We did traine him on,
And his corruption being tane from vs,
We as the Spring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good Couſin, let not *Harry* know
In any caſe, the offer of the King.

Ver. Deliuer what you will, Ile ſay 'tis ſo.
Heere comes your Coſin.

Enter Hotſpurre.

Hot. My Vnkle is return'd,
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Vnkle, what newe-?

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently.

Dow. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord *Dowglas*: Go you and tell him ſo.

Dow. Marry and ſhall, and verie willingly.

Exit Dowglas.

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you begge any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our greeuances,
Of his Oath-breaking: which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
He cals vs Rebels, Traitors, and will ſcourge
With haughty armes, this hatefull name in vs.

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Arme Gentlemen, to Armes, for I haue thrown
A braue defiance in King *Henries* teeth:
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chooſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of Wales ſtept forth before the king,
And Nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and *Harry Monmouth*. Tell me, tell mee,
How ſhew'd his Talking? Seem'd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my Soule: I neuer in my life
Did heare a Challenge vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a Brother ſhould a Brother dare
To gentle exerciſe, and proofe of Armes.
He gaue you all the Duties of a Man,
Trimm'd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongue,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Chronicle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtill diſpraiſing praiſe, valew'd with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeed,
He made a bluſhing citall of himſelfe,
And chid his Trewant youth with ſuch a Grace,
As if he maſtred there a double ſpirit
Of teaching, and of learning inſtantly:
There did he pauſe. But let me tell the World,
If he out-liue the enuie of this day,
England did neuer owe ſo ſweet a hope,
So much miſconſtrued in his Wantonneſſe.

Hot. Couſin, I thinke thou art enamored
On his Follies: neuer did I heare
Of any Prince ſo wilde at Liberty.
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a Souldiers arme,
That he ſhall ſhrinke vnder my curteſie.
Arme, arme with ſpeed. And Fellow's, Soldiers, Friends,
Better conſider what you haue to do,
That I that haue not well the gift of Tongue,

Can

Can liſt your blood vp with perſwaſion.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord, heere are Letters for you.

Hot. I cannot reade them now.
O Gentlemen, the time of life is ſhort;
To ſpend that ſhortneſſe baſely, were too long.
If life did ride vpon a Dials point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to treade on Kings:
If dye: braue death, when Princes dye with vs.
Now for our Conſciences, the Armes is faire,
When the intent for bearing them is iuſt.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace.

Hot. I thanke him, that he cuts me from my tale:
For I profeſſe not talking: Onely this,
Let each man do his beſt. And heere I draw a Sword,
Whoſe worthy temper I intend to ſtaine
With the beſt blood that I can meete withall,
In the aduenture of this perillous day.
Now Eſperance *Percy*, and ſet on:
Sound all the lofty Inſtruments of Warre,
And by that Muſicke, let vs all imbrace:
For heauen to earte, ſome of vs neuer ſhall,
A ſecond time do ſdch a curteſie.

They embrace, the Trumpets ſound, the King entereth with his power, alarum vnto the battell. Then enter Dowglas, and Sir Walter Blunt.

Blu. What is thy name, that in battel thus ỹ croſſeſt me?
What honor doſt thou ſeeke vpon my head?

Dow. Know then my name is *Dowglas*,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Becauſe ſome tell me, that thou art a King.

Blunt. They tell thee true.

Dow. The Lord of Stafford deere to day hath bought
Thy likeneſſe: for inſted of thee King *Harry*,
This Sword hath ended him, ſo ſhall it thee,
Vnleſſe thou yeeld thee as a Priſoner.

Blu. I was not borne to yeeld, thou haughty Scot,
And thou ſhalt finde a King that will reuenge
Lords Staffords death.

Fight, Blunt is ſlaine, then enters Hotſpur.

Hot. O *Dowglas*, hadſt thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumphed o're a Scot.

Dow. All's done, all's won, here breathles lies the king

Hot. Where?

Dow. Heere.

Hot. This *Dowglas?* No, I know this face full well:
A gallant Knight he was, his name was *Blunt*,
Semblably furniſh'd like the King himſelfe.

Dow. Ah ſoole: go with thy ſoule whether it goes,
A borrowed Title haſt thou bought too deere.
Why didſt thou tell me, that thou wer't a King?

Hot. The King hath many marching in his Coats.

Dow. Now by my Sword, I will kill all his Coates,
Ile murder all his Wardrobe peece by peece,
Vntill I meet the King.

Hot. Vp, and away,
Our Souldiers ſtand full fairely for the day. *Exeunt*

Alarum, and enter Falſtaffe ſolus.

Fal. Though I could ſcape ſhot-free at London, I fear the ſhot heere: here's no ſcoring, but vpon the pate. Soft who are you? Sir *Walter Blunt*, there's Honour for you: here's no vanity, I am as hot as molten Lead, and as heauy too: heauen keepe Lead out of mee, I neede no more weight then mine owne Bowelles. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are pepper'd: there's not three of my 150. left aliue, and they for the Townes end, to beg during life. But who comes heere?

Enter the Prince.

Pri. What, ſtand'ſt thou idle here? Lend me thy ſword,
Many a Nobleman likes ſtarke and ſtiffe
Vnder the hooues of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are vnreueng'd. Prethy lend me thy ſword

Fal. O *Hal*, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while:
Turke *Gregory* neuer did ſuch deeds in Armes, as I haue done this day. I haue paid *Percy*, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee:
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Falſt. Nay *Hal*, if *Percy* bee aliue, thou getſt not my Sword; but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me: What, is it in the Caſe?

Fal. I *Hal*, 'tis hot: There's that will Sacke a City.

The Prince drawes out a Bottle of Sacke.

Prin. What, is it a time to ieſt and dally now. *Exit.*

Throwes it at him.

Fal. If *Percy* be aliue, Ile pierce him: if he do come in my way, ſo: if he do not, if I come in his (willingly) let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honour as Sir *Walter* hath: Giue mee life, which if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlook'd for, and ther's an end. *Exit*

Scena Tertia.

Alarum, excurſions, enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee *Harry* withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much: Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter*, go you with him.

P. Iob. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp,
Leaſt you retirement do amaze your friends.

King. I will do ſo:
My Lord of Weſtmerland leade him to his Tent.

Weſt. Come my Lord, Ile leade you to your Tent.

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe;
And heauen forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue
The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtain'd Nobility lyes troden on,
And Rebels Armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iob. We breath too long: Come coſin Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, for heauens ſake come.

Prin. By heauen thou haſt deceiu'd me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit:
Before, I lou'd thee as a Brother, *Iohn*;
But now, I do reſpect thee as my Soule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord *Percy* at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne Warriour.

Prin. O this Boy, lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Enter Dowglas.

Dow. Another King? They grow like Hydra's head:
I am the *Dowglas*, fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. What art thou
That counterfeit'ſt the perſon of a King?

King. The King himſelfe: who *Dowglas* grieues at hart

So

So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very King. I haue two Boyes
Seeke *Percy* and thy ſelfe about the Field:
But ſeeing thou fall'ſt on me ſo luckily,
I will aſſay thee: ſo defend thy ſelfe.
Dow. I feare thou art another counterfeit:
And yet infaith thou bear'ſt thee like a King:
But mine I am ſure thou art, whoere thou be,
And thus I win thee. *They fight, the K. being in danger,*
Enter Prince.
Prin. Hold vp they head vile Scot, or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe: the Spirits
Of valiant *Sherly, Stafford, Blunt*, are in my Armes;
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.
They Fight, Dowglas flyeth.
Cheerely My Lord: how fare's your Grace?
Sir *Nicholas Gawſey* hath for ſuccour ſent,
And ſo hath *Clifton:* Ile to *Clifton* ſtraight.
King. Stay, and breath awhile.
Thou haſt redeem'd thy loſt opinion,
And ſhew'd thou mak'ſt ſome tender of my life
In this faire reſcue thou haſt brought to mee.
Prin. O heauen, they did me too mucb iniury,
That euer ſaid I hearkned to your death.
If it were ſo, I might haue let alone
The inſulting hand of *Dowglas* ouer you,
Which would haue bene as ſpeedy in your end,
As all the poyſonous Potions in the world,
And ſau'd the Treacherous labour of your Sonne.
K. Make vp to *Clifton*, Ile to Sir *Nicholas Gauſey. Exit.*
Enter Hotſpur.
Hot. If I miſtake not, thou art *Harry Monmouth.*
Prin. Thou ſpeak'ſt as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is *Harrie Percie.*
Prin. Why then I ſee a very valiant rebel of that name.
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not *Percy*,
To ſhare with me in glory any more:
Two Starres keepe not their motion in one Sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double reigne,
Of *Harry Percy*, and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Nor ſhall it *Harry*, for the houre is come
To end the one of vs; and would to heauen,
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater ere I part from thee,
And all the budding Honors on thy Creſt,
Ile crop, to make a Garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy Vanities. *Fight.*
Enter Falſtaffe.
Fal. Well ſaid *Hal*, to it *Hal.* Nay you ſhall finde no
Boyes play heere, I can tell you.
Enter Dowglas, he fights with Falſtaffe, who fals down as if he were dead. The Prince killeth Percie.
Hot. Oh *Harry*, thou haſt rob'd me of my youth:
I better brooke the loſſe of brittle life,
Then thoſe proud Titles thou haſt wonne of me,
They wound my thoghts worſe, then the ſword my fleſh:
But thougbt's the ſlaue of Life, and Life, Times foole;
And Time, that takes ſuruey of all the world,
Muſt haue a ſtop. O, I could Propheſie,
But that the Earth, and the cold hand of death,
Lyes on my Tongue: No *Percy*, thou art duſt
And food for——
Prin. For Wormes, braue *Percy.* Farewell great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.
Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.
What? Old Acquaintance? Could not all this fleſh
Keepe in a little life? Poore Iacke, farewell:
I could haue better ſpar'd a better man.
O, I ſhould haue a heauy miſſe of thee,
If I were much in loue with Vanity.
Death hath not ſtrucke ſo fat a Deere to day,
Though many dearer in this bloody Fray:
Imbowell'd will I ſee thee by and by,
Till then, in blood, by Noble *Percie* lye. *Exit.*
Falſtaffe riſeth vp.
Falſt. Imbowell'd? If thou imbowell mee to day, Ile
giue you leaue to powder me, and eat me too to morrow.
'Twas time to counterfet, or that hotte Termagant Scot,
had paid me ſcot and lot too. Counterfeit? I am no counterfeit; to dye, is to be a counterfeit, for hee is but the
counterfeit of a man, who hath not the life of a man: But
to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liueth, is to be
no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeede. The better part of Valour, is Diſcretion; in the
which better part, I haue ſaued my life. I am affraide of
this Gun-powder *Percy* though he be dead. How if hee
ſhould counterfeit too, and riſe? I am afraid hee would
proue the better counterfeit: therefore Ile make him ſure:
yea, and Ile ſweare I kill'd him. Why may not hee riſe as
well as I: Nothing confutes me but eyes, and no-bodie
ſees me. Therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh
come you along me. *Takes Hotſpurre on his backe.*
Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.
Prin. Come Brother *Iohn*, full brauely haſt thou fleſht
thy Maiden ſword.
Iohn. But ſoft, who haue we heere?
Did you not tell me this Fat man was dead?
Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathleſſe, and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
Without our eares. Thou art not what thou ſeem'ſt.
Fal. No, that's certaine: I am not a double man: but if I be not *Iacke Falſtaffe*, then am I a Iacke: There is *Percy*, if your Father will do me any Honor, ſo: if not, let him
kill the next *Percie* himſelfe. I looke to be either Earle or
Duke, I can aſſure you.
Prin. Why, *Percy* I kill'd my ſelfe, and ſaw thee dead.
Fal. Did'ſt thou? Lord, Lord, how the world is giuen
to Lying? I graunt you I was downe, and out of Breath,
and ſo was he, but we roſe both at an inſtant, and fought
a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke. If I may bee beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward Valour, beare
the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take't on my death
I gaue him this wound in the Thigh: if the man were aliue, and would deny it, I would make him eate a peece
of my ſword.
Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt Tale that e're I heard.
Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt Fellow, Brother *Iohn.*

Come

Come bring your luggage Nobly on your backe:
For my part, if a lye may do thee grace,
Ile gil'd it with the happieſt tearmes I haue.
A Retreat is ſounded.
The Trumpets ſound Retreat, the day is ours:
Come Brother, let's to the higheſt of the field,
To ſee what Friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt*
Fal. Ile follow as they ſay, for Reward. Hee that rewards me, heauen reward him. If I do grow great again, Ile grow leſſe? For Ile purge, and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a Nobleman ſhould do. *Exit*

Scæna Quarta.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter & Vernon Priſoners.

King. Thus euer did Rebellion finde Rebuke.
Ill-ſpirited Worceſter, did we not ſend Grace,
Pardon, and tearmes of Loue to all of you?
And would'ſt thou turne our offers contrary?
Miſuſe the tenor of thy Kinſmans truſt?
Three Knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A Noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou had'ſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies, true Intelligence.
Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrg'd me to,
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on mee.
King. Beare Worceſter to death, and *Vernon* too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon.
Exit Worceſter and Vernon.
How goes the Field?
Prin. The Noble Scot Lord *Dowglas*, when hee ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turn'd from him,
The Noble *Percy* ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt;
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruiz'd
That the purſuers tooke him. At my Tent
The *Dowglas* is, and I beſeech your Grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.
King. With all my heart.
Prin. Then Brother *Iohn* of Lancaſter,
To you this honourable bounty ſhall belong:
Go to the *Dowglas*, and deliuer him
Vp to his pleaſure, ranſomleſſe and free:
His Valour ſhewne vpon our Creſts to day,
Hath taught vs how to cheriſh ſuch high deeds,
Euen in the boſome of our Aduerſaries.
King. Then this remaines: that we diuide our Power.
You Sonne *Iohn*, and my Couſin Weſtmerland
Towards Yorke ſhall bend you, with your deereſt ſpeed
To meet Northumberland, and the Prelate *Scroope*,
Who (as we heare) are buſily in Armes.
My Selfe, and you Sonne *Harry* will towards Wales,
To fight with *Glendower*, and the Earle of March.
Rebellion in this Land ſhall loſe his way,
Meeting the Checke of ſuch another day:
And ſince this Buſineſſe ſo faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our owne be wonne. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth Containing his Death: and the *Coronation of King Henry the Fift.*

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Indvction.

Enter Rumour.

Open your Eares: For which of you will ſtop
The vent of Hearing, when loud *Rumor* ſpeakes?
I, from the Orient, to the drooping Weſt
(Making the winde my Poſt-horſe) ſtill vnfold
The Acts commenced on this Ball of Earth.
Vpon my Tongue, continuall Slanders ride,
The which, in euery Language, I pronounce,
Stuffing the Eares of them with falſe Reports;
I ſpeake of Peace, while couert Enmitie
(Vnder the ſmile of Safety) wounds the World:
And who but *Rumour*, who but onely I
Make fearfull Muſters, and prepar'd Defence,
Whil'ſt the bigge yeare, ſwolne with ſome other griefes,
Is thought with childe, by the ſterne Tyrant, Warre,
And no ſuch matter? *Rumour*, is a Pipe
Blowne by Surmiſes, Ieloufies, Coniectures;
And of ſo eaſie, and ſo plaine a ſtop,
That the blunt Monſter, with vncounted heads,
The ſtill diſcordant, wauering Multitude,
Can play vpon it. But what neede I thus
My well-knowne Body to Anathomize
Among my houſhold? Why is *Rumour* heere?
I run before King *Harries* victory,
Who in a bloodie field by Shrewsburie
Hath beaten downe yong *Hotſpurre*, and his Troopes,
Quenching the flame of bold Rebellion,
Euen with the Rebels blood. But what meane I
To ſpeake ſo true at firſt? My Office is
To noyſe abroad, that *Harry Monmouth* fell
Vnder the Wrath of Noble *Hotſpurres* Sword:
And that the King, before the *Dowglas* Rage
Stoop'd his Annointed head, as low as death.
Thus haue I rumour'd through the peaſant-Townes,
Betweene the Royall Field of Shrewsburie,
And this Worme-eaten-Hole of ragged Stone,
Where *Hotſpurres* Father, old Northumberland,
Lyes craſty ſicke. The Poſtes come tyring on,
And not a man of them brings other newes
Then they haue learn'd of Me. From *Rumours* Tongues,
They bring ſmooth-Comforts-falſe, worſe then True-wrongs. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Bardolfe, and the Porter.

L.Bar. Who keepes the Gate heere hoa?
Where is the Earle?
Por. What ſhall I ſay you are?
Bar. Tell thou the Earle
That the Lord *Bardolfe* doth attend him heere.
Por. His Lordſhip is walk'd forth into the Orchard,
Pleaſe it your Honor, knocke but at the Gate,
And he himſelfe will anſwer.
Enter Northumberland.
L.Bar. Heere comes the Earle.
Nor. What newes Lord *Bardolfe?* Eu'ry minute now
Should be the Father of ſome Stratagem;
The Times are wilde: Contention (like a Horſe
Full of high Feeding) madly hath broke looſe,
And beares downe all before him.
L.Bar. Noble Earle,
I bring you certaine newes from Shrewsbury.
Nor. Good, and heauen will.
L.Bar. As good as heart can wiſh:
The King is almoſt wounded to the death:
And in the Fortune of my Lord your Sonne,
Prince *Harrie* ſlaine out-right: and both the *Blunts*
Kill'd by the hand of *Dowglas*. Yong Prince *Iohn*,
And Weſtmerland, and Stafford, fled the Field,
And *Harrie Monmouth's* Brawne (the Hulke Sir *Iohn.*)
Is priſoner to your Sonne. O, ſuch a Day,
(So fought, ſo follow'd, and ſo fairely wonne)
Came not, till now, to dignifie the Times
Since *Cæſars* Fortunes.
Nor. How is this deriu'd?
Saw you the Field? Came you from Shrewsbury?
L.Bar. I ſpake with one (my L.) that came frō thence,
A Gentleman well bred, and of good name,
That freely render'd me theſe newes for true.
Nor. Heere comes my Seruant *Trauers*, whom I ſent
On Tueſday laſt, to liſten after Newes.
Enter Trauers.
L.Bar. My Lord, I ouer-rod him on the way,
And he is furniſh'd with no certainties,
More then he (haply) may retaile from me.
Nor. Now *Trauers*, what good tidings comes frō you?

Tra

Tra. My Lord, Sir *Iohn Vmfreuill* turn'd me backe
With ioyfull tydings; and (being better hors'd)
Out-rod me. After him, came ſpurring head
A Gentleman (almoſt fore-ſpent with ſpeed)
That ſtopp'd by me, to breath his bloodied horſe.
He ask'd the way to Cheſter: And of him
I did demand what Newes from Shrewsbury:
He told me, that Rebellion had ill lucke,
And that yong *Harry Percies* Spurre was cold.
With that he gaue his able Horſe the head,
And bending forwards ſtrooke his able heeles
Againſt the panting ſides of his poore Iade
Vp to the Rowell head, and ſtarting ſo,
He ſeem'd in running, to deuoure the way,
Staying no longer queſtion.
North. Ha? Againe:
Said he yong *Harrie Percyes* Spurre was cold?
(Of *Hot-Spurre*, cold-Spurre?) that Rebellion,
Had met ill lucke?
L.Bar. My Lord: Ile tell you what,
If my yong Lord your Sonne, haue not the day,
Vpon mine Honor, for a ſilken point
Ile giue my Barony. Neuer talke of it.
Nor. Why ſhould the Gentleman that rode by *Trauers*
Giue then ſuch inſtances of Loſſe?
L.Bar. Who, he?
He was ſome hielding Fellow, that had ſtolne
The Horſe he rode-on: and vpon my life
Speake at aduenture. Looke, here comes more Newes.

Enter Morton.

Nor. Yea, this mans brow, like to a Title-leaſe,
Fore-tels the Nature of a Tragicke Volume:
So lookes the Strond, when the Imperious Flood
Hath left a witneſt Vſurpation.
Say *Morton*, did'ſt thou come from Shrewsbury?
Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury (my Noble Lord)
Where hatefull death put on his vglieſt Maske
To fright our party.
North. How doth my Sonne, and Brother?
Thou trembl'ſt; and the whiteneſſe in thy Cheeke
Is apter then thy Tongue, to tell thy Errand.
Euen ſuch a man, ſo faint, ſo ſpiritleſſe,
So dull, ſo dead in looke, ſo woe-be-gone,
Drew *Priams* Curtaine, in the dead of night,
And would haue told him, Halfe his Troy was burn'd.
But *Priam* found the Fire, ere he his Tongue:
And I, my *Percies* death, ere thou report'ſt it.
This, thou would'ſt ſay: Your Sonne did thus, and thus:
Your Brother, thus. So fought the Noble *Dowglas*,
Stopping my greedy eare, with their bold deeds.
But in the end (to ſtop mine Eare indeed)
Thou haſt a Sigh, to blow away this Praiſe,
Ending with Brother, Sonne, and all are dead.
Mor. Dowglas is liuing, and your Brother, yet:
But for my Lord, your Sonne.
North. Why, he is dead.
See what a ready tongue Suſpition hath:
He that but feares the thing, he would not know,
Hath by Inſtinct, knowledge from others Eyes,
That what he feard, is chanc'd. Yet ſpeake (*Morton*)
Tell thou thy Earle, his Diuination Lies,
And I will take it, as a ſweet Diſgrace,
And make thee rich, for doing me ſuch wrong.
Mor. You are too great, to be (by me) gainſaid:
Your Spirit is too true, your Feares too certaine.
North. Yet for all this, ſay not that *Percies* dead.
I ſee a ſtrange Confeſſion in thine Eye:
Thou ſhak'ſt thy head, and hold'ſt it Feare, or Sinne,
To ſpeake a truth. If he be ſlaine, ſay ſo:
The Tongue offends not, that reports his death:
And he doth ſinne that doth belye the dead:
Not he, which ſayes the dead is not aliue:
Yet the firſt bringer of vnwelcome Newes
Hath but a looſing Office: and his Tongue,
Sounds euer after as a ſullen Bell
Remembred, knolling a departing Friend.
L.Bar. I cannot thinke (my Lord) your ſon is dead.
Mor. I am ſorry, I ſhould force you to beleeue
That, which I would to heauen, I had not ſeene.
But theſe mine eyes, ſaw him in bloody ſtate,
Rend'ring faint quittance (wearied, and out-breath'd)
To *Henrie Monmouth*, whoſe ſwift wrath beate downe
The neuer-daunted *Percie* to the earth,
From whence (with life) he neuer more ſprung vp.
In few; his death (whoſe ſpirit lent a fire,
Euen to the dulleſt Peazant in his Campe)
Being bruited once, tooke fire and heate away
From the beſt temper'd Courage in his Troopes.
For from his Mettle, was his Party ſteel'd;
Which once, in him abated, all the reſt
Turn'd on themſelues, like dull and heauy Lead:
And as the Thing, that's heauy in it ſelfe,
Vpon enforcement, flyes with greateſt ſpeede,
So did our Men, heauy in *Hotſpurres* loſſe,
Lend to this weight, ſuch lightneſſe with their Feare,
That Arrowes fled not ſwifter toward their ayme,
Then did our Soldiers (ayming at their ſafety)
Fly from the field. Then was that Noble Worceſter
Too ſoone ta'ne priſoner: and that furious Scot,
(The bloody *Dowglas*) whoſe well-labouring ſword
Had three times ſlaine th'appearance of the King,
Gan vaile his ſtomacke, and did grace the ſhame
Of thoſe that turn'd their backes: and in his flight,
Stumbling in Feare, was tooke. The ſumme of all,
Is, that the King hath wonne: and hath ſent out
A ſpeedy power, to encounter you my Lord,
Vnder the Conduct of yong Lancaſter
And Weſtmerland. This is the Newes at full.
North. For this, I ſhall haue time enough to mourne.
In Poyſon, there is Phyſicke: and this newes
(Hauing beene well) that would haue made me ſicke,
Being ſicke, haue in ſome meaſure, made me well.
And as the Wretch, whoſe Feauer-weakned ioynts,
Like ſtrengthleſſe Hindges, buckle vnder life,
Impatient of his Fit, breakes like a fire
Out of his keepers armes: Euen ſo, my Limbes
(Weak'ned with greeſe) being now inrag'd with greeſe,
Are thrice themſelues. Hence therefore thou nice crutch,
A ſcalie Gauntlet now, with ioynts of Steele
Muſt gloue this hand. And hence thou ſickly Quoiſe,
Thou art a guard too wanton for the head,
Which Princes, fleſh'd with Conqueſt, ayme to hit.
Now binde my Browes with Iron, and approach
The ragged'ſt houre, that Time and Spight dare bring
To frowne vpon th'enrag'd Northumberland.
Let Heauen kiſſe Earth: now let not Natures hand
Keepe the wilde Flood confin'd: Let Order dye,
And let the world no longer be a ſtage
To feede Contention in a ling'ring Act:
But let one ſpirit of the Firſt-borne *Caine*

Reigne in all boſomes, that each heart being ſet
On bloody Courſes, the rude Scene may end,
And darkneſſe be the burier of the dead. (Honor.

L.Bar. Sweet Earle, diuorce not wiſedom from your
Mor. The liues of all your louing Complices
Leane-on your health, the which if you giue-o're
To ſtormy Paſſion, muſt perforce decay.
You caſt th'euent of Warre (my Noble Lord)
And ſumm'd the accompt of Chance, before you ſaid
Let vs make head: It was your preſurmize,
That in the dole of blowes, your Son might drop.
You knew he walk'd o're perils, on an edge
More likely to fall in, then to get o're:
You were aduis'd his fleſh was capeable
Of Wounds, and Scarres; and that his forward Spirit
Would lift him, where moſt trade of danger rang'd,
Yet did you ſay go forth: and none of this
(Though ſtrongly apprehended) could reſtraine
The ſtiffe-borne Action: What hath then befalne?
Or what hath this bold enterprize bring forth,
More then that Being, which was like to be?

L.Bar. We all that are engaged to this loſſe,
Knew that we ventur'd on ſuch dangerous Seas,
That if we wrought out life, was ten to one:
And yet we ventur'd for the gaine propos'd,
Choak'd the reſpect of likely perill fear'd,
And ſince we are o're-ſet, venture againe.
Come, we will all put forth; Body, and Goods.

Mor. 'Tis more then time: And (my moſt Noble Lord)
I heare for certaine, and do ſpeake the truth:
The gentle Arch-biſhop of Yorke is vp
With well appointed Powres: he is a man
Who with a double Surety bindes his Followers.
My Lord (your Sonne) had onely but the Corpes,
But ſhadowes, and the ſhewes of men to fight.
For that ſame word (Rebellion) did diuide
The action of their bodies, from their ſoules,
And they did fight with queaſineſſe, conſtrain'd
As men drinke Potions; that their Weapons only
Seem'd on our ſide: but for their Spirits and Soules,
This word (Rebellion) it had froze them vp,
As Fiſh are in a Pond. But now the Biſhop
Turnes Inſurrection to Religion,
Suppos'd ſincere, and holy in his Thoughts:
He's follow'd both with Body, and with Minde:
And doth enlarge his Riſing, with the blood
Of faire King *Richard*, ſcrap'd from Pomfret ſtones,
Deriues from heauen, his Quarrell, and his Cauſe:
Tels them, he doth beſtride a bleeding Land,
Gaſping for life, vnder great *Bullingbrooke*,
And more, and leſſe, do flocke to follow him.

North. I knew of this before. But to ſpeake truth,
This preſent greefe had wip'd it from my minde.
Go in with me, and councell euery man
The apteſt way for ſafety, and reuenge:
Get Poſts, and Letters, and make Friends with ſpeed,
Neuer ſo few, nor neuer yet more need. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe and Page.

Fal. Sirra, you giant, what ſaies the Doct. to my water?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, the water it ſelfe was a good healthy water: but for the party that ow'd it, he might haue more diſeaſes then he knew for.

Fal. Men of all ſorts take a pride to gird at mee: the braine of this fooliſh compounded Clay-man, is not able to inuent any thing that tends to laughter, more then I inuent, or is inuented on me. I am not onely witty in my ſelfe, but the cauſe that wit is in other men. I doe heere walke before thee, like a Sow, that hath o'rewhelm'd all her Litter, but one. If the Prince put thee into my Seruice for any other reaſon, then to ſet mee off, why then I haue no iudgement. Thou horſon Mandrake, thou art fitter to be worne in my cap, then to wait at my heeles. I was neuer mann'd with an Agot till now: but I will ſette you neyther in Gold, nor Siluer, but in vilde apparell, and ſend you backe againe to your Maſter, for a Iewell. The *Iuuenall* (the Prince your Maſter) whoſe Chin is not yet fledg'd, I will ſooner haue a beard grow in the Palme of my hand, then he ſhall get one on his cheeke: yet he will not ſticke to ſay, his Face is a Face-Royall. Heauen may finiſh it when he will, it is not a haire amiſſe yet: he may keepe it ſtill at a Face-Royall, for a Barber ſhall neuer earne ſix pence out of it; and yet he will be crowing, as if he had writ man euer ſince his Father was a Batchellour. He may keepe his owne Grace, but he is almoſt out of mine, I can aſſure him. What ſaid M.*Dombledon*, about the Satten for my ſhort Cloake, and Slops?

Pag. He ſaid ſir, you ſhould procure him better Aſſurance, then *Bardolfe:* he wold not take his Bond & yours, he lik'd not the Security.

Fal. Let him bee damn'd like the Glutton, may his Tongue be hotter, a horſon *Achitophel*; a Raſcally-yea-forſooth-knaue, to beare a Gentleman in hand, and then ſtand vpon Security? The horſon ſmooth-pates doe now weare nothing but high ſhoes, and bunches of Keyes at their girdles: and if a man is through with them in honeſt Taking-vp, then they muſt ſtand vpon Securitie; I had as lieſe they would put Rats-bane in my mouth, as offer to ſtoppe it with Security. I look'd hee ſhould haue ſent me two and twenty yards of Satten (as I am true Knight) and he ſends me Security. Well, he may ſleep in Security, for he hath the horne of Abundance: and the lightneſſe of his Wife ſhines through it, and yet cannot he ſee, though he haue his owne Lanthorne to light him. Where's *Bardolfe?*

Pag. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your worſhip a horſe.

Fal. I bought him in Paules, and hee'l buy mee a horſe in Smithfield. If I could get mee a wife in the Stewes, I were Mann'd, Hors'd, and Wiu'd.

Enter Chiefe Iuſtice, and Seruant.

Pag. Sir, heere comes the Nobleman that committed the Prince for ſtriking him, about *Bardolfe.*

Fal. Wait cloſe, I will not ſee him.

Ch.Iuſt. What's he that goes there?

Ser. Falſtaffe, and't pleaſe your Lordſhip.

Iuſt. He that was in queſtion for the Robbery?

Ser. He my Lord, but he hath ſince done good ſeruice at Shrewsbury: and (as I heare) is now going with ſome Charge, to the Lord *Iohn of Lancaſter.*

Iuſt. What to Yorke? Call him backe againe.

Ser. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*

Fal. Boy, tell him, I am deafe.

Pag. You muſt ſpeake lowder, my Maſter is deafe.

Iuſt. I am ſure he is, to the hearing of any thing good. Go plucke him by the Elbow, I muſt ſpeake with him.

Ser. Sir *Iohn.*

Fal. What? a yong knaue and beg? Is there not wars? Is there not imployment? Doth not the K.lack ſubiects? Do not the Rebels want Soldiers? Though it be a ſhame to be on

on any ſide but one, it is worſe ſhame to begge, then to be on the worſt ſide, were it worſe then the name of Rebellion can tell how to make it.

Ser. You miſtake me Sir.

Fal. Why ſir? Did I ſay you were an honeſt man? Setting my Knight-hood, and my Souldierſhip aſide, I had lyed in my throat, if I had ſaid ſo.

Ser. I pray you (Sir) then ſet your Knighthood and your Souldier-ſhip aſide, and giue mee leaue to tell you, you lye in your throat, if you ſay I am any other then an honeſt man.

Fal. I giue thee leaue to tell me ſo? I lay a-ſide that which growes to me? If thou get'ſt any leaue of me, hang me: if thou tak'ſt leaue, thou wer't better be hang'd: you Hunt-counter, hence: Auant.

Ser. Sir, my Lord would ſpeake with you.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, a word with you.

Fal. My good Lord: giue your Lordſhip good time of the day. I am glad to ſee your Lordſhip abroad: I heard ſay your Lordſhip was ſicke. I hope your Lordſhip goes abroad by aduiſe. Your Lordſhip (though not clean paſt your youth) hath yet ſome ſmack of age in you: ſome reliſh of the ſaltneſſe of Time, and I moſt humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to haue a reuerend care of your health.

Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, I ſent you before your Expedition, to Shrewsburie.

Fal. If it pleaſe your Lordſhip, I heare his Maieſtie is return'd with ſome diſcomfort from Wales.

Iuſt. I talke not of his Maieſty: you would not come when I ſent for you?

Fal. And I heare moreouer, his Highneſſe is falne into this fame whorſon Apoplexie. (you.

Iuſt. Well, heauen mend him. I pray let me ſpeak with

Fal. This Apoplexie is (as I take it) a kind of Lethargie, a ſleeping of the blood, a horſon Tingling.

Iuſt. What tell you me of it? be it as it is.

Fal. It hath it originall from much greeſe; from ſtudy and perturbation of the braine. I haue read the cauſe of his effects in *Galen*. It is a kinde of deafeneſſe.

Iuſt. I thinke you are falne into the diſeaſe: For you heare not what I ſay to you.

Fal. Very well (my Lord) very well: rather an't pleaſe you) it is the diſeaſe of not Liſtning, the malady of not Marking, that I am troubled withall.

Iuſt. To puniſh you by the heeles, would amend the attention of your eares, & I care not if I be your Phyſitian

Fal. I am as poore as *Iob*, my Lord; but not ſo Patient: your Lordſhip may miniſter the Potion of impriſonment to me, in reſpect of Pouertie: but how I ſhould bee your Patient, to follow your preſcriptions, the wiſe may make ſome dram of a ſcruple, or indeede, a ſcruple it ſelfe.

Iuſt. I ſent for you (when there were matters againſt you for your life) to come ſpeake with me.

Fal. As I was then aduiſed by my learned Councel, in the lawes of this Land-ſeruice, I did not come.

Iuſt. Wel, the truth is (ſir *Iohn*) you liue in great infamy

Fal. He that buckles him in my belt, cānot liue in leſſe.

Iuſt. Your Meanes is very ſlender, and your waſt great.

Fal. I would it were otherwiſe: I would my Meanes were greater, and my waſte ſlenderer.

Iuſt. You haue miſled the youthfull Prince.

Fal. The yong Prince hath miſled mee. I am the Fellow with the great belly, and he my Dogge.

Iuſt. Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound: your daies ſeruice at Shrewsbury, hath a little gilded ouer your Nights exploit on Gads-hill. You may thanke the vnquiet time, for your quiet o're-poſting that Action.

Fal. My Lord? (Wolfe.

Iuſt. But ſince all is wel, keep it ſo: wake not a ſleeping

Fal. To wake a Wolfe, is as bad as to ſmell a Fox.

Iu. What? you are as a candle, the better part burnt out

Fal. A Waſſell-Candle, my Lord; all Tallow: if I did ſay of wax, my growth would approue the truth.

Iuſt. There is not a white haire on your face, but ſhold haue his effect of grauity.

Fal. His effect of grauy, grauy, grauy.

Iuſt. You follow the yong Prince vp and downe, like his euill Angell.

Fal. Not ſo (my Lord) your ill Angell is light: but I hope, he that lookes vpon mee, will take mee without, weighing: and yet, in ſome reſpects I grant, I cannot go: I cannot tell. Vertue is of ſo little regard in theſe Coſtormongers, that true valor is turn'd Beare-heard. Pregnancie is made a Tapſter, and hath his quicke wit waſted in giuing Recknings: all the other gifts appertinent to man (as the malice of this Age ſhapes them) are not woorth a Gooſeberry. You that are old, conſider not the capacities of vs that are yong: you meaſure the heat of our Liuers, with the bitternes of your gals: & we that are in the vaward of our youth, I muſt confeſſe, are wagges too.

Iuſt. Do you ſet downe your name in the ſcrowle of youth, that are written downe old, with all the Charracters of age? Haue you not a moiſt eye? a dry hand? a yellow cheeke? a white beard? a decreaſing leg? an increſing belly? Is not your voice broken? your winde ſhort? your wit ſingle? and euery part about you blaſted with Antiquity? and wil you cal your ſelfe yong? Fy, ſy, fy, ſir *Iohn*.

Fal. My Lord, I was borne with a white head, & ſomthing a round belly. For my voice, I haue loſt it with hallowing and ſinging of Anthemes. To approue my youth farther, I will not: the truth is, I am onely olde in iudgement and vnderſtanding: and he that will caper with mee for a thouſand Markes, let him lend me the mony, & haue at him. For the boxe of th'eare that the Prince gaue you, he gaue it like a rude Prince, and you tooke it like a ſenſible Lord. I haue checkt him for it, and the yong Lion repents: Marry not in aſhes and ſacke-cloath, but in new Silke, and old Sacke.

Iuſt. Wel, heauen ſend the Prince a better companion.

Fal. Heauen ſend the Companion a better Prince: I cannot rid my hands of him.

Iuſt. Well, the King hath ſeuer'd you and Prince *Harry*, I heare you are going with Lord *Iohn* of Lancaſter, againſt the Archbiſhop, and the Earle of Northumberland

Fal. Yes, I thanke your pretty ſweet wit for it: but looke you pray, (all you that kiſſe my Ladie Peace, at home) that our Armies ioyn not in a hot day: for if I take but two ſhirts out with me, and I meane not to ſweat extraordinarily: if it bee a hot day, if I brandiſh any thing but my Bottle, would I might neuer ſpit white againe: There is not a daungerous Action can peepe out his head, but I am thruſt vpon it. Well, I cannot laſt euer.

Iuſt. Well, be honeſt, be honeſt, and heauen bleſſe your Expedition.

Fal. Will your Lordſhip lend mee a thouſand pound, to furniſh me forth?

Iuſt. Not a peny, not a peny: you are too impatient to beare croſſes. Fare you well. Commend mee to my Coſin Weſtmerland.

Fal. If I do, fillop me with a three-man-Beetle. A man can no more ſeparate Age and Couetouſneſſe, then he can part yong limbes and letchery: but the Gowt galles the one,

one, and the pox pinches the other; and ſo both the Degrees preuent my curſes. Boy?

Page. Sir.

Fal. What money is in my purſe?

Page. Seuen groats, and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy againſt this Conſumption of the purſe. Borrowing onely lingers, and lingers it out, but the diſeaſe is incureable. Go beare this letter to my Lord of Lancaſter, this to the Prince, this to the Earle of Weſtmerland, and this to old Miſtris *Vrſula*, whome I haue weekly ſworne to marry, ſince I perceiu'd the firſt white haire on my chin. About it: you know where to finde me. A pox of this Gowt, or a Gowt of this Poxe: for the one or th'other playes the rogue with my great toe: It is no matter, if I do halt, I haue the warres for my colour, and my Penſion ſhall ſeeme the more reaſonable. A good wit will make vſe of any thing: I will turne diſeaſes to commodity. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Archbiſhop, Haſtings, Mowbray, and Lord Bardolfe.

Ar. Thus haue you heard our cauſes, & kno our Means:
And my moſt noble Friends, I pray you all
Speake plainly your opinions of our hopes,
And firſt (Lord Marſhall) what ſay you to it?

Mow. I well allow the occaſion of our Armes,
But gladly would be better ſatisfied,
How (in our Meanes) we ſhould aduance our ſelues
To looke with forhead bold and big enough
Vpon the Power and puiſance of the King.

Haſt. Our preſent Muſters grow vpon the File
To fiue and twenty thouſand men of choice:
And our Supplies, liue largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whoſe boſome burnes
With an incenſed Fire of Iniuries.

L.Bar. The queſtion then (Lord *Hastings*) ſtandeth thus
Whether our preſent fiue and twenty thouſand
May hold-vp-head, without Northumberland:

Haſt. With him, we may.

L.Bar. I marry, there's the point:
But if without him we be thought to feeble,
My iudgement is, we ſhould not ſtep too farre
Till we had his Aſsiſtance by the hand.
For in a Theame ſo bloody fac'd, as this,
Conieƈture, Expeƈtation, and Surmiſe
Of Aydes incertaine, ſhould not be admitted.

Arch. 'Tis very true Lord *Bardolfe*, for indeed
It was yong *Hotſpurres* caſe, at Shrewsbury.

L.Bar. It was (my Lord) who lin'd himſelf with hope,
Eating the ayre, on promiſe of Supply,
Flatt'ring himſelfe with Proieƈt of a power,
Much ſmaller, then the ſmalleſt of his Thoughts,
And ſo with great imagination
(Proper to mad men) led his Powers to death,
And (winking) leap'd into deſtruƈtion.

Haſt. But (by your leaue) it neuer yet did hurt,
To lay downe likely-hoods, and formes of hope.

L.Bar. Yes, if this preſent quality of warre,
Indeed the inſtant aƈtion: a cauſe on foot,
Liues ſo in hope: As in an early Spring,
We ſee th'appearing buds, which to proue fruite,
Hope giue not ſo much warrant, as Diſpaire
That Froſts will bite them. When we meane to build,
We firſt ſuruey the Plot, then draw the Modell,
And when we ſee the figure of the houſe,
Then muſt we rate the coſt of the Ereƈtion,
Which if we finde out-weighes Ability,
What do we then, but draw a-new the Modell
In fewer offices? Or at leaſt, deſiſt
To builde at all? Much more, in this great worke,
(Which is (almoſt) to plucke a Kingdome downe,
And ſet another vp) ſhould we ſuruey
The plot of Situation, and the Modell;
Conſent vpon a ſure Foundation:
Queſtion Surueyors, know our owne eſtate,
How able ſuch a Worke to vndergo,
To weigh againſt his Oppoſite? Or elſe,
We fortifie in Paper, and in Figures,
Vſing the Names of men, inſtead of men:
Like one, that drawes the Modell of a houſe
Beyond his power to builde it; who (halfe through)
Giues o're, and leaues his part-created Coſt
A naked ſubieƈt to the Weeping Clouds,
And waſte, for churliſh Winters tyranny.

Haſt. Grant that our hopes (yet likely of faire byrth)
Should be ſtill-borne: and that we now poſſeſt
The vtmoſt man of expeƈtation:
I thinke we are a Body ſtrong enough
(Euen as we are) to equall with the King.

L.Bar. What is the King but fiue & twenty thouſand?

Haſt. To vs no more: nay not ſo much Lord *Bardolf.*
For his diuiſions (as the Times do braul)
Are in three Heads: one Power againſt the French,
And one againſt *Glendower:* Perforce a third
Muſt take vp vs: So is the vnfirme King
In three diuided: and his Coffers ſound
With hollow Pouerty, and Emptineſſe.

Ar. That he ſhould draw his ſeuerall ſtrengths togither
And come againſt vs in full puiſſance
Need not be dreaded.

Haſt. If he ſhould do ſo,
He leaues his backe vnarm'd, the French, and Welch
Baying him at the heeles: neuer feare that.

L.Bar. Who is it like ſhould lead his Forces hither?

Haſt. The Duke of Lancaſter, and Weſtmerland:
Againſt the Welſh himſelfe, and *Harrie Monmouth.*
But who is ſubſtituted 'gainſt the French,
I haue no certaine notice.

Arch. Let vs on:
And publiſh the occaſion of our Armes.
The Common-wealth is ſicke of their owne Choice,
Their ouer-greedy loue hath ſurfetted:
An habitation giddy, and vnſure
Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.
O thou fond Many, with what loud applauſe
Did'ſt thou beate heauen with bleſſing *Bullingbrooke*,
Before he was, what thou would'ſt haue him be?
And being now trimm'd in thine owne deſires,
Thou (beaſtly Feeder) art ſo full of him,
That thou prouok'ſt thy ſelfe to caſt him vp.
So, ſo, (thou common Dogge) did'ſt thou diſgorge
Thy glutton-boſome of the Royall *Richard*,
And now thou would'ſt eate thy dead vomit vp,
And howl'ſt to finde it. What truſt is in theſe Times?
They, that when *Richard* liu'd, would haue him dye,
Are now become enamour'd on his graue.
Thou that threw'ſt duſt vpon his goodly head
When through proud London he came ſighing on,
After th'admired heeles of *Bullingbrooke*,
Cri'ſt now, O Earth, yeeld vs that King agine,

And

And take thou this (O thoughts of men accurs'd)
"*Paſt, and to Come, ſeemes beſt; things Preſent, worſt.*
Mow. Shall we go draw our numbers, and fet on?
Hast. We are Times ſubiects, and Time bids, be gon.

Actus Secundus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Hoſteſſe, with two Officers, Fang, and Snare.
Hoſteſſe. Mr. *Fang*, haue you entred the Action?
Fang. It is enter'd.
Hoſteſſe. Wher's your Yeoman? Is it a luſty yeoman? Will he ſtand to it?
Fang. Sirrah, where's *Snare?*
Hoſteſſe. I, I, good M. *Snare.*
Snare. Heere, heere.
Fang. Snare, we muſt Arreſt Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe.*
Hoſt. I good M. *Snare*, I haue enter'd him, and all.
Sn. It may chance coſt ſome of vs our liues: he wil ſtab
Hoſteſſe. Alas the day: take heed of him: he ſtabd me in mine owne houſe, and that moſt beaſtly: he cares not what miſcheefe he doth, if his weapon be out. Hee will ſoyne like any diuell, he will ſpare neither man, woman, nor childe.
Fang. If I can clofe with him, I care not for his thruſt.
Hoſteſſe. No, nor I neither: Ile be at your elbow.
Fang. If I but fiſt him once: if he come but within my Vice.
Hoſt. I am vndone with his going: I warrant he is an infinitiue thing vpon my ſcore. Good M. *Fang* hold him ſure: good M. *Snare* let him not ſcape, he comes continuantly to Py-Corner (ſauing your manhoods) to buy a ſaddle, and hee is indited to dinner to the Lubbars head in Lombardſtreet, to M. *Smoothes* the Silkman. I pra'ye, ſince my Exion is enter'd, and my Caſe ſo openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his anſwer: A 100. Marke is a long one, for a poore lone woman to beare: & I haue borne, and borne, and borne, and haue bin fub'd off, and fub'd-off, from this day to that day, that it is a ſhame to be thought on. There is no honeſty in ſuch dealing, vnles a woman ſhould be made an Aſſe and a Beaſt, to beare euery Knaues wrong. *Enter Falſtaffe and Bardolfe.* Yonder he comes, and that arrant Malmeſey-Noſe *Bardolfe* with him. Do your Offices, do your offices: M. *Fang*, & M. *Snare*, do me, do me, do me your Offices.
Fal. How now? whoſe Mare's dead? what's the matter?
Fang. Sir *Iohn*, I arreſt you, at the ſuit of Miſt. *Quickly.*
Falſt. Away Varlets, draw *Bardolfe:* Cut me off the Villaines head: throw the Queane in the Channel.
Hoſt. Throw me in the channell? Ile throw thee there. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou baſtardly rogue. Murder, murder, O thou Hony-fuckle villaine, wilt thou kill Gods officers, and the Kings? O thou hony-feed Rogue, thou art a honyfeed, a Man-queller, and a woman-queller.
Falſt. Keep them off, *Bardolfe. Fang.* A reſcu, a reſcu.
Hoſt. Good people bring a reſcu. Thou wilt not? thou wilt not? Do, do thou Rogue: Do thou Hempfeed.
Page. Away you Scullion, you Rampallian, you Fuſtillirian: Ile tucke your Cataſtrophe. *Enter. Ch. Iuſtice.*
Iuſt. What's the matter? Keepe the Peace here, hoa.
Hoſt. Good my Lord be good to mee. I beſeech you ſtand to me.
Ch. Iuſt. How now ſir *Iohn*? What are you brauling here? Doth this become your place, your time, and buſineſſe? You ſhould haue bene well on your way to Yorke. Stand from him Fellow; wherefore hang'ſt vpon him?
Hoſt. Oh my moſt worſhipfull Lord, and't pleaſe your Grace, I am a poore widdow of Eaſtcheap, and he is arreſted at my ſuit. *Ch. Iuſt.* For what ſumme?
Hoſt. It is more then for ſome (my Lord) it is for all: all I haue, he hath eaten me out of houſe and home; hee hath put all my ſubſtance into that fat belly of his: but I will haue ſome of it out againe, or I will ride thee o'Nights, like the Mare.
Falſt. I thinke I am as like to ride the Mare, if I haue any vantage of ground, to get vp.
Ch. Iuſt. How comes this, Sir *Iohn?* Fy, what a man of good temper would endure this tempeſt of exclamation? Are you not aſham'd to inforce a poore Widdowe to ſo rough a courſe, to come by her owne?
Falſt. What is the groſſe ſumme that I owe thee?
Hoſt. Marry (if thou wer't an honeſt man) thy ſelfe, & the mony too. Thou didſt ſweare to mee vpon a parcell gilt Goblet, ſitting in my Dolphin-chamber at the round table, by a ſea-cole fire, on Wedneſday in Whitſon week, when the Prince broke thy head for lik'ning him to a ſinging man of Windſor; Thou didſt ſweare to me then (as I was waſhing thy wound) to marry me, and make mee my Lady thy wife. Canſt ỹ deny it? Did not goodwife *Keech* the Butchers wife come in then, and cal me goſſip *Quickly?* comming in to borrow a meſſe of Vinegar: telling vs, ſhe had a good diſh of Prawnes: whereby ỹ didſt deſire to eat ſome: whereby I told thee they were ill for a greene wound? And didſt not thou (when ſhe was gone downe ſtaires) deſire me to be no more familiar with ſuch poore people, ſaying, that ere long they ſhould call me Madam? And did'ſt ỹ not kiſſe me, and bid mee fetch thee 30.s? I put thee now to thy Book-oath, deny it if thou canſt?
Fal. My Lord, this is a poore mad ſoule: and ſhe ſayes vp & downe the town, that her eldeſt ſon is like you. She hath bin in good caſe, & the truth is, pouerty hath diſtracted her: but for thoſe fooliſh Officers, I beſeech you, I may haue redreſſe againſt them.
Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, ſir *Iohn*, I am well acquainted with your maner of wrenching the true cauſe, the falſe way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of wordes, that come with ſuch (more then impudent) fawcines from you, can thruſt me from a leuell conſideration, I know you ha' practis'd vpon the eaſie-yeelding ſpirit of this woman.
Hoſt. Yes in troth my Lord.
Iuſt. Prethee peace: pay her the debt you owe her, and vnpay the villany you haue done her: the one you may do with ſterling mony, & the other with currant repentance.
Fal. My Lord, I will not vndergo this ſneape without reply. You call honorable Boldnes, impudent Sawcineſſe: If a man wil curt'ſie, and ſay nothing, he is vertuous: No, my Lord (your humble duty remẽbred) I will not be your futor. I ſay to you, I deſire deliu'rance from thoſe Officers being vpon haſty employment in the Kings Affaires.
Iuſt. You ſpeake, as hauing power to do wrong: But anſwer in the effect of your Reputation, and ſatisfie the poore woman.
Falſt. Come hither Hoſteſſe. *Enter M. Gower*
Ch. Iuſt. Now Maſter *Gower;* What newes?
Gow. The King (my Lord) and *Henrie* Prince of Wales Are neere at hand: The reſt the Paper telles.
Falſt. As I am a Gentleman.
Hoſt. Nay, you ſaid ſo before.
Fal. As I am a Gentleman. Come, no more words of it
Hoſt. By this Heauenly ground I tread on, I muſt be faine to pawne both my Plate, and the Tapiſtry of my dyning Chambers.

Falſt.

Fal. Glaſſes, glaſſes, is the onely drinking: and for thy walles a pretty ſlight Drollery, or the Storie of the Prodigall, or the Germane hunting in Waterworke, is worth a thouſand of theſe Bed-hangings, and theſe Fly-bitten Tapiſtries. Let it be tenne pound (if thou canſt.) Come, if it were not for thy humors, there is not a better Wench in England. Go, waſh thy face, and draw thy Action: Come, thou muſt not bee in this humour with me, come, I know thou was't ſet on to this.

Hoſt. Prethee (Sir *Iohn*) let it be but twenty Nobles, I loath to pawne my Plate, in good earneſt la.

Fal. Let it alone, Ile make other ſhift: you'l be a fool ſtill.

Hoſt. Well, you ſhall haue it although I pawne my Gowne. I hope you'l come to Supper: You'l pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I liue? Go with her, with her: hooke-on, booke-on.

Hoſt. Will you baue *Doll Teare-ſheet* meet you at ſupper?

Fal. No more words. Let's haue her.

Ch. Iuſt. I haue heard bitter newes.

Fal. What's the newes (my good Lord?)

Ch. Iu. Where lay the King laſt night?

Meſ. At Baſingſtoke my Lord.

Fal. I hope (my Lord) all's well. What is the newes my Lord?

Ch. Iuſt. Come all his Forces backe?

Meſ. No: Fifteene hundred Foot, fiue hundred Horſe
Are march'd vp to my Lord of Lancaſter,
Againſt Northumberland, and the Archbiſhop.

Fal. Comes the King backe from Wales, my noble L?

Ch. Iuſt. You ſhall baue Letters of me preſently. Come, go along with me, good M. *Gowre.*

Fal. My Lord.

Ch. Iuſt. What's the matter?

Fal. Maſter *Gowre*, ſhall I entreate you with mee to dinner?

Gow. I muſt waite vpon my good Lord heere.
I thanke you, good Sir *Iohn.*

Ch. Iuſt. Sir *Iohn*, you loyter heere too long being you are to take Souldiers vp, in Countries as you go.

Fal. Will you ſup with me, Maſter *Gowre?*

Ch. Iuſt. What fooliſh Maſter taught you theſe manners, Sir *Iohn?*

Fal. Maſter *Gower*, if they become mee not, hee was a Foole that taught them mee. This is the right Fencing grace (my Lord) tap for tap, and ſo part faire.

Ch. Iuſt. Now the Lord lighten thee, thou art a great Foole. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Prince Henry, Pointz, Bardolfe, and Page.

Prin. Truſt me, I am exceeding weary.

Poin. Is it come to that? I had thought wearines durſt not haue attach'd one of ſo high blood.

Prin. It doth me: though it diſcolours the complexion of my Greatneſſe to acknowledge it. Doth it not ſhew vildely in me, to deſire ſmall Beere?

Poin. Why, a Prince ſhould not be ſo loofely ſtudied, as to remember ſo weake a Compoſition.

Prince. Belike then, my Appetite was not Princely got, for (in troth) I do now remember the poore Creature, Small Beere. But indeede theſe humble conſiderations make me out of loue with my Greatneſſe. What a diſgrace is it to me, to remember thy name? Or to know thy face to morrow? Or to take note how many paire of Silk ſtockings ỹ haſt? (Viz. theſe, and thoſe that were thy peach-colour'd ones:) Or to beare the Inuentorie of thy ſhirts, as one for ſuperfluity, and one other, for vſe. But that the Tennis-Court-keeper knowes better then I, for it is a low ebbe of Linnen with thee, when thou kept'ſt not Racket there, as thou haſt not done a great while, becauſe the reſt of thy Low Countries, haue made a ſhift to eate vp thy Holland.

Poin. How ill it followes, after you haue labour'd ſo hard, you ſhould talke ſo idlely? Tell me how many good yong Princes would do ſo, their Fathers lying ſo ſicke, as yours is?

Prin. Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz?*

Poin. Yes: and let it be an excellent good thing.

Prin. It ſhall ſerue among wittes of no higher breeding then thine.

Poin. Go to: I ſtand the puſh of your one thing, that you'l tell.

Prin. Why, I tell thee, it is not meet, that I ſhould be ſad now my Father is ſicke: albeit I could tell to thee (as to one it pleaſes me, for fault of a better, to call my friend) I could be ſad, and ſad indeed too.

Poin. Very hardly, vpon ſuch a ſubiect.

Prin. Thou think'ſt me as farre in the Diuels Booke, as thou, and *Falſtaffe*, for obduracie and perſiſtencie. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my hart bleeds inwardly, that my Father is ſo ſicke: and keeping ſuch vild company as thou art, hath in reaſon taken from me, all oſtentation of ſorrow.

Poin. The reaſon?

Prin. What would'ſt thou think of me, if I ſhold weep?

Poin. I would thinke thee a moſt Princely hypocrite.

Prin. It would be euery mans thought: and thou art a bleſſed Fellow, to thinke as euery man thinkes: neuer a mans thought in the world, keepes the Rode-way better then thine: euery man would thinke me an Hypocrite indeede. And what accites your moſt worſhipful thought to thinke ſo?

Poin. Why, becauſe you haue beene ſo lewde, and ſo much ingraffed to *Falſtaffe.*

Prin. And to thee.

Pointz. Nay, I am well ſpoken of, I can heare it with mine owne eares: the worſt that they can ſay of me is, that I am a ſecond Brother, and that I am a proper Fellowe of my hands: and thoſe two things I confeſſe I canot helpe. Looke, looke, here comes *Bardolfe.*

Prince. And the Boy that I gaue *Falſtaffe*, he had him from me Chriſtian, and ſee if the fat villain haue not trans form'd him Ape.

Enter Bardolfe.

Bar. Saue your Grace.

Prin. And yours, moſt Noble *Bardolfe.*

Poin. Come you pernitious Aſſe, you baſhfull Foole, muſt you be bluſhing? Wherefore bluſh you now? what a Maidenly man at Armes are you become? Is it ſuch a matter to get a Pottle-pots Maiden-head?

Page. He call'd me euen now (my Lord) through a red Lattice, and I could diſcerne no part of his face from the window:

window: at laſt I ſpy'd his eyes, and me thought he had made two holes in the Ale-wiues new Petticoat, & peeped through.

Prin. Hath not the boy profited?

Bar. Away, you horſon vpright Rabbet, away.

Page. Away, you raſcally *Altheas* dreame, away.

Prin. Inſtruct vs Boy: what dreame, Boy?

Page. Marry (my Lord) *Althea* dream'd, ſhe was deliuer'd of a Firebrand, and therefore I call him hir dream.

Prince. A Crownes-worth of good Interpretation: There it is, Boy.

Poin. O that this good Bloſſome could bee kept from Cankers: Well, there is ſix pence to preſerue thee.

Bard. If you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallowes ſhall be wrong'd.

Prince. And how doth thy Maſter, *Bardolph?*

Bar. Well, my good Lord: he heard of your Graces comming to Towne. There's a Letter for you.

Poin. Deliuer'd with good reſpect: And how doth the Martlemas, your Maſter?

Bard. In bodily health Sir.

Poin. Marry, the immortall part needes a Phyſitian: but that moues not him: though that bee ſicke, it dyes not.

Prince. I do allow this Wen to bee as familiar with me, as my dogge: and he holds his place, for looke you he writes.

Poin. Letter. Iohn Falſtaffe Knight: (Euery man muſt know that, as oft as hee hath occaſion to name himſelfe:) Euen like thoſe that are kinne to the King, for they neuer pricke their finger, but they ſay, there is ſom of the kings blood ſpilt. How comes that (ſayes he) that takes vpon him not to conceiue? the anſwer is as ready as a borrowed cap: I am the Kings poore Coſin, Sir.

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to vs, but they wil fetch it from *Iaphet.* But to the Letter:—*Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, Knight, to the Sonne of the King, neereſt his Father, Harrie Prince of Wales, greeting.*

Poin. Why this is a Certificate.

Prin. Peace.

I will imitate the honourable Romaines in breuitie.

Poin. Sure he meanes breuity in breath: ſhort-winded. *I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leaue thee. Bee not too familiar with* Pointz, *for hee miſuſes thy Fauours ſo much, that he ſweares thou art to marrie his Siſter* Nell. *Repent at idle times as thou mayſt, and ſo farewell.*

Thine, by yea and no: which is as much as to ſay, as thou vſeſt him. Iacke Falſtaffe *with my Familiars:* Iohn *with my Brothers and Siſter: & Sir* Iohn, *with all Europe.*

My Lord, I will ſteepe this Letter in Sack, and make him eate it.

Prin. That's to make him eate twenty of his Words. But do you vſe me thus *Ned?* Muſt I marry your Siſter?

Poin. May the Wench haue no worſe Fortune. But I neuer ſaid ſo.

Prin. Well, thus we play the Fooles with the time, & the ſpirits of the wiſe, ſit in the clouds, and mocke vs: Is your Maſter heere in London?

Bard. Yes my Lord.

Prin. Where ſupps he? Doth the old Bore, feede in the old Franke?

Bard. At the old place my Lord, in Eaſt-cheape.

Prin. What Company?

Page. Epheſians my Lord, of the old Church.

Prin. Sup any women with him?

Page. None my Lord, but old Miſtris *Quickly*, and M. *Doll Teare-ſheet.*

Prin. What Pagan may that be?

Page. A proper Gentlewoman, Sir, and a Kinſwoman of my Maſters.

Prin. Euen ſuch Kin, as the Pariſh Heyfors are to the Towne-Bull?

Shall we ſteale vpon them (*Ned*) at Supper?

Poin. I am your ſhadow, my Lord, Ile follow you.

Prin. Sirrah, you boy, and *Bardolph*, no word to your Maſter that I am yet in Towne.

There's for your ſilence.

Bar. I haue no tongue, ſir.

Page. And for mine Sir, I will gouerne it.

Prin. Fare ye well: go.

This *Doll Teare-ſheet* ſhould be ſome Rode.

Poin. I warrant you, as common as the way betweene S. Albans, and London.

Prin. How might we ſee *Falſtaffe* beſtow himſelfe to night, in his true colours, and not our ſelues be ſeene?

Poin. Put on two Leather Ierkins, and Aprons, and waite vpon him at his Table, like Drawers.

Prin. From a God, to a Bull? A heauie declenſion: It was Ioues caſe. From a Prince, to a Prentice, a low tranſformation, that ſhall be mine: for in euery thing, the purpoſe muſt weigh with the folly. Follow me *Ned. Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Northumberland, his Ladie, and Harrie Percies Ladie.

North. I prethee louing Wife, and gentle Daughter,
Giue an euen way vnto my rough Affaires:
Put not you on the viſage of the Times,
And be like them to Percie, troubleſome.

Wife. I haue giuen ouer, I will ſpeak no more,
Do what you will: your Wiſedome, be your guide.

North. Alas (ſweet Wife) my Honor is at pawne,
And but my going, nothing can redeeme it.

La. Oh yet, for heauens ſake, go not to theſe Warrs;
The Time was (Father) when you broke your word,
When you were more endeer'd to it, then now,
When your owne Percy, when my heart-deere-*Harry*,
Threw many a Northward looke, to ſee his Father
Bring vp his Powres: but he did long in vaine.
Who then perſwaded you to ſtay at home?
There were two Honors loſt; Yours, and your Sonnes.
For Yours, may heauenly glory brighten it:
For His, it ſtucke vpon him, as the Sunne
In the gray vault of Heauen: and by his Light
Did all the Cheualrie of England moue
To do braue Acts. He was (indeed) the Glaſſe
Wherein the Noble-Youth did dreſſe themſelues.
He had no Legges, that practic'd not his Gate:
And ſpeaking thicke (which Nature made his blemiſh)
Became the Accents of the Valiant.
For thoſe that could ſpeake low, and tardily,
Would turne their owne Perfection, to Abuſe,
To ſeeme like him. So that in Speech, in Gate,
In Diet, in Affections of delight,
In Militarie Rules, Humors of Blood,

He

He was the Marke, and Glaſſe, Coppy, and Booke,
That faſhion'd others. And him, O wondrous! him,
O Miracle of Men! Him did you leaue
(Second to none) vn-ſeconded by you,
To looke vpon the hideous God of Warre,
In diſ-aduantage, to abide a field,
Where nothing but the ſound of *Hotſpurs* Name
Did ſeeme defenſible: ſo you left him.
Neuer, O neuer doe his Ghoſt the wrong,
To hold your Honor more preciſe and nice
With others, then with him. Let them alone:
The Marſhall and the Arch-biſhop are ſtrong.
Had my ſweet *Harry* had but halfe their Numbers,
To day might I (hanging on *Hotſpurs* Necke)
Haue talk'd of *Monmouth's* Graue.

North. Beſhrew your heart,
(Faire Daughter) you doe draw my Spirits from me,
With new lamenting ancient Ouer-ſights,
But I muſt goe, and meet with Danger there,
Or it will ſeeke me in another place,
And finde me worſe prouided.

Wife. O ſtye to Scotland,
Till that the Nobles, and the armed Commons,
Haue of their Puiſſance made a little taſte.

Lady. If they get ground, and vantage of the King,
Then ioyne you with them, like a Ribbe of Steele,
To make Strength ſtronger. But, for all our loues,
Firſt let them trye themſelues. So did your Sonne,
He was ſo ſuffer'd; ſo came I a Widow:
And neuer ſhall haue length of Life enough,
To raine vpon Remembrance with mine Eyes,
That it may grow, and ſprowt, as high as Heauen,
For Recordation to my Noble Husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me: 'tis with my Minde
As with the Tyde, ſwell'd vp vnto his height,
That makes a ſtill-ſtand, running neyther way.
Faine would I goe to meet the Arch-biſhop,
But many thouſand Reaſons hold me backe.
I will reſolue for Scotland: there am I,
Till Time and Vantage craue my company. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Quarta.

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Drawer.* What haſt thou brought there? Apple-Iohns? Thou know'ſt Sir *Iohn* cannot endure an Apple-Iohn.

2. *Draw.* Thou ſay'ſt true: the Prince once ſet a Diſh of Apple-Iohns before him, and told him there were fiue more Sir *Iohns:* and, putting off his Hat, ſaid, I will now take my leaue of theſe ſixe drie, round, old-wither'd Knights. It anger'd him to the heart: but hee hath forgot that.

1. *Draw.* Why then couer, and ſet them downe: and ſee if thou canſt finde out *Sneakes* Noyſe; Miſtris *Tearе-ſheet* would faine haue ſome Muſique.

2. *Draw.* Sirrha, heere will be the Prince, and Maſter *Points*, anon: and they will put on two of our Ierkins, and Aprons, and Sir *Iohn* muſt not know of it: *Bardolph* hath brought word.

1. *Draw.* Then here will be old *Vtis:* it will be an excellent ſtratagem.

2. *Draw.* Ile ſee if I can finde out *Sneake.* *Exit.*

Enter Hoſteſſe, and Dol.

Hoſt. Sweet-heart, me thinkes now you are in an excellent good temperalitie: your Pulſidge beates as extraordinarily, as heart would deſire; and your Colour (I warrant you) is as red as any Roſe: But you haue drunke too much Canaries, and that's a marueilous ſearching Wine; and it perfumes the blood, ere wee can ſay what's this. How doe you now?

Dol. Better then I was: Hem.

Hoſt. Why that was well ſaid: A good heart's worth Gold. Looke, here comes Sir *Iohn.*

Enter Falſtaffe.

Falſt. When Arthur firſt in Court—(emptie the Iordan) *and was a worthy King:* How now Miſtris *Dol.*

Host. Sick of a Calme: yea, good-ſooth.

Falst. So is all her Sect: if they be once in a Calme, they are ſick.

Dol. You muddie Raſcall, is that all the comfort you giue me?

Falſt. You make fat Raſcalls, Miſtris *Dol.*

Dol. I make them? Gluttonie and Diſeaſes make them, I make them not.

Falſt. If the Cooke make the Gluttonie, you helpe to make the Diſeaſes (*Dol*) we catch of you (*Dol*) we catch of you: Grant that, my poore Vertue, grant that.

Dol. I marry, our Chaynes, and our Iewels.

Falſt. Your Brooches, Pearles, and Owches: For to ſerue brauely, is to come halting off: you know, to come off the Breach, with his Pike bent brauely, and to Surgerie brauely; to venture vpon the charg'd-Chambers brauely.

Hoſt. Why this is the olde faſhion: you two neuer meete, but you fall to ſome diſcord: you are both (in good troth) as Rheumatike as two drie Toſtes, you cannot one beare with anothers Confirmities. What the good-yere? One muſt beare, and that muſt bee you: you are the weaker Veſſell; as they ſay, the emptier Veſſell.

Dol. Can a weake emptie Veſſell beare ſuch a huge full Hogs-head? There's a whole Marchants Venture of Burdeux-Stuffe in him: you haue not ſeene a Hulke better ſtufft in the Hold. Come, Ile be friends with thee *Iacke:* Thou art going to the Warres, and whether I ſhall euer ſee thee againe, or no, there is no body cares.

Enter Drawer.

Drawer. Sir, Ancient *Piſtoll* is below, and would ſpeake with you.

Dol. Hang him, ſwaggering Raſcall, let him not come hither: it is the foule-mouth'dſt Rogue in England.

Hoſt. If hee ſwagger, let him not come here: I muſt liue amongſt my Neighbors, Ile no Swaggerers: I am in good name, and fame, with the very beſt: ſhut the doore, there comes no Swaggerers heere: I haue not liu'd all this while, to haue ſwaggering now: ſhut the doore, I pray you.

Falst. Do'ſt thou heare, Hoſteſſe?

Hoſt. 'Pray you pacifie your ſelfe (Sir *Iohn*) there comes no Swaggerers heere.

Falſt. Do'ſt

Falſt. Do'ſt thou heare? it is mine Ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally (Sir *Iohn*) neuer tell me, your ancient Swaggerer comes not in my doores. I was before Maſter *Tiſick* the Deputie, the other day: and as hee ſaid to me, it was no longer agoe then Wedneſday laſt: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee;) Maſter *Dombe*, our Miniſter, was by then: Neighbour *Quickly* (ſayes hee) receiue thoſe that are Ciuill; for (ſayth hee) you are in an ill Name: now hee ſaid ſo, I can tell whereupon: for (ſayes hee) you are an honeſt Woman, and well thought on; therefore take heede what Gueſts you receiue: Receiue (ſayes hee) no ſwaggering Companions. There comes none heere. You would bleſſe you to heare what hee ſaid. No, Ile no Swaggerers.

Falſt. Hee's no Swaggerer (Hoſteſſe:) a tame Cheater, hee: you may ſtroake him as gently, as a Puppie Greyhound: hee will not ſwagger with a Barbarie Henne, if her feathers turne backe in any ſhew of reſiſtance. Call him vp (Drawer.)

Hoſt. Cheater, call you him? I will barre no honeſt man my houſe, nor no Cheater: but I doe not loue ſwaggering; I am the worſe when one ſayes, ſwagger: Feele Maſters, how I ſhake: looke you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you doe, Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. Doe I? yea, in very truth doe I, if it were an Aſpen Leafe: I cannot abide Swaggerers.

Enter Piſtol, and Bardolph and his Boy.

Piſt. 'Saue you, Sir *Iohn*.

Falſt. Welcome Ancient *Piſtol*. Here (*Piſtol*) I charge you with a Cup of Sacke: doe you diſcharge vpon mine Hoſteſſe.

Piſt. I will diſcharge vpon her (Sir *Iohn*) with two Bullets.

Falſt. She is Piſtoll-proofe (Sir.) you ſhall hardly offend her.

Hoſt. Come, Ile drinke no Proofes, nor no Bullets: I will drinke no more then will doe me good, for no mans pleaſure, I.

Piſt. Then to you (Miſtris *Dorothie*) I will charge you.

Dol. Charge me? I ſcorne you (ſcuruie Companion) what? you poore, baſe, raſcally, cheating, lacke-Linnen-Mate: away you mouldie Rogue, away; I am meat for your Maſter.

Piſt. I know you, Miſtris *Dorothie*.

Dol. Away you Cut-purſe Raſcall, you filthy Bung, away: By this Wine, Ile thruſt my Kniſe in your mouldie Chappes, if you play the ſawcie Cuttle with me. Away you Bottle-Ale Raſcall, you Basket-hilt ſtale Iugler, you. Since when, I pray you, Sir? what, with two Points on your ſhoulder? much.

Piſt. I will murther your Ruffe, for this.

Hoſt. No, good Captaine *Piſtol:* not heere, ſweete Captaine.

Dol. Captaine? thou abhominable damn'd Cheater, art thou not aſham'd to be call'd Captaine? If Captaines were of my minde, they would trunchion you out, for taking their Names vpon you, before you haue earn'd them. You a Captaine? you ſlaue, for what? for tearing a poore Whores Ruffe in a Bawdy-houſe? Hee a Captaine? hang him Rogue, hee liues vpon mouldie ſtew'd-Pruines, and dry'de Cakes. A Captaine? Theſe Villaines will make the word Captaine odious: Therefore Captaines had neede looke to it.

Bard. 'Pray thee goe downe, good Ancient.

Falſt. Hearke thee hither, Miſtris *Dol.*

Piſt. Not I: I tell thee what, Corporall *Bardolph*, I could teare her: Ile be reueng'd on her.

Page. 'Pray thee goe downe.

Piſt. Ile ſee her damn'd firſt: to *Pluto's* damn'd Lake, to the Infernall Deepe, where *Erebus* and Tortures vilde alſo. Hold Hooke and Line, ſay I: Downe: downe Dogges, downe Fates: haue wee not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. Good Captaine *Peeſel* be quiet, it is very late: I beſeeke you now, aggrauate your Choler.

Piſt. Theſe be good Humors indeede. Shall Pack-Horſes, and hollow-pamper'd Iades of Aſia, which cannot goe but thirtie miles a day, compare with *Cæſar*, and with Caniballs, and Troian Greekes? nay, rather damne them with King *Cerberus*, and let the Welkin roare: ſhall wee fall foule for Toyes?

Hoſt. By my troth Captaine, theſe are very bitter words.

Bard. Be gone, good Ancient: this will grow to a Brawle anon.

Piſt. Die men, like Dogges; giue Crownes like Pinnes: Haue we not *Hiren* here?

Hoſt. On my word (Captaine) there's none ſuch here. What the good-yere, doe you thinke I would denye her? I pray be quiet.

Piſt. Then ſeed, and be fat (my faire *Calipolis.*) Come, giue me ſome Sack, *Si fortune me tormente, ſperato me contente.* Feare wee broad-ſides? No, let the Fiend giue fire: Giue me ſome Sack: and Sweet-heart lye thou there: Come wee to full Points here, and are *et cetera's* nothing?

Fal. Piſtol, I would be quiet.

Piſt. Sweet Knight, I kiſſe thy Neaffe: what? wee haue ſeene the ſeuen Starres.

Dol. Thruſt him downe ſtayres, I cannot endure ſuch a Fuſtian Raſcall.

Piſt. Thruſt him downe ſtayres? know we not Galloway Nagges?

Fal. Quoit him downe (*Bardolph*) like a ſhoue-groat ſhilling: nay, if hee doe nothing but ſpeake nothing, hee ſhall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downe ſtayres.

Piſt. What? ſhall wee haue Inciſion? ſhall wee embrew? then Death rocke me aſleepe, abridge my doleſull dayes: why then let grieuous, gaſtly, gaping Wounds, vntwin'd the Siſters three: Come *Atropos*, I ſay.

Host. Here's good ſtuffe toward.

Fal. Giue me my Rapier, Boy.

Dol. I prethee *Iack*, I prethee doe not draw.

Fal. Get you downe ſtayres.

Hoſt. Here's a goodly tumult: Ile forſweare keeping houſe, before Ile be in theſe tirrits, and frights. So: Murther I warrant now. Alas, alas, put vp your naked Weapons, put vp your naked Weapons.

Dol. I prethee *Iack* be quiet, the Raſcall is gone: ah, you whorſon little valiant Villaine, you.

Host. Are you not hurt i'th'Groyne? me thought hee made a ſhrewd Thruſt at your Belly.

Fal. Haue you turn'd him out of doores?

Bard. Yes Sir: the Raſcall's drunke: you haue hurt him (Sir) in the ſhoulder.

Fal. A Raſcall to braue me.

Dol. Ah, you ſweet little Rogue, you: alas, poore Ape, how thou ſweat'ſt? Come, let me wipe thy Face: Come on, you whorſon Chops: Ah Rogue, I loue thee: Thou

art as valorous as *Hector* of Troy, worth fiue of *Agamemnon*, and tenne times better then the nine Worthies: ah Villaine.

Fal. A raſcally Slaue, I will toſſe the Rogue in a Blanket.

Dol. Doe, if thou dar'ſt for thy heart: if thou doo'ſt, Ile canuas thee betweene a paire of Sheetes.

Enter Muſique.

Page. The Muſique is come, Sir.

Fal. Let them play: play Sirs. Sit on my Knee, *Dol.* A Raſcall, bragging Slaue: the Rogue fled from me like Quick-ſiluer.

Dol. And thou followd'ſt him like a Church: thou whorſon little tydie Bartholmew Bore-pigge, when wilt thou leaue fighting on dayes, and ſoyning on nights, and begin to patch vp thine old Body for Heauen?

Enter the Prince and Poines diſguis'd.

Fal. Peace (good *Dol*) doe not ſpeake like a Deaths-head: doe not bid me remember mine end.

Dol. Sirrha, what humor is the Prince of?

Fal. A good ſhallow young fellow: hee would haue made a good Pantler, hee would haue chipp'd Bread well.

Dol. They ſay *Poines* hath a good Wit.

Fal. Hee a good Wit? hang him Baboone, his Wit is as thicke as Tewksburie Muſtard: there is no more conceit in him, then is in a Mallet.

Dol. Why doth the Prince loue him ſo then?

Fal. Becauſe their Legges are both of a bigneſſe: and bee playes at Quoits well, and eates Conger and Fennell, and drinkes off Candles ends for Flap-dragons, and rides the wilde-Mare with the Boyes, and iumpes vpon Ioyn'd-ſtooles, and ſweares with a good grace, and weares his Boot very ſmooth, like vnto the Signe of the Legge; and breedes no bate with telling of diſcreete ſtories: and ſuch other Gamboll Faculties hee hath, that ſhew a weake Minde, and an able Body, for the which the Prince admits him; for the Prince himſelfe is ſuch another: the weight of an hayre will turne the Scales betweene their *Haber-de-pois*.

Prince. Would not this Naue of a Wheele haue his Eares cut off?

Poin. Let vs beat him before his Whore.

Prince. Looke, if the wither'd Elder hath not his Poll claw'd like a Parrot.

Poin. Is it not ſtrange, that Deſire ſhould ſo many yeeres out-liue performance?

Fal. Kiſſe me *Dol.*

Prince. Saturne and *Venus* this yeere in Coniunction? What ſayes the Almanack to that?

Poin. And looke whether the fierie *Trigon*, his Man, be not liſping to his Maſters old Tables, his Note-Booke, his Councell-keeper?

Fal. Thou do'ſt giue me flatt'ring Buſſes.

Dol. Nay truely, I kiſſe thee with a moſt conſtant heart.

Fal. I am olde, I am olde.

Dol. I loue thee better, then I loue ere a ſcuruie young Boy of them all.

Fal. What Stuffe wilt thou haue a Kirtle of? I ſhall receiue Money on Thurſday: thou ſhalt haue a Cappe to morrow. A merrie Song, come: it growes late, wee will to Bed. Thou wilt forget me, when I am gone.

Dol. Thou wilt ſet me a weeping, if thou ſay'ſt ſo: proue that euer I dreſſe my ſelfe handſome, till thy returne: well, hearken the end.

Fal. Some Sack, *Francis*.

Prin.Poin. Anon, anon, Sir.

Fal. Ha? a Baſtard Sonne of the Kings? And art not thou *Poines*, his Brother?

Prince. Why thou Globe of ſinfull Continents, what a Life do'ſt thou lead?

Fal. A better then thou: I am a Gentleman, thou art a Drawer.

Prince. Very true, Sir: and I come to draw you out by the Eares.

Hoſt. Oh, the Lord preſerue thy good Grace: Welcome to London. Now Heauen bleſſe that ſweete Face of thine: what, are you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whorſon mad Compound of Maieſtie: by this light Fleſh, and corrupt Blood, thou art welcome.

Dol. How? you fat Foole, I ſcorne you.

Poin. My Lord, hee will driue you out of your reuenge, and turne all to a merryment, if you take not the heat.

Prince. You whorſon Candle-myne you, how vildly did you ſpeake of me euen now, before this honeſt, vertuous, ciuill Gentlewoman?

Hoſt. 'Bleſſing on your good heart, and ſo ſhee is by my troth.

Fal. Didſt thou heare me?

Prince. Yes: and you knew me, as you did when you ranne away by Gads-hill: you knew I was at your back, and ſpoke it on purpoſe, to trie my patience.

Fal. No, no, no: not ſo: I did not thinke, thou waſt within hearing.

Prince. I ſhall driue you then to confeſſe the wilfull abuſe, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuſe (*Hall*) on mine Honor, no abuſe.

Prince. Not to diſprayſe me? and call me Pantler, and Bread-chopper, and I know not what?

Fal. No abuſe (*Hal.*)

Poin. No abuſe?

Fal. No abuſe (*Ned*) in the World: honeſt *Ned* none. I diſprays'd him before the Wicked, that the Wicked might not fall in loue with him: In which doing, I haue done the part of a carefull Friend, and a true Subiect, and thy Father is to giue me thankes for it. No abuſe (*Hal:*) none (*Ned*) none; no Boyes, none.

Prince. See now whether pure Feare, and entire Cowardiſe, doth not make thee wrong this vertuous Gentlewoman, to cloſe with vs? Is ſhee of the Wicked? Is thine Hoſteſſe heere, of the Wicked? Or is the Boy of the Wicked? Or honeſt *Bardolph* (whoſe Zeale burnes in his Noſe) of the Wicked?

Poin. Anſwere thou dead Elme, anſwere.

Fal. The Fiend hath prickt downe *Bardolph* irrecouerable, and his Face is *Lucifers* Priuy-Kitchin, where hee doth nothing but roſt Mault-Wormes: for the Boy, there is a good Angell about him, but the Deuill outbids him too.

Prince. For the Women?

Fal. For one of them, ſhee is in Hell alreadie, and burnes poore Soules: for the other, I owe her Money; and whether ſhee bee damn'd for that, I know not.

Hoſt. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No,

Fal. No, I thinke thou art not: I thinke thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another Indictment vpon thee, for ſuffering fleſh to bee eaten in thy houſe, contrary to the Law, for the which I thinke thou wilt howle.

Host. All Victuallers doe ſo: What is a Ioynt of Mutton, or two, in a whole Lent?

Prince. You, Gentlewoman.

Dol. What ſayes your Grace?

Falſt. His Grace ſayes that, which his fleſh rebells againſt.

Hoſt. Who knocks ſo lowd at doore? Looke to the doore there, *Francis?*

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now? what newes?

Peto. The King, your Father, is at Weſtminſter,
And there are twentie weake and wearied Poſtes,
Come from the North: and as I came along,
I met, and ouer-tooke a dozen Captaines,
Bare-headed, ſweating, knocking at the Tauernes,
And asking euery one for Sir *John Falſtaffe.*

Prince. By Heauen (*Poines*) I feele me much to blame,
So idly to prophane the precious time,
When Tempeſt of Commotion, like the South,
Borne with black Vapour, doth begin to melt,
And drop vpon our bare vnarmed heads.
Giue me my Sword, and Cloake:
Falſtaffe, good night. *Exit.*

Falst. Now comes in the ſweeteſt Morſell of the night, and wee muſt hence, and leaue it vnpickt. More knocking at the doore? How now? what's the matter?

Bard. You muſt away to Court, Sir, preſently,
A dozen Captaines ſtay at doore for you.

Falſt. Pay the Muſitians, Sirrha: farewell Hoſteſſe, farewell *Dol.* You ſee (my good Wenches) how men of Merit are ſought after: the vndeſeruer may ſleepe, when the man of Action is call'd on. Farewell good Wenches: if I be not ſent away poſte, I will ſee you againe, ere I goe.

Dol. I cannot ſpeake: if my heart bee not readie to burſt—Well (ſweete *Iacke*) haue a care of thy ſelfe.

Falſt. Farewell, farewell. *Exit.*

Host. Well, fare thee well: I haue knowne thee theſe twentie nine yeeres, come Peſcod-time: but an honeſter, and truer-hearted man— Well, fare thee well.

Bard. Miſtris *Teare-ſheet.*

Hoſt. What's the matter?

Bard. Bid Miſtris *Teare-ſheet* come to my Maſter.

Hoſt. Oh runne *Dol*, runne: runne, good *Dol.*
Exeunt.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, with a Page.

King. Goe, call the Earles of Surrey, and of Warwick:
But ere they come, bid them ore-reade theſe Letters,
And well conſider of them: make good ſpeed. *Exit.*

How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subiects
Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures ſoft Nurſe, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And ſteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneſſe?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huiſht with buſſing Night, flyes to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vilde,
In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?
Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneaſie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

Enter Warwicke and Surrey.

War. Many good-morrowes to your Maieſtie.

King. Is it good-morrow, Lords?

War. 'Tis One a Clock, and paſt.

King. Why then good-morrow to you all (my Lords:)
Haue you read o're the Letters that I ſent you?

War. We haue (my Liege.)

King. Then you perceiue the Body of our Kingdome,
How foule it is: what ranke Diſeaſes grow,
And with what danger, neere the Heart of it?

War. It is but as a Body, yet diſtemper'd,
Which to his former ſtrength may be reſtor'd,
With good aduice, and little Medicine:
My Lord *Northumberland* will ſoone be cool'd.

King. Oh Heauen, that one might read the Book of Fate,
And ſee the reuolution of the Times
Make Mountaines leuell, and the Continent
(Wearie of ſolide firmneſſe) melt it ſelfe
Into the Sea: and other Times, to ſee
The beachie Girdle of the Ocean
Too wide for *Neptunes* hippes; how Chances mocks
And Changes fill the Cuppe of Alteration
With diuers Liquors. 'Tis not tenne yeeres gone,
Since *Richard*, and *Northumberland*, great friends,
Did feaſt together; and in two yeeres after,
Were they at Warres. It is but eight yeeres ſince,
This *Percie* was the man, neereſt my Soule,
Who, like a Brother, toyl'd in my Affaires,
And layd his Loue and Life vnder my foot:
Yea, for my ſake, euen to the eyes of *Richard*
Gaue him defiance. But whicb of you was by
(You Couſin *Neuil*, as I may remember)
When *Richard*, with his Eye, brim-full of Teares,
(Then check'd, and rated by *Northumberland*)
Did ſpeake theſe words (now prou'd a Prophecie:)
Northumberland, thou Ladder, by the wbich

My

My Couſin *Bullingbrooke* aſcends my Throne:
(Though then, Heauen knowes, I had no ſuch intent,
But that neceſſitie ſo bow'd the State,
That I and Greatneſſe were compell'd to kiſſe:)
The Time ſhall come (thus did hee follow it)
The Time will come, that foule Sinne gathering head,
Shall breake into Corruption: ſo went on,
Fore-telling this ſame Times Condition,
And the diuiſion of our Amitie.

War. There is a Hiſtorie in all mens Liues,
Figuring the nature of the Times deceas'd:
The which obſeru'd, a man may prophecie
With a neere ayme, of the maine chance of things,
As yet not come to Life, which in their Seedes
And weake beginnings lye entreaſured:
Such things become the Hatch and Brood of Time;
And by the neceſſarie forme of this,
King *Richard* might create a perfect gueſſe,
That great *Northumberland*, then falſe to him,
Would of that Seed, grow to a greater falſeneſſe,
Which ſhould not finde a ground to roote vpon,
Vnleſſe on you.

King. Are theſe things then Neceſſities?
Then let vs meete them like Neceſſities;
And that ſame word, euen now cryes out on vs:
They ſay, the Biſhop and *Northumberland*
Are fiftie thouſand ſtrong.

War. It cannot be (my Lord:)
Rumor doth double, like the Voice, and Eccho,
The numbers of the feared. Pleaſe it your Grace
To goe to bed, vpon my Life (my Lord)
The Pow'rs that you alreadie haue ſent forth,
Shall bring this Prize in very eaſily.
To comfort you the more, I haue receiu'd
A certaine inſtance, that *Glendour* is dead.
Your Maieſtie hath beene this fort-night ill,
And theſe vnſeaſon'd howres perforce muſt adde
Vnto your Sickneſſe.

King. I will take your counſaile:
And were theſe inward Warres once out of hand,
Wee would (deare Lords) vnto the Holy-Land.

Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Shallow and Silence: with Mouldie, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, Bull-calfe.

Shal. Come-on, come-on, come-on: giue mee your Hand, Sir; giue mee your Hand, Sir: an early ſtirrer, by the Rood. And how doth my good Couſin *Silence?*

Sil. Good-morrow, good Couſin *Shallow.*

Shal. And how doth my Couſin, your Bed-fellow? and your faireſt Daughter, and mine, my God-Daughter *Ellen?*

Sil. Alas, a blacke Ouzell (Couſin *Shallow.*)

Shal. By yea and nay, Sir, I dare ſay my Couſin *William* is become a good Scholler? hee is at Oxford ſtill, is hee not?

Sil. Indeede Sir, to my coſt.

Shal. Hee muſt then to the Innes of Court ſhortly: I was once of *Clements* Inne; where (I thinke) they will talke of mad *Shallow* yet.

Sil. You were call'd luſtie *Shallow* then (Couſin.)

Shal. I was call'd any thing: and I would haue done any thing indeede too, and roundly too. There was I, and little *Iohn Doit* of Staffordſhire, and blacke *George Bare*, and *Francis Pick-bone*, and *Will Squele* a Cot-ſal-man, you had not foure ſuch Swindge-bucklers in all the Innes of Court againe: And I may ſay to you, wee knew where the *Bona-Roba's* were, and had the beſt of them all at commandement. Then was *Iacke Falſtaffe* (now Sir *Iohn*) a Boy, and Page to *Thomas Mowbray*, Duke of Norfolke.

Sil. This Sir *Iohn* (Couſin) that comes hither anon about Souldiers?

Shal. The ſame Sir *Iohn*, the very ſame: I ſaw him breake *Scoggan's* Head at the Court-Gate, when hee was a Crack, not thus high: and the very ſame day did I fight with one *Sampſon Stock-fiſh*, a Fruiterer, behinde Greyes-Inne. Oh the mad dayes that I haue ſpent! and to ſee how many of mine olde Acquaintance are dead?

Sil. Wee ſhall all follow (Couſin.)

Shal. Certaine: 'tis certaine: very ſure, very ſure: Death is certaine to all, all ſhall dye. How a good Yoke of Bullocks at Stamford Fayre?

Sil. Truly Couſin, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certaine. Is old *Double* of your Towne liuing yet?

Sil. Dead, Sir.

Shal. Dead? See, ſee: hee drew a good Bow: and dead? hee ſhot a fine ſhoote. *Iohn* of Gaunt loued him well, and betted much Money on his head. Dead? hee would haue clapt in the Clowt at Twelue-ſcore, and carryed you a fore-hand Shaft at foureteene, and foureteene and a halfe, that it would haue done a mans heart good to ſee. How a ſcore of Ewes now?

Sil. Thereafter as they be: a ſcore of good Ewes may be worth tenne pounds.

Shal. And is olde *Double* dead?

Enter Bardolph and his Boy.

Sil. Heere come two of Sir *Iohn Falſtaffes* Men (as I thinke.)

Shal. Good-morrow, honeſt Gentlemen.

Bard. I beſeech you, which is Iuſtice *Shallow?*

Shal. I am *Robert Shallow* (Sir) a poore Eſquire of this Countie, and one of the Kings Iuſtices of the Peace: What is your good pleaſure with me?

Bard. My Captaine (Sir) commends him to you: my Captaine, Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe:* a tall Gentleman, and a moſt gallant Leader.

Shal. Hee greetes me well: (Sir) I knew him a good Back-Sword-man. How doth the good Knight? may I aske, how my Lady his Wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon: a Souldier is better accommodated, then with a Wife.

Shal. It is well ſaid, Sir; and it is well ſaid, indeede, too: Better accommodated? it is good, yea indeede is it: good phraſes are ſurely, and euery where very commendable. Accommodated, it comes of *Accommodo:* very good, a good Phraſe.

Bard. Pardon, Sir, I haue heard the word. Phraſe call you it? by this Day, I know not the Phraſe: but I will maintaine the Word with my Sword, to bee a Souldier-like Word, and a Word of exceeding good Command. Accommodated: that is, when a man is (as they ſay) accommodated: or, when a man is, being

whereby

whereby he thought to be accommodated, which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Shal. It is very iuſt: Looke, heere comes good Sir *Iohn*. Giue me your hand, giue me your Worſhips good hand: Truſt me, you looke well: and beare your yeares very well. Welcome, good Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. I am glad to ſee you well, good M. *Robert Shallow:* Maſter *Sure-card* as I thinke?

Shal. No ſir *Iohn*, it is my Cofin *Silence:* in Commiſſion with mee.

Fal. Good M. *Silence*, it well befits you ſhould be of the peace.

Sil. Your good Worſhip is welcome.

Fal. Fye, this is hot weather (Gentlemen) haue you prouided me heere halfe a dozen of ſufficient men?

Shal. Marry haue we ſir: Will you ſit?

Fal. Let me ſee them, I beſeech you.

Shal. Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Where's the Roll? Let me ſee, let me ſee, let me ſee: ſo, ſo, ſo, ſo: yea marry Sir. *Raphe Mouldie:* let them appeare as I call: let them do ſo, let them do ſo: Let mee ſee, Where is *Mouldie?*

Moul. Heere, if it pleaſe you.

Shal. What thinke you (Sir *Iohn*) a good limb'd fellow: yong, ſtrong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name *Mouldie?*

Moul. Yea, if it pleaſe you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert vs'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, moſt excellent. Things that are mouldie, lacke vſe: very ſingular good. Well ſaide Sir *Iohn*, very well ſaid.

Fal. Pricke him.

Moul. I was prickt well enough before, if you could haue let me alone: my old Dame will be vndone now, for one to doe her Husbandry, and her Drudgery; you need not to haue prickt me, there are other men fitter to goe out, then I.

Fal. Go too: peace *Mouldie*, you ſhall goe. *Mouldie*, it is time you were ſpent.

Moul. Spent?

Shallow. Peace, fellow, peace; ſtand aſide: Know you where you are? For the other ſir *Iohn:* Let me ſee: *Simon Shadow.*

Fal. I marry, let me haue him to ſit vnder: he's like to be a cold ſouldier.

Shal. Where's *Shadow?*

Shad. Heere ſir.

Fal. Shadow, whoſe ſonne art thou?

Shad. My Mothers ſonne, Sir.

Falſt. Thy Mothers ſonne: like enough, and thy Fathers ſhadow: ſo the ſonne of the Female, is the ſhadow of the Male: it is often ſo indeede, but not of the Fathers ſubſtance.

Shal. Do you like him, ſir *Iohn?*

Falſt. Shadow will ſerue for Summer: pricke him: For wee haue a number of ſhadowes to fill vppe the Muſter-Booke.

Shal. Thomas Wart?

Falſt. Where's he?

Wart. Heere ſir.

Falſt. Is thy name *Wart?*

Wart. Yea ſir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged Wart.

Shal. Shall I pricke him downe.
Sir *Iohn?*

Falſt. It were ſuperfluous: for his apparrel is built vpon his backe, and the whole frame ſtands vpon pins: prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha, you can do it ſir: you can doe it: I commend you well.
Francis Feeble.

Feeble. Heere ſir.

Shal. What Trade art thou *Feeble?*

Feeble. A Womans Taylor ſir?

Shal. Shall I pricke him, ſir?

Fal. You may:
But if he had beene a mans Taylor, he would haue prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemies Battaile, as thou haſt done in a Womans petticote?

Feeble. I will doe my good will ſir, you can haue no more.

Falſt. Well ſaid, good Womans Tailour: Well ſayde Couragious *Feeble:* thou wilt bee as valiant as the wrathfull Doue, or moſt magnanimous Mouſe. Pricke the womans Taylour well Maſter *Shallow*, deepe Maiſter *Shallow.*

Feeble. I would *Wart* might haue gone ſir.

Fal. I would thou wert a mans Tailor, that y^u^ might'ſt mend him, and make him fit to goe. I cannot put him to a priuate ſouldier, that is the Leader of ſo many thouſands. Let that ſuffice, moſt Forcible *Feeble.*

Feeble. It ſhall ſuffice.

Falſt. I am bound to thee, reuerend *Feeble.* Who is the next?

Shal. Peter Bulcalfe of the Greene.

Falſt. Yea marry, let vs ſee *Bulcalfe.*

Bul. Heere ſir.

Fal. Truſt me, a likely Fellow. Come, pricke me *Bulcalfe* till he roare againe.

Bul. Oh, good my Lord Captaine.

Fal. What? do'ſt thou roare before th'art prickt.

Bul. Oh ſir, I am a diſeaſed man.

Fal. What diſeaſe haſt thou?

Bul. A whorſon cold ſir, a cough ſir, which I caught with Ringing in the Kings affayres, vpon his Coronation day, ſir.

Fal. Come, thou ſhalt go to the Warres in a Gowne: we will haue away thy Cold, and I will take ſuch order, that thy friends ſhall ring for thee. Is heere all?

Shal. There is two more called then your number: you muſt haue but foure heere ſir, and ſo I pray you go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will goe drinke with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to ſee you in good troth, Maſter *Shallow.*

Shal. O ſir *Iohn*, doe you remember ſince wee lay all night in the Winde-mill, in S Georges Field.

Falſtaffe. No more of that good Maſter *Shallow:* No more of that.

Shal. Ha? it was a merry night. And is *Iane Nightworke* aliue?

Fal. She liues, M. *Shallow.*

Shal. She neuer could away with me.

Fal. Neuer, neuer: ſhe would alwayes ſay ſhee could not abide M. *Shallow.*

Shal. I could anger her to the heart: ſhee was then a *Bona-Roba.* Doth ſhe hold her owne well.

Fal. Old, old, M. *Shallow.*

Shal. Nay, ſhe muſt be old, ſhe cannot chooſe but be old:

old: certaine ſhee's old: and had *Robin Night-worke*, by old *Night-worke*, before I came to *Clements* Inne.

Sil. That's fiftie fiue yeeres agoe.

Shal. Hah, Couſin *Silence*, that thou hadſt ſeene that, that this Knight and I haue ſeene: hah, Sir *Iohn*, ſaid I well?

Falſt. Wee haue heard the Chymes at mid-night, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. That wee haue, that wee haue; in faith, Sir *Iohn*, wee haue: our watch-word was, Hem-Boyes. Come, let's to Dinner; come, let's to Dinner: Oh the dayes that wee haue ſeene. Come, come.

Bul. Good Maſter Corporate *Bardolph*, ſtand my friend, and heere is foure *Harry* tenne ſhillings in French Crownes for you: in very truth, ſir, I had as liefe be hang'd ſir, as goe: and yet, for mine owne part, ſir, I do not care; but rather, becauſe I am vnwilling, and for mine owne part, haue a deſire to ſtay with my friends: elſe, ſir, I did not care, for mine owne part, ſo much.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Mould. And good Maſter Corporall Captaine, for my old Dames ſake, ſtand my friend: ſhee hath no body to doe any thing about her, when I am gone: and ſhe is old, and cannot helpe her ſelfe: you ſhall haue fortie, ſir.

Bard. Go-too: ſtand aſide.

Feeble. I care not, a man can die but once: wee owe a death. I will neuer beare a baſe minde: if it be my deſtinie, ſo: if it be not, ſo: no man is too good to ſerue his Prince: and let it goe which way it will, he that dies this yeere, is quit for the next.

Bard. Well ſaid, thou art a good fellow.

Feeble. Nay, I will beare no baſe minde.

Falſt. Come ſir, which men ſhall I haue?

Shal. Foure of which you pleaſe.

Bard. Sir, a word with you: I haue three pound, to free *Mouldie* and *Bull-calfe*.

Falſt. Go-too: well.

Shal. Come, ſir *Iohn*, which foure will you haue?

Falſt. Doe you chuſe for me.

Shal. Marry then, *Mouldie*, *Bull-calfe*, *Feeble*, and *Shadow*.

Falſt. *Mouldie*, and *Bull-calfe:* for you *Mouldie*, ſtay at home, till you are paſt ſeruice: and for your part, *Bull-calfe*, grow till you come vnto it: I will none of you.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Sir *Iohn*, doe not your ſelfe wrong, they are your likelyeſt men, and I would haue you ſeru'd with the beſt.

Falſt. Will you tell me (Maſter *Shallow*) how to chuſe a man? Care I for the Limbe, the Thewes, the ſtature, bulke, and bigge aſſemblance of a man? giue mee the ſpirit (Maſter *Shallow*.) Where's *Wart?* you ſee what a ragged appearance it is: hee ſhall charge you, and diſcharge you, with the motion of a Pewterers Hammer: come off, and on, ſwifter then hee that gibbets on the Brewers Bucket. And this ſame halfe-fac'd fellow, *Shadow*, giue me this man: hee preſents no marke to the Enemie, the foe-man may with as great ayme leuell at the edge of a Pen-knife: and for a Retrait, how ſwiftly will this *Feeble*, the Womans Taylor, runne off. O, giue me the ſpare men, and ſpare me the great ones. Put me a Calyuer into *Warts* hand, *Bardolph*.

Bard. Hold *Wart*, Trauerſe: thus, thus, thus.

Falſt. Come, manage me your Calyuer: ſo, very well, go-too, very good, exceeding good. O, giue me alwayes a little, leane, old, chopt, bald Shot. Well ſaid *Wart*, thou art a good Scab: hold, there is a Teſter for thee.

Shal. Hee is not his Crafts-maſter, hee doth not doe it right. I remember at Mile-end-Greene, when I lay at *Clements* Inne, I was then Sir *Dagonet* in *Arthurs* Show: there was a little quiuer fellow, and hee would manage you his Peece thus: and hee would about, and about, and come you in, and come you in: Rah, tah, tah, would hee ſay, Bownce would hee ſay, and away againe would hee goe, and againe would he come: I ſhall neuer ſee ſuch a fellow.

Falſt. Theſe fellowes will doe well, Maſter *Shallow*. Farewell Maſter *Silence*, I will not vſe many wordes with you: fare you well, Gentlemen both: I thanke you: I muſt a dozen mile to night. *Bardolph*, giue the Souldiers Coates.

Shal. Sir *Iohn*, Heauen bleſſe you, and proſper your Affaires, and ſend vs Peace. As you returne, viſit my houſe. Let our old acquaintance be renewed: peraduenture I will with you to the Court.

Falſt. I would you would, Maſter *Shallow*.

Shal. Go-too: I haue ſpoke at a word. Fare you well. *Exit.*

Falſt. Fare you well, gentle Gentlemen. On *Bardolph*, leade the men away. As I returne, I will fetch off theſe Iuſtices: I doe ſee the bottome of Iuſtice *Shallow*. How ſubiect wee old men are to this vice of Lying? This ſame ſtaru'd Iuſtice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildeneſſe of his Youth, and the Feates hee hath done about Turnball-ſtreet, and euery third word a Lye, duer pay'd to the hearer, then the Turkes Tribute. I doe remember him at *Clements* Inne, like a man made after Supper, of a Cheeſe-paring. When hee was naked, hee was, for all the world, like a forked Radiſh, with a Head fantaſtically caru'd vpon it with a Knife. Hee was ſo forlorne, that his Dimenſions (to any thicke ſight) were inuincible. Hee was the very *Genius* of Famine: hee came euer in the rere-ward of the Faſhion: And now is this Vices Dagger become a Squire, and talkes as familiarly of *Iohn* of Gaunt, as if hee had beene ſworne Brother to him: and Ile be ſworne hee neuer ſaw him but once in the Tilt-yard, and then he burſt his Head, for crowding among the Marſhals men. I ſaw it, and told *Iohn* of Gaunt, hee beat his owne Name, for you might haue truſs'd him and all his Apparrell into an Eele-skinne: the Caſe of a Treble-Hoeboy was a Manſion for him: a Court: and now hath hee Land, and Beeues. Well, I will be acquainted with him, if I returne: and it ſhall goe hard, but I will make him a Philoſophers two Stones to me. If the young Dace be a Bayt for the old Pike, I ſee no reaſon, in the Law of Nature, but I may ſnap at him. Let time ſhape, and there an end. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Arch-biſhop, Mowbray, Haſtings, Weſtmerland, Coleuile.

Biſh. What is this Forreſt call'd?

Haſt. 'Tis Gualtree Forreſt, and't ſhall pleaſe your Grace.

Biſh. Here ſtand (my Lords) and ſend diſcouerers forth, To know the numbers of our Enemies.

Haſt. Wee

Haſt. Wee haue ſent forth alreadie.
Biſh. 'Tis well done.
My Friends, and Brethren (in theſe great Affaires)
I muſt acquaint you, that I haue receiu'd
New-dated Letters from *Northumberland:*
Their cold intent, tenure, and ſubſtance thus.
Here doth hee wiſh his Perſon, with ſuch Powers
As might hold ſortance with his Qualitie,
The which hee could not leuie: whereupon
Hee is retyr'd, to ripe his growing Fortunes,
To Scotland; and concludes in heartie prayers,
That your Attempts may ouer-liue the hazard,
And fearefull meeting of their Oppoſite.
Mow. Thus do the hopes we haue in him, touch ground,
And daſh themſelues to pieces.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Haſt. Now? what newes?
Meſſ. Weſt of this Forreſt, ſcarcely off a mile,
In goodly forme, comes on the Enemie:
And by the ground they hide, I iudge their number
Vpon, or neere, the rate of thirtie thouſand.
Mow. The iuſt proportion that we gaue them out.
Let vs ſway-on, and face them in the field.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Biſh. What well-appointed Leader fronts vs here?
Mow. I thinke it is my Lord of Weſtmerland.
Weſt. Health, and faire greeting from our Generall,
The Prince, Lord *Iohn*, and Duke of Lancaſter.
Biſh. Say on (my Lord of Weſtmerland) in peace:
What doth concerne your comming?
West. Then (my Lord)
Vnto your Grace doe I in chiefe addreſſe
The ſubſtance of my Speech. If that Rebellion
Came like it ſelfe, in baſe and abiect Routs,
Led on by bloodie Youth, guarded with Rage,
And countenanc'd by Boyes, and Beggerie:
I ſay, if damn'd Commotion ſo appeare,
In his true, natiue, and moſt proper ſhape,
You (Reuerend Father, and theſe Noble Lords)
Had not beene here, to dreſſe the ougly forme
Of baſe, and bloodie Inſurrection,
With your faire Honors. You, Lord Arch-biſhop,
Whoſe Sea is by a Ciuill Peace maintain'd,
Whoſe Beard, the Siluer Hand of Peace hath touch'd,
Whoſe Learning, and good Letters, Peace hath tutor'd,
Whoſe white Inueſtments figure Innocence,
The Doue, and very bleſſed Spirit of Peace.
Wherefore doe you ſo ill tranſlate your ſelfe,
Out of the Speech of Peace, that beares ſuch grace,
Into the harſh and boyſtrous Tongue of Warre?
Turning your Bookes to Graues, your Inke to Blood,
Your Pennes to Launces, and your Tongue diuine
To a lowd Trumpet, and a Point of Warre.
Biſh. Wherefore doe I this? ſo the Queſtion ſtands.
Briefely to this end: Wee are all diſeas'd,
And with our ſurfetting, and wanton howres,
Haue brought our ſelues into a burning Feuer,
And wee muſt bleede for it: of which Diſeaſe,
Our late King *Richard* (being infected) dy'd.
But (my moſt Noble Lord of Weſtmerland)
I take not on me here as a Phyſician,
Nor doe I, as an Enemie to Peace,
Troope in the Throngs of Militarie men:
But rather ſhew a while like fearefull Warre,
To dyet ranke Mindes, ſicke of happineſſe,
And purge th'obſtructions, which begin to ſtop
Our very Veines of Life: heare me more plainely.
I haue in equall ballance iuſtly weigh'd,
What wrongs our Arms may do, what wrongs we ſuffer,
And finde our Griefes heauier then our Offences.
Wee ſee which way the ſtreame of Time doth runne,
And are enforc'd from our moſt quiet there,
By the rough Torrent of Occaſion,
And haue the ſummarie of all our Griefes
(When time ſhall ſerue) to ſhew in Articles;
Which long ere this, wee offer'd to the King,
And might, by no Suit, gayne our Audience:
When wee are wrong'd, and would vnfold our Griefes,
Wee are deny'd acceſſe vnto his Perſon,
Euen by thoſe men, that moſt haue done vs wrong.
The dangers of the dayes but newly gone,
Whoſe memorie is written on the Earth
With yet appearing blood; and the examples
Of euery Minutes inſtance (preſent now)
Hath put vs in theſe ill-beſeeming Armes:
Not to breake Peace, or any Branch of it,
But to eſtabliſh here a Peace indeede,
Concurring both in Name and Qualitie.
Weſt. When euer yet was your Appeale deny'd?
Wherein haue you beene galled by the King?
What Peere hath beene ſuborn'd, to grate on you,
That you ſhould ſeale this lawleſſe bloody Booke
Of forg'd Rebellion, with a Seale diuine?
Biſh. My Brother generall, the Common-wealth,
I make my Quarrell, in particular.
Weſt. There is no needs of any ſuch redreſſe:
Or if there were, it not belongs to you.
Mow. Why not to him in part, and to vs all,
That feele the bruizes of the dayes before,
And ſuffer the Condition of theſe Times
To lay a heauie and vnequall Hand vpon our Honors?
Weſt. O my good Lord *Mowbray*,
Conſtrue the Times to their Neceſſities,
And you ſhall ſay (indeede) it is the Time,
And not the King, that doth you iniuries.
Yet for your part, it not appeares to me,
Either from the King, or in the preſent Time,
That you ſhould haue an ynch of any ground
To build a Griefe on: were you not reſtor'd
To all the Duke of Norfolkes Seignories,
Your Noble, and right well-remembred Fathers?
Mow. What thing, in Honor, had my Father loſt,
That need to be reuiu'd, and breath'd in me?
The King that lou'd him, as the State ſtood then,
Was forc'd, perforce compell'd to baniſh him:
And then, that *Henry Bullingbrooke* and hee
Being mounted, and both rowſed in their Seates,
Their neighing Courſers daring of the Spurre,
Their armed Staues in charge, their Beauers downe,
Their eyes of fire, ſparkling through ſights of Steele,
And the lowd Trumpet blowing them together:
Then, then, when there was nothing could haue ſtay'd
My Father from the Breaſt of *Bullingbrooke;*
O, when the King did throw his Warder downe,
(His owne Life hung vpon the Staffe hee threw)
Then threw hee downe himſelfe, and all their Liues,
That by Indictment, and by dint of Sword,
Haue ſince miſ-carryed vnder *Bullingbrooke.*

Weſt. You

Weſt. You ſpeak (Lord *Mowbray*) now you know not what.
The Earle of Hereford was reputed then
In England the moſt valiant Gentleman.
Who knowes, on whom Fortune would then hauc ſmil'd?
But if your Father had beene Victor there,
Hee ne're had borne it out of Couentry.
For all the Countrey, in a generall voyce,
Cry'd hate vpon him: and all their prayers, and loue,
Were ſet on *Herford*, whom they doted on,
And bleſs'd, and grac'd, and did more then the King.
But this is meere digreſſion from my purpoſe.
Here come I from our Princely Generall,
To know your Griefes; to tell you, from his Grace,
That hee will giue you Audience: and wherein
It ſhall appeare, that your demands are iuſt,
You ſhall enioy them, euery thing ſet off,
That might ſo much as thinke you Enemies.
Mow. But hee hath forc'd vs to compell this Offer,
And it proceedes from Pollicy, not Loue.
Weſt. Mowbray, you ouer-weene to take it ſo:
This Offer comes from Mercy, not from Feare.
For loe, within a Ken our Army lyes,
Vpon mine Honor, all too confident
To giue admittance to a thought of feare.
Our Battaile is more full of Names then yours,
Our Men more perfect in the vſe of Armes,
Our Armor all as ſtrong, our Cauſe the beſt;
Then Reaſon will, our hearts ſhould be as good.
Say you not then, our Offer is compell'd.
Mow. Well, by my will, wee ſhall admit no Parley.
West. That argues but the ſhame of your offence:
A rotten Caſe abides no handling.
Haſt. Hath the Prince *Iohn* a full Commiſſion,
In very ample vertue of his Father,
To heare, and abſolutely to determine
Of what Conditions wee ſhall ſtand vpon?
Weſt. That is intended in the Generals Name:
I muſe you make ſo ſlight a Queſtion.
Biſh. Then take (my Lord of Weſtmerland) this Schedule,
For this containes our generall Grieuances:
Each ſeuerall Article herein redreſs'd,
All members of our Cauſe, both here, and hence,
That are inſinewed to this Action,
Acquitted by a true ſubſtantiall forme,
And preſent execution of our wills,
To vs, and to our purpoſes confin'd,
Wee come within our awfull Banks againe,
And knit our Powers to the Arme of Peace.
Weſt. This will I ſhew the Generall. Pleaſe you Lords,
In ſight of both our Battailes, wee may meete
At either end in peace: which Heauen ſo frame,
Or to the place of difference call the Swords,
Which muſt decide it.
Biſh. My Lord, wee will doe ſo.
Mow. There is a thing within my Boſome tells me,
That no Conditions of our Peace can ſtand.
Haſt. Feare you not, that if wee can make our Peace
Vpon ſuch large termes, and ſo abſolute,
As our Conditions ſhall conſiſt vpon,
Our Peace ſhall ſtand as firme as Rockie Mountaines.
Mow. I, but our valuation ſhall be ſuch,
That euery ſlight, and falſe-deriued Cauſe,
Yea, euery idle, nice, and wanton Reaſon,
Shall, to the King, taſte of this Action:
That were our Royall faiths, Martyrs in Loue,
Wee ſhall be winnowed with ſo rough a winde,
That euen our Corne ſhall ſeeme as light as Chaffe,
And good from bad finde no partition.
Biſh. No, no (my Lord) note this: the King is wearie
Of daintie, and ſuch picking Grieuances:
For hee hath found, to end one doubt by Death,
Reuiues two greater in the Heires of Life.
And therefore will hee wipe his Tables cleane,
And keepe no Tell-tale to his Memorie,
That may repeat, and Hiſtorie his loſſe,
To new remembrance. For full well hee knowes,
Hee cannot ſo preciſely weede this Land,
As his miſ-doubts preſent occaſion:
His foes are ſo en-rooted with his friends,
That plucking to vnfixe an Enemie,
Hee doth vnfaſten ſo, and ſhake a friend.
So that this Land, like an offenſiue wife,
That hath enrag'd him on, to offer ſtrokes,
As he is ſtriking, holds his Infant vp,
And hangs reſolu'd Correction in the Arme,
That was vprear'd to execution.
Haſt. Beſides, the King hath waſted all his Rods,
On late Offenders, that he now doth lacke
The very Inſtruments of Chaſticement:
So that his power, like to a Fangleſſe Lion
May offer, but not hold.
Biſh. 'Tis very true:
And therefore be aſſur'd (my good Lord Marſhal)
If we do now make our attonement well,
Our Peace, will (like a broken Limbe vnited)
Grow ſtronger, for the breaking.
Mow. Be it ſo:
Heere is return'd my Lord of Weſtmerland.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Weſt. The Prince is here at hand: pleaſeth your Lordſhip
To meet his Grace, iuſt diſtance 'tweene our Armies?
Mow. Your Grace of Yorke, in heauen's name then forward.
Biſh. Before, and greet his Grace (my Lord) we come.

Enter Prince Iohn.

Iohn. You are welencountred here (my coſin *Mowbray*)
Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbiſhop,
And ſo to you Lord *Haſtings*, and to all.
My Lord of Yorke, it better ſhew'd with you,
When that your Flocke (aſſembled by the Bell)
Encircled you, to heare with reuerence
Your expoſition on the holy Text,
Then now to ſee you heere an Iron man
Chearing a rowt of Rebels with your Drumme,
Turning the Word, to Sword; and Life to death:
That man that ſits within a Monarches heart,
And ripens in the Sunne-ſhine of his fauor,
Would hee abuſe the Countenance of the King,
Alack, what Miſchiefes might hee ſet abroach,
In ſhadow of ſuch Greatneſſe? With you, Lord Biſhop,
It is euen ſo. Who hath not heard it ſpoken,
How deepe you were within the Bookes of Heauen?
To vs, the Speaker in his Parliament;
To vs, th'imagine Voyce of Heauen it ſelfe:
The very Opener, and Intelligencer,
Betweene the Grace, the Sanctities of Heauen;
And our dull workings. O, who ſhall beleeue,
But you miſ-vſe the reuerence of your Place,
Employ the Countenance, and Grace of Heauen,
As a falſe Fauorite doth his Princes Name,
In deedes diſ-honorable? You haue taken vp,

Vnder

Vnder the counterfeited Zeale of Heauen,
The Subiects of Heauens Subſtitute, my Father,
And both againſt the Peace of Heauen, and him,
Haue here vp-ſwarmed them.

Biſh. Good my Lord of Lancaſter,
I am not here againſt your Fathers Peace:
But (as I told my Lord of Weſtmerland)
The Time (miſ-order'd) doth in common ſence
Crowd vs, and cruſh vs, to this monſtrous Forme,
To hold our ſafetie vp. I ſent your Grace
The parcels, and particulars of our Griefe,
The which hath been with ſcorne ſhou'd from the Court:
Whereon this *Hydra*-Sonne of Warre is borne,
Whoſe dangerous eyes may well be charm'd aſleepe,
With graunt of our moſt iuſt and right deſires;
And true Obedience, of this Madneſſe cur'd,
Stoope tamely to the foot of Maieſtie.

Mow. If not, wee readie are to trye our fortunes,
To the laſt man.

Haſt. And though wee here fall downe,
Wee haue Supplyes, to ſecond our Attempt:
If they miſ-carry, theirs ſhall ſecond them.
And ſo, ſucceſſe of Miſchiefe ſhall be borne,
And Heire from Heire ſhall hold this Quarrell vp,
Whiles England ſhall haue generation.

Iohn. You are too ſhallow (*Haſtings*)
Much too ſhallow,
To ſound the bottome of the after-Times.

Weſt. Pleaſeth your Grace, to anſwere them directly,
How farre-forth you doe like their Articles.

Iohn. I like them all, and doe allow them well:
And ſweare here, by the honor of my blood,
My Fathers purpoſes haue beene miſtooke,
And ſome, about him, haue too lauiſhly
Wreſted his meaning, and Authoritie.
My Lord, theſe Griefes ſhall be with ſpeed redreſt:
Vpon my Life, they ſhall. If this may pleaſe you,
Diſcharge your Powers vnto their ſeuerall Counties,
As wee will ours: and here, betweene the Armies,
Let's drinke together friendly, and embrace,
That all their eyes may beare thoſe Tokens home,
Of our reſtored Loue, and Amitie.

Biſh. I take your Princely word, for theſe redreſſes.

Iohn. I giue it you, and will maintaine my word:
And thereupon I drinke vnto your Grace.

Haſt. Goe Captaine, and deliuer to the Armie
This newes of Peace: let them haue pay, and part:
I know, it will well pleaſe them.
High thee Captaine. *Exit.*

Biſh. To you, my Noble Lord of Weſtmerland.

Weſt. I pledge your Grace:
And if you knew what paines I haue beſtow'd,
To breede this preſent Peace,
You would drinke freely: but my loue to ye,
Shall ſhew it ſelfe more openly hereafter.

Biſh. I doe not doubt you.

Weſt. I am glad of it.
Health to my Lord, and gentle Couſin *Mowbray*.

Mow. You wiſh me health in very happy ſeaſon,
For I am, on the ſodaine, ſomething ill.

Biſh. Againſt ill Chances, men are euer merry,
But heauineſſe fore-runnes the good euent.

Weſt. Therefore be merry (Cooze) ſince ſodaine ſorrow
Serues to ſay thus: ſome good thing comes to morrow.

Biſh. Beleeue me, I am paſſing light in ſpirit.

Mow. So much the worſe, if your owne Rule be true.

Iohn. The word of Peace is render'd: hearke how they ſhowt.

Mow. This had been chearefull, after Victorie.

Biſh. A Peace is of the nature of a Conqueſt:
For then both parties nobly are ſubdu'd,
And neither partie looſer.

Iohn. Goe (my Lord)
And let our Army be diſcharged too:
And good my Lord (ſo pleaſe you) let our Traines
March by vs, that wee may peruſe the men *Exit.*
Wee ſhould haue coap'd withall.

Biſh. Goe, good Lord *Haſtings:*
And ere they be diſmiſs'd, let them march by. *Exit.*

Iohn. I truſt (Lords) wee ſhall lye to night together.
Enter Weſtmerland.
Now Couſin, wherefore ſtands our Army ſtill?

West. The Leaders hauing charge from you to ſtand,
Will not goe off, vntill they heare you ſpeake.

Iohn. They know their duties. *Enter Haſtings.*

Haſt. Our Army is diſpers'd:
Like youthfull Steeres, vnyoak'd, they tooke their courſe
Eaſt, Weſt, North, South: or like a Schoole, broke vp,
Each hurryes towards his home, and ſporting place.

Weſt. Good tidings (my Lord *Haſtings*) for the which,
I doe arreſt thee (Traytor) of high Treaſon:
And you Lord Arch-biſhop, and you Lord *Mowbray*,
Of Capitall Treaſon, I attach you both.

Mow. Is this proceeding iuſt, and honorable?

Weſt. Is your Aſſembly ſo?

Biſh. Will you thus breake your faith?

Iohn. I pawn'd thee none:
I promis'd you redreſſe of theſe ſame Grieuances
Whereof you did complaine; which, by mine Honor,
I will performe, with a moſt Chriſtian care.
But for you (Rebels) looke to taſte the due
Meet for Rebellion, and ſuch Acts as yours.
Moſt ſhallowly did you theſe Armes commence,
Fondly brought here, and fooliſhly ſent hence.
Strike vp our Drummes, purſue the ſcatter'd ſtray,
Heauen, and not wee, haue ſafely fought to day.
Some guard theſe Traitors to the Block of Death,
Treaſons true Bed, and yeelder vp of breath. *Exeunt.*
Enter Falſtaffe and Colleuile.

Falſt. What's your Name, Sir? of what Condition are you? and of what place, I pray?

Col. I am a Knight, Sir:
And my Name is *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Falst. Well then, *Colleuile* is your Name, a Knight is your Degree, and your Place, the Dale. *Colleuile* ſhall ſtill be your Name, a Traytor your Degree, and the Dungeon your Place, a place deepe enough: ſo ſhall you be ſtill *Colleuile* of the Dale.

Col. Are not you Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe?*

Falſt. As good a man as he ſir, who ere I am: doe yee yeelde ſir, or ſhall I ſweate for you? if I doe ſweate, they are the drops of thy Louers, and they weep for thy death, therefore rowze vp Feare and Trembling, and do obſeruance to my mercy.

Col. I thinke you are Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, & in that thought yeeld me.

Fal. I haue a whole Schoole of tongues in this belly of mine, and not a Tongue of them all, ſpeakes anie other word but my name: and I had but a belly of any indifferencie, I were ſimply the moſt actiue fellow in Europe: my wombe, my wombe, my wombe vndoes mee. Heere comes our Generall.

Enter Prince Iohn, and Weſtmerland.

Iohn. The heat is paſt, follow no farther now:
Call in the Powers, good Coſin *Westmerland.*
Now *Falſtaffe*, where haue you beene all this while?
When euery thing is ended, then you come.
Theſe tardie Tricks of yours will (on my life)
One time, or other, breake ſome Gallowes back.

Falſt. I would bee ſorry (my Lord) but it ſhould bee thus: I neuer knew yet, but rebuke and checke was the reward of Valour. Doe you thinke me a Swallow, an Arrow, or a Bullet? Haue I, in my poore and olde Motion, the expedition of Thought? I haue ſpeeded hither with the very extremeſt ynch of poſſibilitie. I haue ſwondred nine ſcore and odde Poſtes: and heere (trauell-tainted as I am) haue, in my pure and immaculate Valour, taken Sir *Iohn Colleuile* of the Dale, a moſt furious Knight, and valorous Enemie: But what of that? hee ſaw mee, and yeelded: that I may iuſtly ſay with the hooke-nos'd fellow of Rome, I came, ſaw, and ouer-came.

Iohn. It was more of his Courteſie, then your deſeruing.

Falſt. I know not: heere hee is, and heere I yeeld him: and I beſeech your Grace, let it be book'd, with the reſt of this dayes deedes; or I ſweare, I will haue it in a particular Ballad, with mine owne Picture on the top of it (*Colleuile* kiſſing my foot:) To the which courſe, if I be enforc'd, if you do not all ſhew like gilt two-pences to me; and I, in the cleare Skie of Fame, o're-ſhine you as much as the Full Moone doth the Cynders of the Element (which ſhew like Pinnes-heads to her) beleeue not the Word of the Noble: therefore let mee haue right, and let deſert mount.

Iohn. Thine's too heauie to mount.

Falſt. Let it ſhine then.

Iohn. Thine's too thick to ſhine.

Falſt. Let it doe ſomething (my good Lord) that may doe me good, and call it what you will.

Iohn. Is thy Name *Colleuile?*

Col. It is (my Lord.)

Iohn. A famous Rebell art thou, *Colleuile.*

Falſt. And a famous true Subiect tooke him.

Col. I am (my Lord) but as my Betters are,
That led me hither: had they beene rul'd by me,
You ſhould haue wonne them dearer then you haue.

Falſt. I know not how they ſold themſelues, but thou like a kinde fellow, gau'ſt thy ſelfe away; and I thanke thee, for thee.

Enter Westmerland.

Iohn. Haue you left purſuit?

Weſt. Retreat is made, and Execution ſtay'd.

Iohn. Send *Colleuile*, with his Confederates,
To Yorke, to preſent Execution.
Blunt, leade him hence, and ſee you guard him ſure.
Exit with Colleuile.
And now diſpatch we toward the Court (my Lords)
I heare the King, my Father, is ſore ſicke.
Our Newes ſhall goe before vs, to his Maieſtie,
Which (Coſin) you ſhall beare, to comfort him;
And wee with ſober ſpeede will follow you.

Falſt. My Lord, I beſeech you, giue me leaue to goe through Glouceſterſhire: and when you come to Court, ſtand my good Lord, 'pray, in your good report.

Iohn. Fare you well, *Falſtaffe*: I, in my condition,
Shall better ſpeake of you, then you deſerue. *Exit.*

Falſt. I would you had but the wit: 'twere better then your Dukedome. Good faith, this ſame young ſober-blooded Boy doth not loue me, nor a man cannot make him laugh: but that's no maruaile, hee drinkes no Wine. There's neuer any of theſe demure Boyes come to any proofe: for thinne Drinke doth ſo ouer-coole their blood, and making many Fiſh-Meales, that they fall into a kinde of Male Greene-ſickneſſe: and then, when they marry, they get Wenches. They are generally Fooles, and Cowards; which ſome of vs ſhould be too, but for inflamation. A good Sherris-Sack hath a two-fold operation in it: it aſcends me into the Braine, dryes me there all the fooliſh, and dull, and cruddie Vapours, which enuiron it: makes it apprehenſiue, quicke, forgetiue, full of nimble, fierie, and delectable ſhapes; which deliuer'd o're to the Voyce, the Tongue, which is the Birth, becomes excellent Wit. The ſecond propertie of your excellent Sherris, is, the warming of the Blood: which before (cold, and ſetled) left the Liuer white, and pale: which is the Badge of Puſillanimitie, and Cowardize; but the Sherris warmes it, and makes it courſe from the inwards, to the parts extremes: it illuminateth the Face, which (as a Beacon) giues warning to all the reſt of this little Kingdome (Man) to Arme: and then the Vitall Commoners, and in-land pettie Spirits, muſter me all to their Captaine, the Heart; who great, and pufft vp with his Retinue, doth any Deed of Courage: and this Valour comes of Sherris. So, that skill in the Weapon is nothing, without Sack (for that ſets it a-worke:) and Learning, a meere Hoord of Gold, kept by a Deuill, till Sack commences it, and ſets it in act, and vſe. Hereof comes it, that Prince *Harry* is valiant: for the cold blood hee did naturally inherite of his Father, hee hath, like leane, ſtirrill, and bare Land, manured, husbanded, and tyll'd, with excellent endeauour of drinking good, and good ſtore of fertile Sherris, that hee is become very hot, and valiant. If I had a thouſand Sonnes, the firſt Principle I would teach them, ſhould be to forſweare thinne Potations, and to addict themſelues to Sack. *Enter Bardolph.* How now *Bardolph?*

Bard. The Armie is diſcharged all, and gone.

Falſt. Let them goe: Ile through Glouceſterſhire, and there will I viſit Maſter *Robert Shallow*, Eſquire: I haue him alreadie tempering betweene my finger and my thombe, and ſhortly will I ſeale with him. Come away.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter King, Warwicke, Clarence, Glouceſter.

King. Now Lords, if Heauen doth giue ſucceſſefull end
To this Debate that bleedeth at our doores,
Wee will our Youth lead on to higher Fields,
And draw no Swords, but what are ſanctify'd.
Our Nauie is addreſſed, our Power collected,
Our Subſtitutes, in abſence, well inueſted,
And euery thing lyes leuell to our wiſh;
Onely wee want a little perſonal Strength:
And pawſe vs, till theſe Rebels, now a-foot,
Come vnderneath the yoake of Gouernment.

War. Both which we doubt not, but your Maieſtie
Shall ſoone enioy.

King. Hum-

King. *Humphrey* (my Sonne of Glouceſter) where is the Prince, your Brother?

Glo. I thinke bee's gone to hunt (my Lord) at Windſor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glo. I doe not know (my Lord.)

King. Is not his Brother, *Thomas* of Clarence, with him?

Glo. No (my good Lord) hee is in prefence heere.

Clar. What would my Lord, and Father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, *Thomas* of Clarence. How chance thou art not with the Prince, thy Brother? Hee loues thee, and thou do'ſt neglect him (*Thomas.*) Thou haſt a better place in his Affection, Then all thy Brothers: cheriſh it (my Boy) And Noble Offices thou may'ſt effect Of Mediation (after I am dead) Betweene his Greatneſſe, and thy other Brethren. Therefore omit him not: blunt not his Loue, Nor looſe the good aduantage of his Grace, By ſeeming cold, or careleſſe of his will. For hee is gracious, if hee be obſeru'd: Hee hath a Teare for Pitie, and a Hand Open (as Day) for melting Charitie: Yet notwithſtanding, being incens'd, hee's Flint, As humorous as Winter, and as ſudden, As Flawes congealed in the Spring of day. His temper therefore muſt be well obſeru'd: Chide him for faults, and doe it reucrently, When you perceiue his blood enclin'd to mirth: But being moodie, giue him Line, and ſcope, Till that his paſſions (like a Whale on ground) Confound themſelues with working. Learne this *Thomas*, And thou ſhalt proue a ſhelter to thy friends, A Hoope of Gold, to binde thy Brothers in: That the vnited Veſſell of their Blood (Mingled with Venome of Suggeſtion, As force, perforce, the Age will powre it in) Shall neuer leake, though it doe worke as ſtrong As *Aconitum*, or raſh Gun-powder.

Clar. I ſhall obſerue him with all care, and loue.

King. Why art thou not at Windſor with him (*Thomas?*)

Clar. Hee is not there to day: hee dines in London.

King. And how accompanyed? Canſt thou tell that?

Clar. With *Pointz*, and other his continuall followers.

King. Moſt ſubiect is the fatteſt Soyle to Weedes: And hee (the Noble Image of my Youth) Is ouer-ſpread with them: therefore my griefe Stretches it ſelfe beyond the howre of death. The blood weepes from my heart, when I doe ſhape (In formes imaginarie) th'vnguided Dayes, And rotten Times, that you ſhall looke vpon, When I am ſleeping with my Anceſtors. For when his head-ſtrong Riot hath no Curbe, When Rage and hot-Blood are his Counſailors, When Meanes and lauiſh Manners meete together; Oh, with what Wings ſhall his Affections flye Towards fronting Perill, and oppos'd Decay?

War. My gracious Lord, you looke beyond him quite: The Prince but ſtudies his Companions, Like a ſtrange Tongue: wherein, to gaine the Language, 'Tis needfull, that the moſt immodeſt word Be look'd vpon, and learn'd: which once attayn'd, Your Highneſſe knowes, comes to no farther vſe, But to be knowne, and hated. So, like groſſe termes, The Prince will, in the perfectneſſe of time, Caſt off his followers: and their memorie Shall as a Patterne, or a Meaſure, liue, By which his Grace muſt mete the liues of others, Turning paſt-euills to aduantages.

King. 'Tis feldome, when the Bee doth leaue her Combe In the dead Carrion.

Enter Weſtmerland.

Who's heere? *Weſtmerland?*

Weſt. Health to my Soueraigne, and new happineſſe Added to that, that I am to deliuer. Prince *Iohn*, your Sonne, doth kiſſe your Graces Hand: *Mowbray*, the Biſhop, *Scroope*, *Haſtings*, and all, Are brought to the Correction of your Law, There is not now a Rebels Sword vnſheath'd, But Peace puts forth her Oliue euery where? The manner how this Action hath beene borne, Here (at more leyſure) may your Highneſſe reade, With euery courſe, in his particular.

King. O *Weſtmerland*, thou art a Summer Bird, Which euer in the haunch of Winter ſings The lifting vp of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Looke, heere's more newes.

Harc. From Enemies, Heauen keepe your Maieſtie: And when they ſtand againſt you, may they fall, As thoſe that I am come to tell you of. The Earle *Northumberland*, and the Lord *Bardolfe*, With a great Power of Engliſh, and of Scots, Are by the Sherife of Yorkeſhire ouerthrowne: The manner, and true order of the fight, This Packet (pleaſe it you) containes at large.

King. And wherefore ſhould theſe good newes Make me ſicke? Will Fortune neuer come with both hands full, But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters? Shee eyther giues a Stomack, and no Foode, (Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt, And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich, That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.) I ſhould reioyce now, at this happy newes, And now my Sight fayles, and my Braine is giddie. O me, come neere me, now I am much ill.

Glo. Comfort your Maieſtie.

Cla. Oh, my Royall Father.

Weſt. My Soueraigne Lord, cheare vp your ſelfe, looke vp.

War. Be patient (Princes) you doe know, theſe Fits Are with his Highneſſe very ordinarie. Stand from him, giue him ayre: Heel'e ſtraight be well.

Clar. No, no, hee cannot long hold out: theſe pangs, Th'inceſſant care, and labour of his Minde, Hath wrought the Mure, that ſhould confine it in, So thinne, that Life lookes through, and will breake out.

Glo. The people feare me: for they doe obſerue Vnfather'd Heires, and loathly Births of Nature: The Seaſons change their manners, as the Yeere Had found ſome Moneths aſleepe, and leap'd them ouer.

Clar. The Riuer hath thrice flow'd, no ebbe betweene: And the old folke (Times doting Chronicles) Say it did ſo, a little time before That our great Grand-ſire *Edward* ſick'd, and dy'de.

War. Speake

War. Speake lower (Princes) for the King recouers.

Glo. This Apoplexie will (certaine) be his end.

King. I pray you take me vp, and beare me hence
Into ſome other Chamber: ſoftly 'pray.
Let there be no noyſe made (my gentle friends)
Vnleſſe ſome dull and fauourable hand
Will whiſper Muſicke to my wearie Spirit.

War. Call for the Muſicke in the other Roome.

King. Set me the Crowne vpon my Pillow here.

Clar. His eye is hollow, and hee changes much.

War. Leſſe noyſe, leſſe noyſe.

Enter Prince Henry.

P.Hen. Who ſaw the Duke of Clarence?

Clar. I am here (Brother) full of heauineſſe.

P.Hen. How now? Raine within doores, and none abroad? How doth the King?

Glo. Exceeding ill.

P.Hen. Heard hee the good newes yet?
Tell it him.

Glo. Hee alter'd much, vpon the hearing it.

P.Hen. If hee be ſicke with Ioy,
Hee'le recouer without Phyſicke.

War. Not ſo much noyſe (my Lords)
Sweet Prince ſpeake lowe.
The King, your Father, is diſpos'd to ſleepe.

Clar. Let vs with-draw into the other Roome.

War. Wil't pleaſe your Graee to goe along with vs?

P.Hen. No: I will ſit, and watch here, by the King.
Why doth the Crowne lye there, vpon his Pillow,
Being ſo troubleſome a Bed-fellow?
O polliſh'd Perturbation! Golden Care!
That keep'ſt the Ports of Slumber open wide,
To many a watchfull Night: ſleepe with it now,
Yet not ſo ſound, and halfe ſo deepely ſweete,
As bee whoſe Brow (with homely Biggen bound)
Snores out the Watch of Night. O Maieſtie!
When thou do'ſt pinch thy Bearer, thou do'ſt ſit
Like a rich Armor, worne in heat of day,
That ſcald'ſt with ſafetie: by his Gates of breath,
There lyes a downy feather which ſtirres not:
Did hee ſuſpire, that light and weightleſſe downe
Perforce muſt moue. My gracious Lord, my Father,
This ſleepe is found indeede: this is a ſleepe,
That from this Golden Rigoll hath diuore'd
So many Engliſh Kings. Thy due, from me,
Is Teares, and heauie Sorrowes of the Blood,
Which Nature, Loue, and filiall tenderneſſe,
Shall (O deare Father) pay thee plenteouſly.
My due, from thee, is this Imperiall Crowne,
Which (as immediate from thy Place and Blood)
Deriues it ſelfe to me. Loe, heere it ſits,
Which Heauen ſhall guard:
And put the worlds whole ſtrength into one gyant Arme,
It ſhall not force this Lineall Honor from me.
This, from thee, will I to mine leaue,
As 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

Enter Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

King. Warwicke, Glouceſter, Clarence.

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Maieſtie? how fares your Graee?

King. Why did you leaue me here alone (my Lords?)

Cla. We left the Prince (my Brother) here (my Liege)
Who vndertooke to ſit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales? where is hee? let mee ſee him.

War. This doore is open, hee is gone this way.

Glo. Hee eame not througb the Chamber where wee ſtayd.

King. Where is the Crowne? who tooke it from my Pillow?

War. When wee with-drew (my Liege) wee left it heere.

King. The Prince hath ta'ne it henee:
Goe ſeeke him out.
Is hee ſo haſtie, that hee doth ſuppoſe
My ſleepe, my death? Finde him (my Lord of Warwick)
Chide him hither: this part of his conioynes
With my diſeaſe, and helpes to end me.
See Sonnes, what things you are:
How quickly Nature falls into reuolt,
When Gold becomes her Obiect?
For this, the fooliſh ouer-carefull Fathers
Haue broke their ſleepes with thoughts,
Their braines with care, their bones with induſtry.
For this, they haue ingroſſed and pyl'd vp
Tbe canker'd heapes of ſtrange-atchieued Gold:
For this, they haue beene thoughtfull, to inueſt
Their Sonnes with Arts, and Martiall Exereiſes:
When, like the Bee, culling from euery flower
The vertuous Sweetes, our Thighes packt with Wax,
Our Mouthes with Honey, wee bring it to the Hiue;
And like the Bees, are murthered for our paines.
This bitter taſte yeelds his engroſſements,
To the ending Father.

Enter Warwicke.

Now, where is hee, that will not ſtay ſo long,
Till his Friend Sickneſſe hath determin'd me?

War. My Lord, I found the Prinee in the next Roome,
Waſhing with kindly Teares his gentle Cheekes,
With ſuch a deepe demeanure, in great forrow,
That Tyranny, which neuer quafft but blood,
Would (by beholding him) haue waſh'd his Knife
With gentle eye-drops. Hee is eomming hither.

King. But wherefore did hee take away the Crowne?

Enter Prince Henry.

Loe, where hee comes. Come hither to me (*Harry.*)
Depart the Chamber, leaue vs heere alone. *Exit.*

P.Hen. I neuer thought to heare you ſpeake againe.

King. Thy wiſh was Father (*Harry*) to that thought:
I ſtay too long by thee, I wearie thee.
Do'ſt thou ſo hunger for my emptie Chayre,
That thou wilt needes inueſt thee with mine Honors,
Before thy howre be ripe? O fooliſh Youth!
Thou ſeek'ſt the Greatneſſe, that will ouer-whelme thee.
Stay but a little: for my Cloud of Dignitie
Is held from falling, with ſo weake a winde,
That it will quickly drop: my Day is dimme.
Thou haſt ſtolne that, which after ſome few howres
Were thine, without offence: and at my death
Thou haſt feal'd vp my expectation.
Thy Life did manifeſt, thou lou'dſt me not,
And thou wilt haue me dye aſſur'd of it.
Thou hid'ſt a thouſand Daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou haſt whetted on thy ſtonie heart,
To ſtab at halfe an howre of my Life.
What? eanſt thou not forbeare me halfe an howre?

Then

Then get thee gone, and digge my graue thy ſelfe.
And bid the merry Bels ring to thy eare
That thou art Crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the Teares, that ſhould bedew my Hearſe
Be drops of Balme, to ſanctifie thy head:
Onely compound me with forgotten duſt.
Giue that, which gaue thee life, vnto the Wormes:
Plucke downe my Officers, breake my Decrees;
For now a time is come, to mocke at Forme.
Henry the fift is Crown'd: Vp Vanity,
Downe Royall State: All you ſage Counſailors, hence:
And to the Engliſh Court, aſſemble now
From eu'ry Region, Apes of Idleneſſe.
Now neighbor-Confines, purge you of your Scum:
Haue you a Ruffian that ſwill ſweare? drinke? dance?
Reuell the night? Rob? Murder? and commit
The oldeſt ſinnes, the neweſt kinde of wayes?
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:
England, ſhall double gill'd, his trebble guilt.
England, ſhall giue him Office, Honor, Might:
For the Fift *Harry*, from curb'd Licenſe pluckes
The muzzle of Reſtraint; and the wilde Dogge
Shall fleſh his tooth in euery Innocent.
O my poore Kingdome (ſicke, with ciuill blowes)
When that my Care could not withhold thy Ryots,
What wilt thou do, when Ryot is thy Care?
O, thou wilt be a Wilderneſſe againe,
Peopled with Wolues (thy old Inhabitants.

Prince. O pardon me (my Liege)
But for my Teares,
The moſt Impediments vnto my Speech,
I had fore-ſtall'd this deere, and deepe Rebuke,
Ere you (with greefe) had ſpoke, and I had heard
The courſe of it ſo farre. There is your Crowne,
And he that weares the Crowne immortally,
Long guard it yours. If I affect it more,
Then as your Honour, and as your Renowne,
Let me no more from this Obedience riſe,
Which my moſt true, and inward duteous Spirit
Teacheth this proſtrate, and exteriour bending.
Heauen witneſſe with me, when I heere came in,
And ſound no courſe of breath within your Maieſtie,
How cold it ſtrooke my heart. If I do faine,
O let me, in my preſent wildeneſſe, dye,
And neuer liue, to ſhew th'incredulous World,
The Noble change that I haue purpoſed.
Comming to looke on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almoſt (my Liege) to thinke you were)
I ſpake vnto the Crowne (as hauing ſenſe)
And thus vpbraided it. The Care on thee depending,
Hath fed vpon the body of my Father,
Therefore, thou beſt of Gold, art worſt of Gold.
Other, leſſe fine in Charract, is more precious,
Preſeruing life, in Med'cine potable:
But thou, moſt Fine, moſt Honour'd, moſt Renown'd,
Haſt eate the Bearer vp.
Thus (my Royall Liege)
Accuſing it, I put it on my Head,
To try with it (as with an Enemie,
That had before my face murdred my Father)
The Quarrell of a true Inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with Ioy,
Or ſwell my Thoughts, to any ſtraine of Pride,
If any Rebell, or vaine ſpirit of mine,
Did, with the leaſt Affection of a Welcome,
Giue entertainment to the might of it,
Let heauen, for euer, keepe it from my head,
And make me, as the pooreſt Vaſſaile is,
That doth with awe, and terror kneele to it.

King. O my Sonne!
Heauen put it in thy minde to take it hence,
That thou might'ſt ioyne the more, thy Fathers loue,
Pleading ſo wiſely, in excuſe of it.
Come hither *Harrie*, ſit thou by my bedde,
And heare (I thinke, the very lateſt Counſell
That euer I ſhall breath: Heauen knowes, my Sonne)
By what by-pathes, and indirect crook'd-wayes
I met this Crowne: and I my ſelfe know well
How troubleſome it ſate vpon my head.
To thee, it ſhall deſcend with better Quiet,
Better Opinion, better Confirmation:
For all the ſoyle of the Atchieuement goes
With me, into the Earth. It ſeem'd in mee,
But as an Honour ſnatch'd with boyſt'rous hand,
And I had many liuing, to vpbraide
My gaine of it, by their Aſſiſtances,
Which dayly grew to Quarrell, and to Blood-ſhed,
Wounding ſuppoſed Peace.
All theſe bold Feares,
Thou ſeeſt (with perill) I haue anſwered:
For all my Reigne, hath beene but as a Scene
Acting that argument. And now my death
Changes the Moode: For what in me, was purchas'd,
Falles vpon thee, in a more Fayrer ſort.
So thou, the Garland wear'ſt ſucceſſiuely.
Yet, though thou ſtand'ſt more ſure, then I could do,
Thou art not firme enough, ſince greeſes are greene:
And all thy Friends, which thou muſt make thy Friends
Haue but their ſtings, and teeth, newly tak'n out,
By whoſe fell working, I was firſt aduanc'd,
And by whoſe power, I well might lodge a Feare
To be againe diſplac'd. Which to auoyd,
I cut them off: and had a purpoſe now
To leade out many to the Holy Land;
Leaſt reſt, and lying ſtill, might make them looke
Too neere vnto my State.
Therefore (my *Harrie*)
Be it thy courſe to buſie giddy Mindes
With Forraigne Quarrels: that Action hence borne out,
May waſte the memory of the former dayes.
More would I, but my Lungs are waſted ſo,
That ſtrength of Speech is vtterly deni'de mee.
How I came by the Crowne, O heauen forgiue:
And grant it may, with thee, in true peace liue.

Prince. My gracious Liege:
You wonne it, wore it: kept it, gaue it me,
Then plaine and right muſt my poſſeſſion be;
Which I, with more, then with a Common paine,
'Gainſt all the World, will rightfully maintaine.

Enter Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Warwicke.

King. Looke, looke,
Heere comes my *Iohn* of Lancaſter:

Iohn. Health, Peace, and Happineſſe,
To my Royall Father.

King. Thou bring'ſt me happineſſe and Peace (Sonne *Iohn:*
But health (alacke) with youthfull wings is flowne
From this bare, wither'd Trunke. Vpon thy ſight
My worldly buſineſſe makes a period.

Where

Where is my Lord of Warwicke?
Prin. My Lord of Warwicke.
King. Doth any name particular, belong
Vnto the Lodging, where I firſt did ſwoon'd?
War. 'Tis call'd *Ieruſalem*, my Noble Lord.
King. Laud be to heauen:
Euen there my life muſt end.
It hath beene propheſi'de to me many yeares,
I ſhould not dye, but in *Ieruſalem:*
Which (vainly) I ſuppos'd the Holy-Land.
But beare me to that Chamber, there Ile lye:
In that *Ieruſalem*, ſhall *Harry* dye. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quintus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Shallow, Silence, Falſtaffe, Bardolfe, Page, and Dauie.

Shal. By Cocke and Pye, you ſhall not away to night. What *Dauy*, I ſay.
Fal. You muſt excuſe me, M. *Robert Shallow.*
Shal. I will not excuſe you: you ſhall not be excuſed. Excuſes ſhall not be admitted: there is no excuſe ſhall ſerue: you ſhall not be excus'd.
Why *Dauie.*
Dauie. Heere ſir.
Shal. Dauy, Dauy, Dauy, let me ſee (*Dauy*) let me ſee: *William* Cooke, bid him come hither. Sir *Iohn*, you ſhal not be excus'd.
Dauy. Marry ſir, thus: thoſe Precepts cannot bee ſeru'd: and againe ſir, ſhall we ſowe the head-land with Wheate?
Shal. With red Wheate *Dauy.* But for *William* Cook: are there no yong Pigeons?
Dauy. Yes Sir.
Heere is now the Smithes note, for Shooing,
And Plough-Irons.
Shal. Let it be caſt, and payde: Sir *Iohn*, you ſhall not be excus'd.
Dauy. Sir, a new linke to the Bucket muſt needes bee had: And Sir, doe you meane to ſtoppe any of *Williams* Wages, about the Sacke he loſt the other day, at *Hinckley* Fayre?
Shal. He ſhall anſwer it:
Some Pigeons *Dauy*, a coupleof ſhort-legg'd Hennes: a ioynt of Mutton, and any pretty little tine Kickſhawes, tell *William* Cooke.
Dauy. Doth the man of Warre, ſtay all night ſir?
Shal. Yes *Dauy:*
I will vſe him well. A Friend i'th Court, is better then a penny in purſe. Vſe his men well *Dauy*, for they are arrant Knaues, and will backe-bite.
Dauy. No worſe then they are bitten, ſir: For they haue maruellous fowle linnen.
Shallow. Well conceited *Dauy:* about thy Buſineſſe, *Dauy.*
Dauy. I beſeech you ſir,
To countenance *William Viſor* of Woncot, againſt *Clement Perkes* of the hill.
Shal. There are many Complaints *Dauy*, againſt that *Viſor*, that *Viſor* is an arrant Knaue, on my knowledge.
Dauy. I graunt your Worſhip, that he is a knaue Sir:) But yet heauen forbid Sir, but a Knaue ſhould haue ſome Countenance, at his Friends requeſt. An honeſt man ſir, is able to ſpeake for himſelfe, when a Knaue is not. I haue ſeru'd your Worſhippe truely ſir, theſe eight yeares: and if I cannot once or twice in a Quarter beare out a knaue, againſt an honeſt man, I haue but a very little credite with your Worſhippe. The Knaue is mine honeſt Friend Sir, therefore I beſeech your Worſhip, let him bee Countenanc'd.
Shal. Go too,
I ſay he ſhall haue no wrong: Looke about *Dauy.*
Where are you Sir *Iohn?* Come, off with your Boots.
Giue me your hand M. *Bardolfe.*
Bard. I am glad to ſee your Worſhip.
Shal. I thanke thee, with all my heart, kinde Maſter *Bardolfe:* and welcome my tall Fellow:
Come Sir *Iohn.*
Falſtaffe. Ile follow you, good Maſter *Robert Shallow. Bardolfe*, looke to our Horſſes. If I were ſaw'de into Quantities, I ſhould make foure dozen of ſuch bearded Hermites ſtaues, as Maſter *Shallow.* It is a wonderfull thing to ſee the ſemblable Coherence of his mens ſpirits, and his: They, by obſeruing of him, do beare themſelues like fooliſh Iuſtices: Hee, by conuerſing with them, is turn'd into a Iuſtice-like Seruingman. Their ſpirits are ſo married in Coniunction, with the participation of Society, that they flocke together in conſent, like ſo many Wilde-Geeſe. If I had a ſuite to Mayſter *Shallow*, I would humour his men, with the imputation of being neere their Mayſter. If to his Men, I would currie with Maiſter *Shallow*, that no man could better command his Seruants. It is certaine, that either wiſe bearing, or ignorant Carriage is caught, as men take diſeaſes, one of another: therefore, let men take heede of their Companie. I will deuiſe matter enough out of this *Shallow*, to keepe Prince *Harry* in continuall Laughter, the wearing out of ſixe Faſhions (which is foure Tearmes) or two Actions, and he ſhall laugh with *Interuallums.* O it is much that a Lye (with a ſlight Oath) and a ieſt (with a fadde brow) will doe, with a Fellow, that neuer had the Ache in his ſhoulders. O you ſhall ſee him laugh, till his Face be like a wet Cloake, ill laid vp.
Shal. Sir *Iohn.*
Falſt. I come Maſter *Shallow*, I come Maſter *Shallow.* *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Earle of Warwicke, and the Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Warwicke. How now, my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, whether away?
Ch. Iuſt. How doth the King?
Warw. Exceeding well: his Cares
Are now, all ended.
Ch. Iuſt. I hope, not dead.
Warw. Hee's walk'd the way of Nature,
And to our purpoſes, he liues no more.
Ch. Iuſt. I would his Maieſty had call'd me with him,
The ſeruice, that I truly did his life,
Hath left me open to all iniuries.

War.

War. Indeed I thinke the yong King loues you not.
Ch.Iuſt. I know he doth not, and do arme my ſelfe
To welcome the condition of the Time,
Which cannot looke more hideouſly vpon me,
Then I haue drawne it in my fantaſie.

Enter Iohn of Lancaſter, Gloucester, and Clarence.

War. Heere come the heauy Iſſue of dead *Harrie:*
O, that the liuing *Harrie* had the temper
Of him, the worſt of theſe three Gentlemen:
How many Nobles then, ſhould hold their places,
That muſt ſtrike ſaile, to Spirits of vilde ſort?
Ch.Iuſt. Alas, I feare, all will be ouer-turn'd.
Iohn. Good morrow Coſin Warwick, good morrow.
Glou. Cla. Good morrow, Coſin.
Iohn. We meet, like men, that had forgot to ſpeake.
War. We do remember: but our Argument
Is all too heauy, to admit much talke.
Iob. Well: Peace be with him, that hath made vs heauy
Ch.Iuſt. Peace be with vs, leaſt we be heauier.
Glou. O, good my Lord, you haue loſt a friend indeed:
And I dare ſweare, you borrow not that face
Of ſeeming ſorrow, it is ſure your owne.
Iohn. Though no man be aſſur'd what grace to finde,
You ſtand in coldeſt expectation.
I am the ſorrier, would 'twere otherwiſe.
Cla. Wel, you muſt now ſpeake Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* faire,
Which ſwimmes againſt your ſtreame of Quality.
Ch.Iuſt. Sweet Princes: what I did, I did in Honor,
Led by th'Imperiall Conduct of my Soule,
And neuer ſhall you ſee, that I will begge
A ragged, and ſore-ſtall'd Remiſſion.
If Troth, and vpright Innocency fayle me,
Ile to the King (my Maſter) that is dead,
And tell him, who hath ſent me after him.
War. Heere comes the Prince.

Enter Prince Henrie.

Ch.Iuſt. Good morrow: and heauen ſaue your Maieſty
Prince. This new, and gorgeous Garment, Maieſty,
Sits not ſo eaſie on me, as you thinke.
Brothers, you mixe your Sadneſſe with ſome Feare:
This is the Engliſh, not the Turkiſh Court:
Not *Amurah*, an *Amurah* ſucceeds,
But *Harry, Harry:* Yet be ſad (good Brothers)
For (to ſpeake truth) it very well becomes you:
Sorrow, ſo Royally in you appeares,
That I will deeply put the Faſhion on,
And weare it in my heart. Why then be ſad,
But entertaine no more of it (good Brothers)
Then a ioynt burthen, laid vpon vs all.
For me, by Heauen (I bid you be aſſur'd)
Ile be your Father, and your Brother too:
Let me but beare your Loue, Ile beare your Cares;
But weepe that *Horrie's* dead, and ſo will I.
But *Harry* liues, that ſhall conuert thoſe Teares
By number, into houres of Happineſſe.
Iohn, &c. We hope no other from your Maieſty.
Prin. You all looke ſtrangely on me: and you moſt,
You are (I thinke) aſſur'd, I loue you not.
Ch.Iuſt. I am aſſur'd (if I be meaſur'd rightly)
Your Maieſty hath no iuſt cauſe to hate mee.
Pr. No? How might a Prince of my great hopes forget
So great Indignities you laid vpon me?
What? Rate? Rebuke? and roughly ſend to Priſon
Th'immediate Heire of England? Was this eaſie?
May this be waſh'd in *Lethe*, and forgotten?
Ch.Iuſt. I then did vſe the Perſon of your Father:
The Image of his power, lay then in me,
And in th'adminiſtration of his Law,
Whiles I was buſie for the Commonwealth,
Your Highneſſe pleaſed to forget my place,
The Maieſty, and power of Law, and Iuſtice,
The Image of the King, whom I preſented,
And ſtrooke me in my very Seate of Iudgement:
Whereon (as an Offender to your Father)
I gaue bold way to my Authority,
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the Garland,
To haue a Sonne, ſet your Decrees at naught?
To plucke downe Iuſtice from your awefull Bench?
To trip the courſe of Law, and blunt the Sword
That guards the peace, and ſafety of your Perſon?
Nay more, to ſpurne at your moſt Royall Image,
And mocke your workings, in a Second body?
Queſtion your Royall Thoughts, make the caſe yours:
Be now the Father, and propoſe a Sonne.
Heare your owne dignity ſo much prophan'd,
See your moſt dreadfull Lawes, ſo looſely ſlighted;
Behold your ſelfe, ſo by a Sonne diſdained:
And then imagine me, taking you part,
And in your power, ſoft filencing your Sonne:
After this cold conſiderance, ſentence me;
And, as you are a King, ſpeake in your State,
What I haue done, that misbecame my place,
My perſon, or my Lieges Soueraigntie.
Prin. You are right Iuſtice, and you weigh this well:
Therefore ſtill beare the Ballance, and the Sword:
And I do wiſh your Honors may encreaſe,
Till you do liue, to ſee a Sonne of mine
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.
So ſhall I liue, to ſpeake my Fathers words:
Happy am I, that haue a man ſo bold,
That dares do Iuſtice, on my proper Sonne;
And no leſſe happy, hauing ſuch a Sonne,
That would deliuer vp his Greatneſſe ſo,
Into the hands of Iuſtice. You did commit me:
For which, I do commit into your hand,
Th'vnſtained Sword that you haue vs'd to beare:
With this Remembrance; That you vſe the ſame
With the like bold, iuſt, and impartiall ſpirit
As you haue done 'gainſt me. There is my hand,
You ſhall be as a Father, to my Youth:
My voice ſhall ſound, as you do prompt mine eare,
And I will ſtoope, and humble my Intents,
To your well-practis'd, wiſe Directions.
And Princes all, beleeue me, I beſeech you:
My Father is gone wilde into his Graue,
(For in his Tombe, lye my Affections)
And with his Spirits, ſadly I ſuruiue,
To mocke the expectation of the World;
To fruſtrate Propheſies, and to race out
Rotten Opinion, who hath writ me downe
After my ſeeming. The Tide of Blood in me,
Hath prowdly flow'd in Vanity, till now.
Now doth it turne, and ebbe backe to the Sea,
Where it ſhall mingle with the ſtate of Floods,
And flow henceforth in formall Maieſty.
Now call we our High Court of Parliament,
And let vs chooſe ſuch Limbes of Noble Counſaile,

That

That the great Body of our State may go
In equall ranke, with the beſt gouern'd Nation,
That Warre, or Peace, or both at once may be
As things acquainted and familiar to vs,
In which you (Father) ſhall haue formoſt hand.
Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remembred) all our State,
And heauen (conſigning to my good intents)
No Prince, nor Peere, ſhall haue iuſt cauſe to ſay,
Heauen ſhorten *Harries* happy life, one day. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Silence, Bardolfe, Page, and Piſtoll.

Shal. Nay, you ſhall ſee mine Orchard: where, in an Arbor we will eate a laſt yeares Pippin of my owne graffing, with a diſh of Carrawayes, and ſo forth (Come Coſin *Silence*, and then to bed.

Fal. You haue heere a goodly dwelling, and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren: Beggers all, beggers all Sir *Iohn:* Marry, good ayre. Spread *Dauy*, ſpread *Dauie:* Well ſaid *Dauie.*

Falſt. This *Dauie* ſerues you for good vſes: he is your Seruingman, and your Husband.

Shal. A good Varlet, a good Varlet, a very good Varlet, Sir *Iohn:* I haue drunke too much Sacke at Supper. A good Varlet. Now ſit downe, now ſit downe: Come Coſin.

Sil. Ah ſirra (quoth-a) we ſhall doe nothing but eate, and make good cheere, and praiſe heauen for the merrie yeere: when fleſh is cheape, and Females deere, and luſtie Lads rome heere, and there: ſo merrily, and euer among ſo merrily.

Fal. There's a merry heart, good M.*Silence*, Ile giue you a health for that anon.

Shal. Good M.*Bardolfe:* ſome wine, *Dauie.*

Da. Sweet ſir, ſit: Ile be with you anon: moſt ſweete ſir, ſit. Maſter Page, good M.Page, ſit: Proface. What you want in meate, wee'l haue in drinke: but you beare, the heart's all.

Shal. Be merry M. *Bardolfe*, and my little Souldiour there, be merry.

Sil. Be merry, be merry, my wife ha's all.
For women are Shrewes, both ſhort, and tall:
'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wagge all;
And welcome merry Shrouetide. Be merry, be merry.

Fal. I did not thinke M.*Silence* had bin a man of this Mettle.

Sil. Who I? I haue beene merry twice and once, ere now.

Dauy. There is a diſh of Letber-coats for you.

Shal. Dauie.

Dau. Your Worſhip: Ile be with you ſtraight. A cup of Wine, ſir?

Sil. A Cup of Wine, that's briske and fine, & drinke vnto the Leman mine: and a merry heart liues long-a.

Fal. Well ſaid, M.*Silence.*

Sil. If we ſhall be merry, now comes in the ſweete of the night.

Fal. Health, and long life to you, M.*Silence.*

Sil. Fill the Cuppe, and let it come. Ile pledge you a mile to the bottome.

Shal. Honeſt *Bardolfe*, welcome: If thou want'ſt any thing, and wilt not call, beſhrew thy heart. Welcome my little tyne theefe, and welcome indeed too: Ile drinke to M.*Bardolfe*, and to all the Cauileroes about London.

Dau. I hope to ſee London, once ere I die.

Bar. If I might ſee you there, *Dauie.*

Shal. You'l cracke a quart together? Ha, will you not M.*Bardolfe?*

Bar. Yes Sir, in a pottle pot.

Shal. I thanke thee: the knaue will ſticke by thee, I can aſſure thee that. He will not out, he is true bred.

Bar. And Ile ſticke by him, ſir.

Shal. Why there ſpoke a King: lack nothing, be merry. Looke, who's at doore there, ho: who knockes?

Fal. Why now you haue done me right.

Sil. Do me right, and dub me Knight, *Samingo.* Is't not ſo?

Fal. 'Tis ſo.

Sil. Is't ſo? Why then ſay an old man can do ſomwhat.

Dau. If it pleaſe your Worſhippe, there's one *Piſtoll* come from the Court with newes.

Fal. From the Court? Let him come in.

Enter Piſtoll.

How now Piſtoll?

Piſt. Sir *Iohn*, 'ſaue you ſir.

Fal. What winde blew you hither, Piſtoll?

Piſt. Not the ill winde which blowes none to good, ſweet Knight: Thou art now one of the greateſt men in the Realme.

Sil. Indeed, I thinke he bee, but Goodman *Puffe* of Barſon.

Piſt. Puffe? puffe in thy teeth, moſt recreant Coward baſe. Sir *Iohn*, I am thy Piſtoll, and thy Friend: helter skelter haue I rode to thee, and tydings do I bring, and luckie ioyes, and golden Times, and happie Newes of price.

Fal. I prethee now deliuer them, like a man of this World.

Piſt. A footra for the World, and Worldlings baſe, I ſpeake of Affrica, and Golden ioyes.

Fal. O baſe Aſſyrian Knight, what is thy newes? Let King *Couitha* know the truth thereof.

Sil. And Robin-hood, Scarlet, and Iohn.

Piſt. Shall dunghill Curres confront the *Hellicons?*
And ſhall good newes be baffel'd?
Then Piſtoll lay thy head in Furies lappe.

Shal. Honeſt Gentleman,
I know not your breeding.

Piſt. Why then Lament therefore.

Shal. Giue me pardon, Sir.
If ſir, you come with news from the Court, I take it, there is but two wayes, either to vtter them, or to conceale them. I am Sir, vnder the King, in ſome Authority.

Piſt. Vnder wbich King?
Bezonian, ſpeake, or dye.

Shal. Vnder King *Harry.*

Piſt. Harry the Fourth? or Fift?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Piſt. A footra for thine Office.
Sir *Iohn*, thy tender Lamb-kinne, now is King,
Harry the Fift's the man, I ſpeake the truth.
When Piſtoll lyes, do this, and figge-me, like
The bragging Spaniard.

Fal.

Fal. What, is the old King dead?
Piſt. As naile in doore.
The things I ſpeake, are iuſt.
Fal. Away *Bardolfe*, Sadle my Horſe,
Maſter *Robert Shallow*, chooſe what Office thou wilt
In the Land, 'tis thine. *Piſtol*, I will double charge thee
With Dignities.
Bard. O ioyfull day:
I would not take a Knighthood for my Fortune.
Piſt. What? I do bring good newes.
Fal. Carrie Maſter *Silence* to bed: Maſter *Shallow*, my Lord *Shallow*, be what thou wilt, I am Fortunes Steward. Get on thy Boots, wee'l ride all night. Oh ſweet Piſtoll: Away *Bardolfe*: Come Piſtoll, vtter more to mee: and withall deuiſe ſomething to do thy ſelfe good. Boote, boote Maſter *Shallow*, I know the young King is ſick for mee. Let vs take any mans Horſſes: The Lawes of England are at my command'ment. Happie are they, which haue beene my Friendes: and woe vnto my Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.
Piſt. Let Vultures vil'de feize on his Lungs alſo:
Where is the life that late I led, ſay they?
Why heere it is, welcome thoſe pleaſant dayes. *Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Hoſteſſe Quickly, Dol Teare-ſheete, and Beadles.

Hoſteſſe. No, thou arrant knaue: I would I might dy, that I might haue thee hang'd: Thou haſt drawne my ſhoulder out of ioynt.
Off. The Conſtables haue deliuer'd her ouer to mee: and ſhee ſhall haue Whipping cheere enough, I warrant her. There hath beene a man or two (lately) kill'd about her.
Dol. Nut-hooke, nut-hooke, you Lye: Come on, Ile tell thee what, thou damn'd Tripe-viſag'd Raſcall, if the Childe I now go with, do miſcarrie, thou had'ſt better thou had'ſt ſtrooke thy Mother, thou Paper-ſac'd Villaine.
Hoſt. O that Sir *Iohn* were come, hee would make this a bloody day to ſome body. But I would the Fruite of her Wombe might miſcarry.
Officer. If it do, you ſhall haue a dozen of Cuſhions againe, you haue but eleuen now. Come, I charge you both go with me: for the man is dead, that you and Piſtoll beate among you.
Dol. Ile tell thee what, thou thin man in a Cenſor; I will haue you as foundly ſwindg'd for this, you blew-Bottel'd Rogue: you filthy famiſh'd Correctioner, if you be not ſwing'd, Ile forſweare halfe Kirtles.
Off. Come, come, you ſhee-Knight-arrant, come.
Hoſt. O, that right ſhould thus o'recome might. Wel of ſufferance, comes eaſe.
Dol. Come you Rogue, come:
Bring me to a Iuſtice.
Hoſt. Yes, come you ſtaru'd Blood-hound.
Dol. Goodman death, goodman Bones.
Hoſt. Thou Anatomy, thou.
Dol. Come you thinne Thing:
Come you Raſcall.
Off. Very well. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quinta.

Enter two Groomes.

1.*Groo.* More Ruſhes, more Ruſhes.
2.*Groo.* The Trumpets haue ſounded twice.
1.*Groo.* It will be two of the Clocke, ere they come from the Coronation. *Exit Groo.*

Enter Falſtaffe, Shallow, Piſtoll, Bardolfe, and Page.

Falſtaffe. Stand heere by me, M. *Robert Shallow*, I will make the King do you Grace. I will leere vpon him, as he comes by: and do but marke the countenance that hee will giue me.
Piſtol. Bleſſe thy Lungs, good Knight.
Falſt. Come heere *Piſtol*, ſtand behind me. O if I had had time to haue made new Liueries, I would haue beſtowed the thouſand pound I borrowed of you. But it is no matter, this poore ſhew doth better: this doth inferre the zeale I had to ſee him.
Shal. It doth ſo.
Falſt. It ſhewes my earneſtneſſe in affection.
Piſt. It doth ſo.
Fal. My deuotion.
Piſt. It doth, it doth, it doth.
Fal. As it were, to ride day and night,
And not to deliberate, not to remember,
Not to haue patience to ſhift me.
Shal. It is moſt certaine.
Fal. But to ſtand ſtained with Trauaile, and ſweating with deſire to ſee him, thinking of nothing elſe, putting all affayres in obliuion, as if there were nothing els to bee done, but to ſee him.
Piſt. 'Tis *ſemper idem*: for *obſque hoc nihil eſt*. 'Tis all in euery part.
Shal. 'Tis ſo indeed.
Piſt. My Knight, I will enflame thy Noble Liuer, and make thee rage. Thy *Dol*, and *Helen* of thy noble thoghts is in baſe Durance, and contagious priſon: Hall'd thither by moſt Mechanicall and durty hand. Rowze vppe Reuenge from Ebon den, with fell Alecto's Snake, for *Dol* is in. Piſtol, ſpeakes nought but troth.
Fal. I will deliuer her.
Piſtol. There roar'd the Sea: and Trumpet Clangour ſounds.

The Trumpets ſound. Enter King Henrie the Fift, Brothers, Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.

Falſt. Saue thy Grace, King *Hall*, my Royall *Hall*.
Piſt. The heauens thee guard, and keepe, moſt royall Impe of Fame.
Fal. 'Saue thee my ſweet Boy.
King. My Lord Chiefe Iuſtice, ſpeake to that vaine man.
Ch.Iuſt. Haue you your wits?
Know you what 'tis you ſpeake?
Falſt. My King, my Ioue; I ſpeake to thee, my heart.
King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy Prayers:
How ill white haires become a Foole, and Ieſter?

I haue long dream'd of ſuch a kinde of man,
So ſurfeit-ſwell'd, ſo old, and ſo prophane:
But being awake, I do deſpiſe my dreame.
Make leſſe thy body (hence) and more thy Grace,
Leaue gourmandizing; Know the Graue doth gape
For thee, thrice wider then for other men.
Reply not to me, with a Foole-borne Ieſt,
Preſume not, that I am the thing I was,
For heauen doth know (ſo ſhall the world perceiue)
That I haue turn'd away my former Selfe,
So will I thoſe that kept me Companie.
When thou doſt heare I am, as I haue bin,
Approach me, and thou ſhalt be as thou was't
The Tutor and the Feeder of my Riots:
Till then, I baniſh thee, on paine of death,
As I haue done the reſt of my Miſleaders,
Not to come neere our Perſon, by ten mile.
For competence of life, I will allow you,
That lacke of meanes enforce you not to euill:
And as we heare you do reforme your ſelues,
We will according to your ſtrength, and qualities,
Giue you aduancement. Be it your charge (my Lord)
To ſee perform'd the tenure of our word. Set on.
Exit King.

Fal. Maſter *Shallow*, I owe you a thouſand pound.

Shal. I marry Sir *Iohn*, which I beſeech you to let me haue home with me.

Fal. That can hardly be, M. *Shallow*, do not you grieue at this: I ſhall be ſent for in priuate to him: Looke you, he muſt ſeeme thus to the world: feare not your aduancement: I will be the man yet, that ſhall make you great.

Shal. I cannot well perceiue how, vnleſſe you ſhould giue me your Doublet, and ſtuffe me out with Straw. I beſeech you, good Sir *Iohn*, let mee haue fiue hundred of my thouſand.

Fal. Sir, I will be as good as my word. This that you heard, was but a colour.

Shall. A colour I feare, that you will dye, in Sir *Iohn*.

Fal. Feare no colours, go with me to dinner:
Come Lieutenant *Piſtol*, come *Bardolfe*,
I ſhall he ſent for ſoone at night.

Ch.Iuſt. Go carry Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* to the Fleete,
Take all his Company along with him.

Fal. My Lord, my Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. I cannot now ſpeake, I will heare you ſoone:
Take them away.

Piſt. Si fortuna me tormento, ſpera me contento.
Exit. Manet Lancaſter and Chiefe Iuſtice.

Iohn. I like this faire proceeding of the Kings:
He hath intent his wonted Followers
Shall all be very well prouided for:
But all are baniſht, till their conuerſations
Appeare more wiſe, and modeſt to the world.

Ch.Iuſt. And ſo they are.

Iohn. The King hath call'd his Parliament,
My Lord.

Ch.Iuſt. He hath.

Iohn. I will lay odds, that ere this yeere expire,
We beare our Ciuill Swords, and Natiue fire
As farre as France. I heare a Bird ſo ſing,
Whoſe Muſicke (to my thinking) pleas'd the King.
Come, will you hence? *Exeunt*

FINIS.

EPILOGVE.

FIRST, my Feare: then, my Curtſie: laſt, my Speech. My Feare, is your Diſpleaſure: My Curtſie, my Dutie: And my ſpeech, to Begge your Pardons. If you looke for a good ſpeech now, you vndoe me: For what I haue to ſay, is of mine owne making: and what (indeed) I ſhould ſay, will (I doubt) prooue mine owne marring. But to the Purpoſe, and ſo to the Venture. Be it knowne to you (as it is very well) I was lately heere in the end of a diſpleaſing Play, to pray your Patience for it, and to promiſe you a Better: I did meane (indeede) to pay you with this, which if (like an ill Venture) it come vnluckily home, I breake; and you, my gentle Creditors loſe. Heere I promiſt you I would be, and heere I commit my Bodie to your Mercies: Bate me ſome, and I will pay you ſome, and (as moſt Debtors do) promiſe you infinitely.

If my Tongue cannot entreate you to acquit me: will you command me to vſe my Legges? And yet that were but light payment, to Dance out of your debt: But a good Conſcience, will make any poſsible ſatisfaction, and ſo will I. All the Gentlewomen heere, haue forgiuen me, if the Gentlemen will not, then the Gentlemen do not agree with the Gentlewomen, which was neuer ſeene before, in ſuch an Aſſembly.

One word more, I beſeech you: if you be not too much cloid with Fat Meate, our humble Author will continue the Story (with Sir Iohn *in it) and make you merry, with faire* Katherine *of* France: *where (for any thing I know)* Falſtaffe *ſhall dye of a ſweat, vnleſſe already he be kill'd with your hard Opinions: For* Old-Caſtle *dyed a Martyr, and this is not the man. My Tongue is wearie, when my Legs are too, I will bid you good night; and ſo kneele downe before you: But (indeed) to pray for the Queene.*

THE ACTORS NAMES.

RVMOVR the Prefentor.
King *Henry* the Fourth.
Prince *Henry*, afterwards Crowned King *Henrie* the Fift.
Prince *Iohn* of Lancaſter.
Humphrey of Glouceſter.
Thomas of Clarence.
} Sonnes to *Henry* the Fourth, & brethren to *Henry* 5.

Northumberland.
The Arch Byſhop of Yorke.
Mowbray.
Haſtings.
Lord Bardolfe.
Trauers.
Morton.
Coleuile.
} Oppoſites againſt King *Henrie* the Fourth.

Warwicke.
Weſtmerland.
Surrey.
Gowre.
Harecourt.
Lord Chiefe Iuſtice.
} Of the Kings Partie.

Pointz.
Falſtaffe.
Bardolphe.
Piſtoll.
Peto.
Page.
} Irregular Humoriſts.

Shallow.
Silence.
} Both Country Iuſtices.

Dauie, Seruant to Shallow.
Phang, and Snare, 2. Serieants
Mouldie.
Shadow.
Wart.
Feeble.
Bullcalfe.
} Country Soldiers

Drawers
Beadles.
Groomes

Northumberlands Wife.
Percies Widdow.
Hoſteſſe Quickly.
Doll Teare-ſheete.
Epilogue.

The Life of Henry the Fift.

Enter Prologue.

O For a Muſe of Fire, that would aſcend
The brighteſt Heauen of Inuention:
A Kingdome for a Stage, Princes to Act,
And Monarchs to behold the ſwelling Scene.
Then ſhould the Warlike Harry, *like himſelfe,*
Aſſume the Port of Mars, *and at his heeles*
(Leaſht in, like Hounds) ſhould Famine, Sword, and Fire
Crouch for employment. But pardon, Gentles all:
The flat vnrayſed Spirits, that hath dar'd,
On this vnworthy Scaffold, to bring forth
So great an Obiect. Can this Cock-Pit hold
The vaſtie fields of France? Or may we cramme
Within this Woodden O, the very Caskes
That did affright the Ayre at Agincourt?
O pardon: ſince a crooked Figure may
Atteſt in little place a Million,
And let vs, Cyphers to this great Accompt,
On your imaginarie Forces worke.
Suppoſe within the Girdle of theſe Walls
Are now confin'd two mightie Monarchies,
Whoſe high, vp-reared, and abutting Fronts,
The perillous narrow Ocean parts aſunder.
Peece out our imperfections with your thoughts:
Into a thouſand parts diuide one Man,
And make imaginarie Puiſſance.
Thinke when we talke of Horſes, that you ſee them
Printing their prowd Hoofes i'th' receiuing Earth:
For 'tis your thoughts that now muſt deck our Kings,
Carry them here and there: Iumping o're Times;
Turning th'accompliſhment of many yeeres
Into an Howre-glaſſe: for the which ſupplie,
Admit me Chorus *to this Hiſtorie;*
Who Prologue-like, your humble patience pray,
Gently to heare, kindly to iudge our Play. *Exit.*

Actus primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the two Biſhops of Canterbury and Ely.

Biſh. Cant.

MY Lord, Ile tell you, that ſelfe Bill is vrg'd,
Which in th'eleuēth yere of ỹ laſt Kings reign
Was like, and had indeed againſt vs paſt,
But that the ſcambling and vnquiet time
Did puſh it out of farther queſtion.

Biſh. Ely. But how my Lord ſhall we reſiſt it now?

Biſh. Cant. It muſt be thought on: if it paſſe againſt vs,
We looſe the better halfe of our Poſſeſſion:
For all the Temporall Lands, which men deuout
By Teſtament haue giuen to the Church,
Would they ſtrip from vs; being valu'd thus,
As much as would maintaine, to the Kings honor,
Full fifteene Earles, and fifteene hundred Knights,
Six thouſand and two hundred good Eſquires:
And to reliefe of Lazars, and weake age
Of indigent faint Soules, paſt corporall toyle,
A hundred Almes-houſes, right well ſupply'd:
And to the Coffers of the King beſide,
A thouſand pounds by th'yeere. Thus runs the Bill.

Biſh. Ely. This would drinke deepe.

Biſh. Cant. 'Twould drinke the Cup and all.

Biſh. Ely. But what preuention?

Biſh. Cant. The King is full of grace, and faire regard.

Biſh. Ely. And a true louer of the holy Church.

Biſh. Cant. The courſes of his youth promis'd it not.
The breath no ſooner left his Fathers body,
But that his wildneſſe, mortify'd in him,
Seem'd to dye too: yea, at that very moment,
Conſideration like an Angell came,
And whipt th'offending *Adam* out of him;
Leauing his body as a Paradiſe,
T'inuelop and containe Celeſtiall Spirits.
Neuer was ſuch a ſodaine Scholler made:
Neuer came Reformation in a Flood,
With ſuch a heady currance ſcowring faults:
Nor neuer *Hidra*-headed Wilfulneſſe
So ſoone did looſe his Seat; and all at once;
As in this King.

Biſh. Ely. We are bleſſed in the Change.

Biſh. Cant. Heare him but reaſon in Diuinitie;
And all-admiring, with an inward wiſh
You would deſire the King were made a Prelate:
Heare him debate of Common-wealth Affaires:
You would ſay, it hath been all in all his ſtudy:
Liſt his diſcourſe of Warre; and you ſhall heare
A fearefull Battaile rendred you in Muſique.

Turne

Turne him to any Cauſe of Pollicy,
The Gordian Knot of it he will vnlooſe,
Familiar as his Garter: that when he ſpeakes,
The Ayre, a Charter'd Libertine, is ſtill,
And the mute Wonder lurketh in mens eares,
To ſteale his ſweet and honyed Sentences:
So that the Art and Practique part of Life,
Muſt be the Miſtreſſe to this Theorique.
Which is a wonder how his Grace ſhould gleane it,
Since his addiction was to Courſes vaine,
His Companies vnletter'd, rude, and ſhallow,
His Houres fill'd vp with Ryots, Banquets, Sports;
And neuer noted in him any ſtudie,
Any retyrement, any ſequeſtration,
From open Haunts and Popularitie.

B.Ely. The Strawberry growes vnderneath the Nettle,
And holeſome Berryes thriue and ripen beſt,
Neighbour'd by Fruit of baſer qualitie:
And ſo the Prince obſcur'd his Contemplation
Vnder the Veyle of Wildneſſe, which (no doubt)
Grew like the Summer Graſſe, faſteſt by Night,
Vnſeene, yet creſſiue in his facultie.

B.Cant. It muſt be ſo; for Miracles are ceaſt:
And therefore we muſt needes admit the meanes,
How things are perfected

B.Ely. But my good Lord:
How now for mittigation of this Bill,
Vrg'd by the Commons? doth his Maieſtie
Incline to it, or no?

B. Cant. He ſeemes indifferent:
Or rather ſwaying more vpon our part,
Then cheriſhing th'exhibiters againſt vs:
For I haue made an offer to his Maieſtie,
Vpon our Spirituall Conuocation,
And in regard of Cauſes now in hand,
Which I haue open'd to his Grace at large,
As touching France, to giue a greater Summe,
Then euer at one time the Clergie yet
Did to his Predeceſſors part withall.

B.Ely. How did this offer ſeeme receiu'd, my Lord?

B.Cant. With good acceptance of his Maieſtie:
Saue that there was not time enough to heare,
As I perceiu'd his Grace would faine haue done,
The ſeueralls and vnhidden paſſages
Of his true Titles to ſome certaine Dukedomes,
And generally, to the Crowne and Seat of France,
Deriu'd from *Edward*, his great Grandfather.

B.Ely. What was th'impediment that broke this off?

B.Cant. The French Embaſſador vpon that inſtant
Crau'd audience; and the howre I thinke is come,
To giue him hearing: Is it foure a Clock?

B.Ely. It is.

B.Cant. Then goe we in, to know his Embaſſie:
Which I could with a ready gueſſe declare,
Before the Frenchman ſpeake a word of it.

B.Ely. Ile wait vpon you, and I long to heare it.

Exeunt.

Enter the King, Humfrey, Bedford, Clarence, Warwick, Westmerland, and Exeter.

King. Where is my gracious Lord of Canterbury?

Exeter. Not here in prefence.

King. Send for him, good Vnckle.

Weſtm. Shall we call in th'Ambaſſador, my Liege?

King. Not yet, my Couſin: we would be reſolu'd,
Before we heare him, of ſome things of weight,
That taske our thoughts, concerning vs and France.

Enter two Biſhops.

B.Cant. God and his Angels guard your ſacred Throne,
And make you long become it.

King. Sure we thanke you.
My learned Lord, we pray you to proceed,
And iuſtly and religiouſly vnfold,
Why the Law *Salike*, that they haue in France,
Or ſhould or ſhould not barre vs in our Clayme:
And God forbid, my deare and faithfull Lord,
That you ſhould faſhion, wreſt, or bow your reading,
Or nicely charge your vnderſtanding Soule,
With opening Titles miſcreate, whoſe right
Suites not in natiue colours with the truth:
For God doth know, how many now in health,
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reuerence ſhall incite vs to.
Therefore take heed how you impawne our Perſon,
How you awake our ſleeping Sword of Warre;
We charge you in the Name of God take heed:
For neuer two ſuch Kingdomes did contend,
Without much fall of blood, whoſe guiltleſſe drops
Are euery one, a Woe, a ſore Complaint,
'Gainſt him, whoſe wrongs giues edge vnto the Swords,
That makes ſuch waſte in briefe mortalitie.
Vnder this Coniuration, ſpeake my Lord:
For we will heare, note, and beleeue in heart,
That what you ſpeake, is in your Conſcience waſht,
As pure as ſinne with Baptiſme.

B.Can. Then heare me gracious Soueraign,& you Peers,
That owe your ſelues, your liues, and ſeruices,
To this Imperiall Throne. There is no barre
To make againſt your Highneſſe Clayme to France,
But this which they produce from *Pharamond*,
In terram Salicam Mulieres ne ſuccedant,
No Woman ſhall ſucceed in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* Land, the French vniuſtly gloze
To be the Realme of France, and *Pharamond*
The founder of this Law, and Female Barre.
Yet their owne Authors faithfully affirme,
That the Land *Salike* is in Germanie,
Betweene the Flouds of Sala and of Elue:
Where *Charles* the Great hauing ſubdu'd the Saxons,
There left behind and ſettled certaine French:
Who holding in diſdaine the German Women,
For ſome diſhoneſt manners of their liſe,
Eſtabliſht then this Law; to wit, No Female
Should be Inheritrix in *Salike* Land:
Which *Salike* (as I ſaid) 'twixt Elue and Sala,
Is at this day in Germanie, call'd *Meiſen*.
Then doth it well appeare, the *Salike* Law
Was not deuiſed for the Realme of France:
Nor did the French poſſeſſe the *Salike* Land,
Vntill foure hundred one and twentie yeeres
After defunction of King *Pharamond*,
Idly ſuppos'd the founder of this Law,
Who died within the yeere of our Redemption,
Foure hundred twentie ſix: and *Charles* the Great
Subdu'd the Saxons, and did feat the French
Beyond the Riuer Sala, in the yeere
Eight hundred fiue. Beſides, their Writers ſay,
King *Pepin*, which depoſed *Childerike*,
Did as Heire Generall, being deſcended
Of *Blithild*, which was Daughter to King *Clothair*,
Make Clayme and Title to the Crowne of France.
Hugh Capet alſo, who vſurpt the Crowne

Of *Charles* the Duke of Loraine, ſole Heire male
Of the true Line and Stock of *Charles* the Great:
To find his Title with ſome ſhewes of truth,
Though in pure truth it was corrupt and naught,
Conuey'd himſelfe as th'Heire to th'Lady *Lingare*,
Daughter to *Charlemaine*, who was the Sonne
To *Lewes* the Emperour, and *Lewes* the Sonne
Of *Charles* the Great: alſo King *Lewes* the Tenth,
Who was ſole Heire to the Vſurper *Capet*,
Could not keepe quiet in his conſcience,
Wearing the Crowne of France, 'till ſatisfied,
That faire Queene *Isabel*, his Grandmother,
Was Lineall of the Lady *Ermengare*,
Daughter to *Charles* the forefaid Duke of Loraine:
By the which Marriage, the Lyne of *Charles* the Great
Was re-vnited to the Crowne of France.
So, that as cleare as is the Summers Sunne,
King *Pepins* Title, and *Hugh Capets* Clayme,
King *Lewes* his ſatisfaction, all appeare
To hold in Right and Title of the Female:
So doe the Kings of France vnto this day.
Howbeit, they would hold vp this Salique Law,
To barre your Highneſſe clayming from the Female,
And rather chuſe to hide them in a Net,
Then amply to imbarre their crooked Titles,
Vſurpt from you and your Progenitors.

King. May I with right and conſcience make this claim?

Biſh. Cant. The ſinne vpon my head, dread Soueraigne:
For in the Booke of *Numbers* is it writ,
When the man dyes, let the Inheritance
Deſcend vnto the Daughter. Gracious Lord,
Stand for your owne, vnwind your bloody Flagge,
Looke back into your mightie Anceſtors:
Goe my dread Lord, to your great Grandſires Tombe,
From whom you clayme; inuoke his Warlike Spirit,
And your Great Vnckles, *Edward* the Black Prince,
Who on the French ground play'd a Tragedie,
Making defeat on the full Power of France:
Whiles his moſt mightie Father on a Hill
Stood ſmiling, to behold his Lyons Whelpe
Forrage in blood of French Nobilitie.
O Noble Engliſh, that could entertaine
With halfe their Forces, the full pride of France,
And let another halfe ſtand laughing by,
All out of worke, and cold for action.

Biſh. Awake remembrance of theſe valiant dead,
And with your puiſſant Arme renew their Feats;
You are their Heire, you ſit vpon their Throne:
The Blood and Courage that renowned them,
Runs in your Veines: and my thrice-puiſſant Liege
Is in the very May-Morne of his Youth,
Ripe for Exploits and mightie Enterprifes.

Exe. Your Brother Kings and Monarchs of the Earth
Doe all expect, that you ſhould rowſe your ſelfe,
As did the former Lyons of your Blood. (might;

Weſt. They know your Grace hath cauſe, and means, and
So hath your Highneſſe: neuer King of England
Had Nobles richer, and more loyall Subiects,
Whoſe hearts haue left their bodyes here in England,
And lye pauillion'd in the fields of France.

Biſh. Can. O let their bodyes follow my deare Liege
With Bloods, and Sword and Fire, to win your Right:
In ayde whereof, we of the Spiritualtie
Will rayſe your Highneſſe ſuch a mightie Summe,
As neuer did the Clergie at one time
Bring in to any of your Anceſtors.

King. We muſt not onely arme t'inuade the French,
But lay downe our proportions, to defend
Againſt the Scot, who will make roade vpon vs,
With all aduantages.

Biſh. Can. They of thoſe Marches, gracious Soueraign,
Shall be a Wall ſufficient to defend
Our in-land from the pilfering Borderers.

King. We do not meane the courſing fnatchers onely,
But feare the maine intendment of the Scot,
Who hath been ſtill a giddy neighbour to vs:
For you ſhall reade, that my great Grandfather
Neuer went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot, on his vnfurniſht Kingdome,
Came pouring like the Tyde into a breach,
With ample and brim fulneſſe of his force,
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Aſſayes,
Girding with grieuous ſiege, Caſtles and Townes:
That England being emptie of defence,
Hath ſhooke and trembled at th'ill neighbourhood.

B. Can. She hath bin thē more fear'd thē harm'd, my Liege:
For heare her but exampl'd by her ſelfe,
When all her Cheualrie hath been in France,
And ſhee a mourning Widdow of her Nobles,
Shee hath her ſelfe not onely well defended,
But taken and impounded as a Stray,
The King of Scots: whom ſhee did ſend to France,
To fill King *Edwards* fame with priſoner Kings,
And make their Chronicle as rich with prayſe,
As is the Owſe and bottome of the Sea
With ſunken Wrack, and ſum-leſſe Treaſuries.

Biſh. Ely. But there's a ſaying very old and true,
If that you will France win, then with Scotland firſt begin.
For once the Eagle (England) being in prey,
To her vnguarded Neſt, the Weazell (Scot)
Comes ſneaking, and ſo ſucks her Princely Egges,
Playing the Mouſe in abſence of the Cat,
To tame and hauocke more then ſhe can eate.

Exet. It followes then, the Cat muſt ſtay at home,
Yet that is but a cruſh'd neceſsity,
Since we haue lockes to ſafegard neceſſaries,
And pretty traps to catch the petty theeues.
While that the Armed hand doth fight abroad,
Th'aduiſed head defends it ſelfe at home:
For Gouernment, though high, and low, and lower,
Put into parts, doth keepe in one conſent,
Congreeing in a full and natural cloſe,
Like Muſicke.

Cant. Therefore doth heauen diuide
The ſtate of man in diuers functions,
Setting endeuour in continual motion:
To which is fixed as an ayme or butt,
Obedience: for ſo worke the Hony Bees,
Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
The Act of Order to a peopled Kingdome,
They haue a King, and Officers of ſorts,
Where ſome like Magiſtrates correct at home:
Others, like Merchants venter Trade abroad:
Others, like Souldiers armed in their ſtings,
Make boote vpon the Summers Veluet buddes:
Which pillage, they with merry march bring home,
To the Tent-royal of their Emperor:
Who buſied in his Maieſties furueyes
The ſinging Maſons building roofes of Gold,
The ciuil Citizens kneading vp the hony;
The poore Mechanicke Porters, crowding in
Their heauy burthens at his narrow gate:

The

The ſad-ey'd Iuſtice with his ſurly humme,
Deliuering ore to Executors pale
The lazie yawning Drone: I this inferre,
That many things hauing full reference
To one conſent, may worke contrariouſly,
As many Arrowes looſed ſeuerall wayes
Come to one marke: as many wayes meet in one towne,
As many freſh ſtreames meet in one ſalt ſea;
As many Lynes cloſe in the Dials center:
So may a thouſand actions once a foote,
And in one purpoſe, and be all well borne
Without defeat. Therefore to France, my Liege,
Diuide your happy England into foure,
Whereof, take you one quarter into France,
And you withall ſhall make all Gallia ſhake.
If we with thrice ſuch powers left at home,
Cannot defend our owne doores from the dogge,
Let vs be worried, and our Nation loſe
The name of hardineſſe and policie.

King. Call in the Meſſengers ſent from the Dolpbin.
Now are we well reſolu'd, and by Gods helpe
And yours, the noble ſinewes of our power,
France being ours, wee'l bend it to our Awe,
Or breake it all to peeces. Or there wee'l ſit,
(Ruling in large and ample Emperie,
Ore France, and all her (almoſt) Kingly Dukedomes)
Or lay theſe bones in an vnworthy Vrne,
Tombleſſe, with no remembrance ouer them:
Either our Hiſtory ſhall with full moutb
Speake freely of our Acts, or elſe our graue
Like Turkiſh mute, ſhall haue a tongueleſſe mouth,
Not worſhipt with a waxen Epitaph.

Enter Ambaſſadors of France.

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleaſure
Of our faire Coſin Dolphin: for we heare,
Your greeting is from him, not from the King.

Amb. May't pleaſe your Maieſtie to giue vs leaue
Freely to render what we haue in charge:
Or ſhall we ſparingly ſhew you farre off
The Dolphins meauing, and our Embaſsie.

King. We are no Tyrant, but a Chriſtian King,
Vnto whoſe grace our paſsion is as ſubiect
As is our wretches fettred in our priſons,
Therefore with franke and with vncurbed plainneſſe,
Tell vs the *Dolphins* minde.

Amb. Thus than in few:
Your Highneſſe lately ſending into France,
Did claime ſome certaine Dukedomes, in the right
Of your great Predeceſſor, King *Edward* the third
In anſwer of which claime, the Prince our Maſter
Sayes, that you ſauour too much of your youth,
And bids you be aduis'd: There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble Galliard wonne:
You cannot reuell into Dukedomes there.
He therefore ſends you meeter for your ſpirit
This Tun of Treaſure; and in lieu of this,
Deſires you let the dukedomes that you claime
Heare no more of you. This the *Dolphin* ſpeakes.

King. What Treaſure Vncle?

Exe. Tennis balles, my Liege.

Kin, We are glad the *Dolphin* is ſo pleaſant with vs,
His Preſent, and your paines we thanke you for:
When we haue matcht our Rackets to theſe Balles,
We will in France (by Gods grace) play a ſet,
Shall ſtrike his fatbers Crowne into the hazard.
Tell him, he hath made a match with ſuch a Wrangler,
That all the Courts of France will be diſturb'd
With Chaces. And we vnderſtand him well,
How he comes o're vs with our wilder dayes,
Not meaſuring what vſe we made of them.
We neuer valew'd this poore ſeate of England,
And therefore liuing hence, did giue our ſelfe
To barbarous licenſe: As 'tis euer common,
That men are merrieſt, when they are from home.
But tell the *Dolphin*, I will keepe my State,
Be like a King, and ſhew my ſayle of Greatneſſe,
When I do rowſe me in my Throne of France.
For that I haue layd by my Maieſtie,
And plodded like a man for working dayes:
But I will riſe there with ſo full a glorie,
That I will dazle all the eyes of France,
Yea ſtrike the *Dolphin* blinde to looke on vs,
And tell the pleaſant Prince, this Mocke of his
Hath turn'd his balles to Gun-ſtones, and his ſoule
Shall ſtand ſore charged, for the waſtefull vengeance
That ſhall flye with them: for many a thouſand widows
Shall this his Mocke, mocke out of their deer hnsbands;
Mocke mothers from their ſonnes, mock Caſtles downe:
And ſome are yet vngotten and vnborne,
That ſhal haue cauſe to curſe the *Dolphins* ſcorne.
But this lyes all within the wil of God,
To whom I do appeale, and in whoſe name
Tel you the *Dolphin*, I am comming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightfull hand in a wel-hallow'd cauſe.
So get you hence in peace: And tell the *Dolphin*,
His Ieſt will ſauour but of ſhallow wit,
When thouſands weepe more then did laugh at it.
Conuey them with ſafe conduct. Fare you well.

Exeunt Ambaſſadors.

Exe. This was a merry Meſſage.

King. We hope to make the Sender bluſh at it:
Therefore, my Lords, omit no happy howre,
That may giue furth'rance to our Expedition:
For we haue now no thought in vs but France,
Saue thoſe to God, that runne before our buſineſſe.
Therefore let our proportions for theſe Warres
Be ſoone collected, and all things thought vpon,
That may with reaſonable ſwiftneſſe adde
More Feathers to our Wings: for God before,
Wee'le chide this *Dolphin* at his fathers doore.
Therefore let euery man now taske his thought,
That this faire Action may on foot be brought. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Now all the Youth of England are on fire,
And ſilken Dalliance in the Wardrobe lyes:
Now thriue the Armorers, and Honors thought
Reignes ſolely in the breaſt of euery man.
They ſell the Paſture now, to buy the Horſe;
Following the Mirror of all Chriſtian Kings,
With winged heeles, as Engliſh *Mercuries.*
For now ſits Expectation in the Ayre,
And hides a Sword, from Hilts vnto the Point,
With Crownes Imperiall, Crownes and Coronets,
Promis'd to *Harry*, and his followers.
The French aduis'd by good intelligence
Of this moſt dreadfull preparation,
Shake in their feare, and with pale Pollicy
Seeke to diuert the Engliſh purpoſes.
O England: Modell to thy inward Greatneſſe,
Like little Body with a mightie Heart:

What

What mightſt thou do, that honour would thee do,
Were all thy children kinde and naturall:
But ſee, thy fault France hath in thee found out,
A neſt of hollow boſomes, which he filles
With treacherous Crownes, and three corrupted men:
One, *Richard* Earle of Cambridge, and the ſeco nd
Henry Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and the third
Sir *Thomas Grey* Knight of Northumberland,
Haue for the Gilt of France (O guilt indeed)
Confirm'd Conſpiracy with fearefull France,
And by their hands, this grace of Kings muſt dye.
If Hell and Treaſon hold their promiſes,
Ere he take ſhip for France; and in Southampton.
Linger your patience on, and wee'l digeſt
Th'abuſe of diſtance; force a play:
The ſumme is payde, the Traitors are agreed,
The King is ſet from London, and the Scene
Is now tranſported (Gentles) to Southampton,
There is the Play-houſe now, there muſt you ſit,
And thence to France ſhall we conuey you ſafe,
And bring you backe: Charming the narrow ſeas
To giue you gentle Paſſe: for if we may,
Wee'l not offend one ſtomacke with our Play.
But till the King come forth, and not till then,
Vnto Southampton do we ſhift our Scene. *Exit*

Enter Corporall Nym, and Lieutenant Bardolfe.

Bar. Well met Corporall *Nym.*

Nym. Good morrow Lieutenant *Bardolfe.*

Bar. What, are Ancient *Piſtoll* and you friends yet?

Nym. For my part, I care not: I ſay little: but when time ſhall ſerue, there ſhall be ſmiles, but that ſhall be as it may. I dare not fight, but I will winke and holde out mine yron: it is a ſimple one, but what though? It will toſte Cheeſe, and it will endure cold, as another mans ſword will: and there's an end.

Bar. I will beſtow a breakfaſt to make you friendes, and wee'l bec all three ſworne brothers to France: Let't be ſo good Corporall *Nym.*

Nym. Faith, I will liue ſo long as I may, that's the certaine of it: and when I cannot liue any longer, I will doe as I may: That is my reſt, that is the rendeuous of it.

Bar. It is certaine Corporall, that he is marryed to *Nell Quickly*, and certainly ſhe did you wrong, for you were troth-plight to her.

Nym. I cannot tell, Things muſt be as they may: men may ſleepe, and they may haue their throats about them at that time, and ſome ſay, kniues haue edges: It muſt be as it may, though patience be a tyred name, yet ſhee will plodde, there muſt be Concluſions, well, I cannot tell.

Enter Piſtoll, & Quickly.

Bar. Heere comes Ancient *Piſtoll* and his wife: good Corporall be patient heere. How now mine Hoaſte *Piſtoll?*

Piſt. Baſe Tyke, cal'ſt thou mee Hoſte, now by this hand I ſweare I ſcorne the terme: nor ſhall my *Nel* keep Lodgers.

Hoſt. No by my troth, not long: For we cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteene Gentlewomen that liue honeſtly by the pricke of their Needles, but it will bee thought we keepe a Bawdy-houſe ſtraight. O wclliday Lady, if he be not hewne now, we ſhall ſee wilful adultery and murther committed.

Bar. Good Lieutenant, good Corporal offer nothing heere *Nym.* Piſh.

Piſt. Piſh for thee, Iſland dogge: thou prickeard cur of Iſland.

Hoſt. Good Corporall *Nym* ſhew thy valor, and put vp your ſword.

Nym. Will you ſhogge off? I would haue you ſolus.

Piſt. Solus, egregious dog? O Viper vile; The ſolus in thy moſt meruailous face, the ſolus in thy teeth, and in thy throate, and in thy hatefull Lungs, yea in thy Maw perdy; and which is worſe, within thy naſtie mouth. I do retort the ſolus in thy bowels, for I can take, and *Piſtols* cocke is vp, and flaſhing fire will follow.

Nym. I am not *Barbaſon*, you cannot coniure mec: I haue an humor to knocke you indifferently well: If you grow fowle with me Piſtoll, I will ſcoure you with my Rapier, as I may, in fayre tearmes. If you would walke off, I would pricke your guts a little in good tearmes, as I may, and that's the humor of it.

Piſt. O Braggard vile, and damned furious wight,
The Graue doth gape, and doting death is neere,
Therefore exhale.

Bar. Heare me, heare me what I ſay: Hee that ſtrikes the firſt ſtroake, Ile run him vp to the hilts, as I am a ſoldier.

Piſt. An oath of mickle might, and fury ſhall abate.
Giue me thy fiſt, thy fore-foote to me giue: Thy ſpirites are moſt tall.

Nym. I will cut thy throate one time or other in faire termes, that is the humor of it.

Piſtoll. Couple a gorge, that is the word. I defie thee againe. O hound of Creet, think'ſt thou my ſpouſe to get? No, to the ſpittle goe, and from the Poudring tub of infamy, fetch forth the Lazar Kite of *Creſſids* kinde, *Doll Teare-ſheete*, ſhe by name, and her eſpouſe. I haue, and I will hold the *Quondam Quickely* for the onely ſhee: and *Pauca*, there's enough to go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy. Mine Hoaſt *Piſtoll*, you muſt come to my Maſter, and your Hoſteſſe: He is very ſicke, & would to bed. Good *Bardolfe*, put thy face betweene his ſheets, and do the Office of a Warming-pan: Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away you Rogue.

Hoſt. By my troth he'l yeeld the Crow a pudding one of theſe dayes: the King has kild his heart. Good Huſband come home preſently. *Exit*

Bar. Come, ſhall I make you two friends. Wee muſt to France together: why the diuel ſhould we keep kniues to cut one anothers throats?

Piſt. Let floods ore-ſwell, and fiends for food howle on.

Nym. You'l pay me the eight ſhillings I won of you at Betting?

Piſt. Baſe is the Slaue that payes.

Nym. That now I wil haue: that's the humor of it.

Piſt. As manhood ſhal compound: puſh home. *Draw*

Bard. By this ſword, hee that makes the firſt thruſt, Ile kill him: By this ſword, I wil.

Pi. Sword is an Oath, & Oaths muſt haue their courſe

Bar. Corporall *Nym*, & thou wilt be friends be frends, and thou wilt not, why then be enemies with me to: prethee put vp.

Piſt. A Noble ſhalt thou haue, and preſent pay, and Liquor likewiſe will I giue to thee, and friendſhippe ſhall combyne, and brotherhood. Ile liue by *Nymme*, & *Nymme* ſhall liue by me, is not this iuſt? For I ſhal Sutler be vnto the Campe, and profits will accrue. Giue mee thy hand.

Nym. I ſhall haue my Noble?
Piſt. In caſh, moſt iuſtly payd.
Nym. Well, then that the humor of't.

Enter Hoſteſſe.

Hoſt. As euer you come of women, come in quickly to ſir *Iohn:* A poore heart, hee is ſo ſhak'd of a burning quotidian Tertian, that it is moſt lamentable to behold. Sweet men, come to him.

Nym. The King bath run bad humors on the Knight, that's the euen of it.

Piſt. Nym, thou haſt ſpoke the right, bis beart is fracted and corroborate.

Nym. The King is a good King, but it muſt bee as it may: he paſſes ſome humors, and carreeres.

Piſt. Let vs condole the Knight, for (Lambekins) we will liue.

Enter Exeter, Bedford, & Weſtmerland.

Bed Fore God his Grace is bold to truſt theſe traitors
Exe. They ſhall be apprehended by and by.
Weſt. How ſmooth and euen they do bear themſelues,
As if allegeance in their boſomes ſate
Crowned with faith, and conſtant loyalty.
Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dreame not of.
Exe. Nay, but the man that was his bedfellow,
Whom he hath dull'd and cloy'd with gracious fauours;
That he ſhould for a forraigne purſe, ſo ſell
His Soueraignes life to death and treachery.

Sound Trumpets.

Enter the King, Scroope, Cambridge, and Gray.

King. Now ſits the winde faire, and we will aboord.
My Lord of *Cambridge*, and my kinde Lord of *Maſham*,
And you my gentle Knight, giue me your thoughts:
Thinke you not that the powres we beare with vs
Will cut their paſſage through the force of France?
Doing the execution, and the acte,
For which we haue in head aſſembled them.
Scro. No doubt my Liege, if each man do his beſt.
King. I doubt not that, ſince we are well perſwaded
We carry not a heart with vs from hence,
That growes not in a faire confent with ours:
Nor leaue not one behinde, that doth not wiſh
Succeſſe and Conqueſt to attend on vs.
Cam. Neuer was Monarch better fear'd and lou'd,
Then is your Maieſty; there's not I thinke a ſubiect
That ſits in heart-greefe and vneaſineſſe
Vnder the ſweet ſhade of your gouernment.
Kni. True: thoſe that were your Fathers enemies,
Haue ſteep'd their gauls in hony, and do ſerue you
With bearts create of duty, and of zeale.
King. We therefore haue great cauſe of thankfulnes,
And ſhall forget the office of our hand
Sooner then quittance of deſert and merit,
According to the weight and worthineſſe.
Scro. So ſeruice ſhall with ſteeled ſinewes toyle,
And labour ſhall refreſh it ſelfe with hope
To do your Grace inceſſant ſeruices.
King. We Iudge no leſſe. Vnkle of *Exeter*,
Inlarge the man committed yeſterday,
That ray'd againſt our perſon: We conſider
It was exceſſe of Wine that ſet him on,
And on his more aduice, We pardon him.
Scro. That's mercy, but too much ſecurity:
Let him be puniſh'd Soueraigne, leaſt example
Breed (by his ſufferance) more of ſuch a kind.
King. O let vs yet be mercifull.
Cam. So may your Highneſſe, and yet puniſh too.
Grey. Sir, you ſhew great mercy if you giue him life,
After the taſte of much correction.
King. Alas, your too much loue and care of me,
Are heauy Orifons 'gainſt this poore wretch:
If little faults proceeding on diſtemper,
Shall not be wink'd at, how ſhall we ſtretch our eye
When capitall crimes, chew'd, ſwallow'd, and digeſted,
Appeare before vs? Wee'l yet inlarge that man,
Though *Cambridge*, *Scroope*, and *Gray*, in their deere care
And tender preſeruation of our perſon
Wold haue him puniſh'd. And now to our French cauſes,
Who are the late Commiſſioners?
Cam. I one my Lord,
Your Highneſſe bad me aske for it to day.
Scro. So did you me my Liege.
Gray. And I my Royall Soueraigne.
King. Then *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*, there is yours:
There yours Lord *Scroope* of *Maſham*, and Sir Knight:
Gray of *Northumberland*, this ſame is yours:
Reade them, and know I know your worthineſſe.
My Lord of *Weſtmerland*, and Vnkle *Exeter*,
We will aboord to night. Why how now Gentlemen?
What ſee you in thoſe papers, that you looſe
So much complexion? Looke ye how they change:
Their cheekes are paper. Why, what reade you there,
That haue ſo cowarded and chac'd your blood
Out of apparance.
Cam. I do confeſſe my fault,
And do ſubmit me to your Highneſſe mercy.
Gray. Scro. To which we all appeale.
King. The mercy that was quicke in vs but late,
By your owne counſaile is ſuppreſt and kill'd:
You muſt not dare (for ſhame) to talke of mercy,
For your owne reaſons turne into your boſomes,
As dogs vpon their maiſters, worrying you:
See you my Princes, and my Noble Peeres,
Theſe Engliſh monſters: My Lord of *Cambridge* heere,
You know how apt our loue was, to accord
To furniſh with all appertinents
Belonging to his Honour; and this man,
Hath for a few light Crownes, lightly conſpir'd
And ſworne vnto the practiſes of France
To kill vs heere in Hampton. To the which,
This Knight no leſſe for bounty bound to Vs
Then Cambridge is, hath likewiſe ſworne. But O,
What ſhall I ſay to thee Lord *Scroope*, thou cruell,
Ingratefull, fauage, and inhumane Creature?
Thou that didſt beare the key of all my counſailes,
That knew'ſt the very bottome of my ſoule,
That (almoſt) might'ſt haue coyn'd me into Golde,
Would'ſt thou haue practis'd on me, for thy vſe?
May it be poſsible, that forraigne hyer
Could out of thee extract one ſparke of euill
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis ſo ſtrange,
That though the truth of it ſtands off as groſſe
As blacke and white, my eye will ſcarſely ſee it.
Treaſon, and murther, euer kept together,
As two yoake diuels ſworne to eythers purpoſe,
Working ſo groſſely in an naturall cauſe,
That admiration did not hoope at them.
But thou (gainſt all proportion) didſt bring in
Wonder to waite on treaſon, and on murther:
And whatſoeuer cunning fiend it was
That wrought vpon thee ſo prepoſterouſly,
Hath got the voyce in hell for excellence:

And other diuels that ſuggeſt by treaſons,
Do botch and bungle vp damnation,
With patches, colours, and with formes being fetcht
From gliſt'ring ſemblances of piety:
But he that temper'd thee, bad thee ſtand vp,
Gaue thee no inſtance why thou ſhouldſt do treaſon,
Vnleſſe to dub thee with the name of Traitor.
If that ſame Dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
Should with his Lyon-gate walke the whole world,
He might returne to vaſtie Tartar backe,
And tell the Legions, I can neuer win
A ſoule ſo eaſie as that Engliſhmans.
Oh, how haſt thou with iealouſie infected
The ſweetneſſe of affiance? Shew men dutifull,
Why ſo didſt thou: ſeeme they graue and learned?
Why ſo didſt thou. Come they of Noble Family?
Why ſo didſt thou. Seeme they religious?
Why ſo didſt thou. Or are they ſpare in diet,
Free from groſſe paſsion, or of mirth, or anger,
Conſtant in ſpirit, not ſweruing with the blood,
Garniſh'd and deck'd in modeſt complement,
Not working with the eye, without the eare,
And but in purged iudgement truſting neither,
Such and ſo finely boulted didſt thou ſeeme:
And thus thy fall hath left a kinde of blot,
To make thee full fraught man, and beſt indued
With ſome ſuſpition, I will weepe for thee.
For this reuolt of thine, me thinkes is like
Another fall of Man. Their faults are open,
Arreſt them to the anſwer of the Law,
And God acquit them of their practiſes.

Exe. I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Richard* Earle of *Cambridge*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas* Lord *Scroope* of *Marſham*.

I arreſt thee of High Treaſon, by the name of *Thomas Grey*, Knight of *Northumberland*.

Scro. Our purpoſes, God iuſtly hath diſcouer'd,
And I repent my fault more then my death,
Which I beſeech your Highneſſe to forgiue,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the Gold of France did not feduce,
Although I did admit it as a motiue,
The ſooner to effect what I intended:
But God be thanked for preuention,
Which in ſufferance heartily will reioyce,
Beſeeching God, and you, to pardon mee.

Gray. Neuer did faithfull ſubiect more reioyce
At the diſcouery of moſt dangerous Treaſon,
Then I do at this houre ioy ore my ſelfe,
Preuented from a damned enterprize;
My fault, but not my body, pardon Soueraigne.

King. God quit you in his mercy: Hear your ſentence
You haue conſpir'd againſt Our Royall perſon,
Ioyn'd with an enemy proclaim'd, and from his Coffers,
Receyu'd the Golden Earneſt of Our death:
Wherein you would haue ſold your King to ſlaughter,
His Princes, and his Peeres to ſeruitude,
His Subiects to oppreſsion, and contempt,
And his whole Kingdome into deſolation:
Touching our perſon, ſeeke we no reuenge,
But we our Kingdomes ſafety muſt ſo tender,
Whoſe ruine you ſought, that to her Lawes
We do deliuer you. Get you therefore hence,
(Poore miſerable wretches) to your death:
The taſte whereof, God of his mercy giue
You patience to indure, and true Repentance
Of all your deare offences. Beare them hence. *Exit.*
Now Lords for France: the enterpriſe whereof
Shall be to you as vs, like glorious.
We doubt not of a faire and luckie Warre,
Since God ſo graciouſly hath brought to light
This dangerous Treaſon, lurking in our way,
To hinder our beginnings. We doubt not now,
But euery Rubbe is ſmoothed on our way.
Then forth, deare Countreymen: Let vs deliuer
Our Puiſſance into the hand of God,
Putting it ſtraight in expedition.
Chearely to Sea, the ſignes of Warre aduance,
No King of England, if not King of France. *Flouriſh.*

Enter Piſtoll, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Hoſteſſe.

Hoſteſſe. 'Prythee honey ſweet Husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Piſtoll. No: for my manly heart doth erne. *Bardolph*, be blythe: *Nim*, rowſe thy vaunting Veines: Boy, briſsle thy Courage vp: for *Falſtaffe* hee is dead, and wee muſt erne therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, whereſomere hee is, eyther in Heauen, or in Hell.

Hoſteſſe. Nay ſure, hee's not in Hell: hee's in *Arthurs* Boſome, if euer man went to *Arthurs* Boſome: a made a finer end, and went away and it had beene any Chriſtome Child: a parted eu'n iuſt betweene Twelue and One, eu'n at the turning o'th'Tyde: for after I ſaw him fumble with the Sheets, and play with Flowers, and ſmile vpon his fingers end, I knew there was but one way: for his Noſe was as ſharpe as a Pen, and a Table of greene fields. How now Sir *Iohn* (quoth I?) what man? be a good cheare: ſo a cryed out, God, God, God, three or foure times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a ſhould not thinke of God; I hop'd there was no neede to trouble himſelfe with any ſuch thoughts yet: ſo a bad me lay more Clothes on his feet: I put my hand into the Bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any ſtone: then I felt to his knees, and ſo vp-peer'd, and vpward, and all was as cold as any ſtone.

Nim. They ſay he cryed out of Sack.

Hoſteſſe. I, that a did.

Bard. And of Women.

Hoſteſſe. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes that a did, and ſaid they were Deules incarnate.

Woman. A could neuer abide Carnation, 'twas a Colour he neuer lik'd.

Boy. A ſaid once, the Deule would haue him about Women.

Hoſteſſe. A did in ſome fort (indeed) handle Women: but then hee was rumatique, and talk'd of the Whore of Babylon.

Boy. Doe you not remember a ſaw a Flea ſticke vpon *Bardolphs* Noſe, and a ſaid it was a blacke Soule burning in Hell.

Bard. Well, the fuell is gone that maintain'd that fire: that's all the Riches I got in his ſeruice.

Nim. Shall wee ſhogg? the King will be gone from Southampton.

Piſt. Come, let's away. My Loue, giue me thy Lippes: Looke to my Chattels, and my Moueables: Let Sences rule: The world is, Pitch and pay: truſt none: for Oathes are Strawes, mens Faiths are Wafer-Cakes, and hold-faſt is the onely Dogge: My Ducke, therefore *Caueto* bee thy Counſailor. Goe, cleare thy Chryſtalls. Yoke-fellowes in Armes, let vs to France, like Horſe-leeches

leeches my Boyes, to ſucke, to ſucke, the very blood to ſucke.

Boy. And that's but vnwholeſome food, they ſay.

Piſt. Touch her ſoft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farwell Hoſteſſe.

Nim. I cannot kiſſe, that is the humor of it: but adieu.

Piſt. Let Huſwiferie appeare: keepe cloſe, I thee command.

Hoſteſſe. Farwell: adieu. *Exeunt*

Flouriſh.

Enter the French King, the Dolphin, the Dukes of Berry and Britaine.

King. Thus comes the Engliſh with full power vpon vs,
And more then carefully it vs concernes,
To anſwer Royally in our defences.
Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britaine,
Of Brabant and of Orleance, ſhall make forth,
And you Prince Dolphin, with all ſwift diſpatch
To lyne and new repayre our Townes of Warre
With men of courage, and with meanes defendant:
For England his approaches makes as fierce,
As Waters to the ſucking of a Gulfe.
It fits vs then to be as prouident,
As feare may teach vs, out of late examples
Left by the fatall and neglected Engliſh,
Vpon our fields.

Dolphin. My moſt redoubted Father,
It is moſt meet we arme vs 'gainſt the Foe:
For Peace it ſelfe ſhould not ſo dull a Kingdome,
(Though War nor no knowne Quarrel were in queſtion)
But that Defences, Muſters, Preparations,
Should be maintain'd, aſſembled, and collected,
As were a Warre in expectation.
Therefore I ſay, 'tis meet we all goe forth,
To view the ſick and feeble parts of France:
And let vs doe it with no ſhew of feare,
No, with no more, then if we heard that England
Were buſied with a Whitſon Morris-dance:
For, my good Liege, ſhee is ſo idly King'd,
Her Scepter ſo phantaſtically borne,
By a vaine giddie ſhallow humorous Youth,
That feare attends her not.

Conſt. O peace, Prince Dolphin,
You are too much miſtaken in this King:
Queſtion your Grace the late Embaſſadors,
With what great State he heard their Embaſſie,
How well ſupply'd with Noble Councellors,
How modeſt in exception; and withall,
How terrible in conſtant reſolution:
And you ſhall find, his Vanities fore-ſpent,
Were but the out-ſide of the Roman *Brutus*,
Couering Diſcretion with a Coat of Folly;
As Gardeners doe with Ordure hide thoſe Roots
That ſhall firſt ſpring, and be moſt delicate.

Dolphin. Well, 'tis not ſo, my Lord High Conſtable.
But though we thinke it ſo, it is no matter:
In cafes of defence, 'tis beſt to weigh
The Enemie more mightie then he ſeemes,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd:
Which of a weake and niggardly proiection,
Doth like a Miſer ſpoyle his Coat, with ſcanting
A little Cloth.

King. Thinke we King *Harry* ſtrong:
And Princes, looke you ſtrongly arme to meet him.
The Kindred of him hath beene fleſht vpon vs:
And he is bred out of that bloodie ſtraine,
That haunted vs in our familiar Pathes:
Witneſſe our too much memorable ſhame,
When Creſſy Battell fatally was ſtrucke,
And all our Princes captiu'd, by the hand
Of that black Name, *Edward*, black Prince of Wales:
Whiles that his Mountaine Sire, on Mountaine ſtanding
Vp in the Ayre, crown'd with the Golden Sunne,
Saw his Heroicall Seed, and ſmil'd to ſee him
Mangle the Worke of Nature, and deface
The Patternes, that by God and by French Fathers
Had twentie yeeres been made. This is a Stem
Of that Victorious Stock: and let vs feare
The Natiue mightineſſe and fate of him.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Embaſſadors from *Harry* King of England,
Doe craue admittance to your Maieſtie.

King. Weele giue them preſent audience.
Goe, and bring them.
You ſee this Chafe is hotly followed, friends.

Dolphin. Turne head, and ſtop purſuit: for coward Dogs
Moſt ſpend their mouths, when what they ſeem to threaten
Runs farre before them. Good my Soueraigne
Take vp the Engliſh ſhort, and let them know
Of what a Monarchie you are the Head:
Selfe-loue, my Liege, is not ſo vile a ſinne,
As ſelfe-neglecting.

Enter Exeter.

King. From our Brother of England?

Exe. From him, and thus he greets your Maieſtie:
He wills you in the Name of God Almightie,
That you deueſt your ſelfe, and lay apart
The borrowed Glories, that by gift of Heauen,
By Law of Nature, and of Nations, longs
To him and to his Heires, namely the Crowne,
And all wide-ſtretched Honors, that pertaine
By Cuſtome, and the Ordinance of Times,
Vnto the Crowne of France: that you may know
'Tis no ſiniſter, nor no awk-ward Clayme,
Pickt from the worme-holes of long-vaniſht dayes,
Nor from the duſt of old Obliuion rakt,
He ſends you this moſt memorable Lyne,
In euery Branch truly demonſtratiue;
Willing you ouer-looke this Pedigree:
And when you find him euenly deriu'd
From his moſt fam'd, of famous Anceſtors,
Edward the third; he bids you then reſigne
Your Crowne and Kingdome, indirectly held
From him, the Natiue and true Challenger.

King. Or elſe what ſollowes?

Exe. Bloody conſtraint: for if you hide the Crowne
Euen in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
Therefore in fierce Tempeſt is he comming,
In Thunder and in Earth-quake, like a *Ioue:*
That if requiring faile, he will compell.
And bids you, in the Bowels of the Lord,
Deliuer vp the Crowne, and to take mercie
On the poore Soules, for whom this hungry Warre
Opens his vaſtie Iawes: and on your head
Turning the Widdowes Teares, the Orphans Cryes,
The dead-mens Blood, the priuy Maidens Groanes,
For Husbands, Fathers, and betrothed Louers,
That ſhall be ſwallowed in this Controuerſie.
This is his Clayme, his Threatning, and my Meſſage:
Vnleſſe the Dolphin be in preſence here;
To whom expreſſely I bring greeting to.

King. For

King. For vs, we will conſider of this further:
To morrow ſhall you beare our full intent
Back to our Brother of England.
Dolph. For the Dolphin,
I ſtand here for him: what to him from England?
Exe. Scorne and defiance, ſleight regard, contempt,
And any thing that may not miſ-become
The mightie Sender, doth he prize you at.
Thus ſayes my King: and if your Fathers Highneſſe
Doe not, in graunt of all demands at large,
Sweeten the bitter Mock you ſent his Maieſtie;
Hee'le call you to ſo hot an Anſwer of it,
That Caues and Wombie Vaultages of France
Shall chide your Treſpas, and returne your Mock
In ſecond Accent of his Ordinance.
Dolph. Say: if my Father render faire returne,
It is againſt my will: for I deſire
Nothing but Oddes with England.
To that end, as matching to his Youth and Vanitie,
I did preſent him with the Paris-Balls.
Exe. Hee'le make your Paris Louer ſhake for it,
Were it the Miſtreſſe Court of mightie Europe:
And be aſſur'd, you'le finde a diff'rence,
As we his Subiects haue in wonder found,
Betweene the promiſe of his greener dayes,
And theſe he maſters now: now he weighes Time
Euen to the vtmoſt Graine: that you ſhall reade
In your owne Loſſes, if he ſtay in France.
King. To morrow ſhall you know our mind at full.
Flouriſh.
Exe. Diſpatch vs with all ſpeed, leaſt that our King
Come here himſelfe to queſtion our delay;
For he is footed in this Land already.
King. You ſhalbe ſoone diſpatcht, with faire conditions.
A Night is but ſmall breathe, and little pawſe,
To anſwer matters of this conſequence. *Exeunt.*

Actus Secundus.

Flouriſh. Enter Chorus.

Thus with imagin'd wing our ſwift Scene flyes,
In motion of no leſſe celeritie then that of Thought.
Suppoſe, that you haue ſeene
The well-appointed King at Douer Peer,
Embarke his Royaltie: and his braue Fleet,
With ſilken Streamers, the young *Phebus* fayning;
Play with your Fancies: and in them behold,
Vpon the Hempen Tackle, Ship-boyes climbing;
Heare the ſhrill Whiſtle, which doth order giue
To ſounds confus'd: behold the threaden Sayles,
Borne with th'inuiſible and creeping Wind,
Draw the huge Bottomes through the furrowed Sea,
Breſting the loftie Surge. O, doe but thinke
You ſtand vpon the Riuage, and behold
A Citie on th'inconſtant Billowes dauncing:
For ſo appeares this Fleet Maieſticall,
Holding due courſe to Harflew. Follow, follow:
Grapple your minds to ſternage of this Nauie,
And leaue your England as dead Mid-night, ſtill,
Guarded with Grandſires, Babyes, and old Women,
Eyther paſt, or not arriu'd to pyth and puiſſance:
For who is he, whoſe Chin is but enricht
With one appearing Hayre, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd and choyſe-drawne Cauliers to France?
Worke, worke your Thoughts, and therein ſee a Siege:
Behold the Ordenance on their Carriages,
With fatall mouthes gaping on girded Harflew.
Suppoſe th'Embaſſador from the French comes back:
Tells *Harry*, That the King doth offer him
Katherine his Daughter, and with her to Dowrie,
Some petty and vnprofitable Dukedomes.
The offer likes not: and the nimble Gunner
With Lynſtock now the diuelliſh Cannon touches,
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.
And downe goes all before them. Still be kind,
And eech out our performance with your mind. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, and Glouceſter.
Alarum: Scaling Ladders at Harflew.

King. Once more vnto the Breach,
Deare friends, once more;
Or cloſe the Wall vp with our Engliſh dead:
In Peace, there's nothing ſo becomes a man,
As modeſt ſtillneſſe, and humilitie:
But when the blaſt of Warre blowes in our eares,
Then imitate the action of the Tyger:
Stiffen the ſinewes, commune vp the blood,
Diſguiſe faire Nature with hard-fauour'd Rage:
Then lend the Eye a terrible aſpect:
Let it pry through the portage of the Head,
Like the Braſſe Cannon: let the Brow o'rewhelme it,
As fearefully, as doth a galled Rocke
O're-hang and iutty his confounded Baſe,
Swill'd with the wild and waſtfull Ocean.
Now ſet the Teeth, and ſtretch the Noſthrill wide,
Hold hard the Breath, and bend vp euery Spirit
To his full height. On, on, you Nobliſh Engliſh,
Whoſe blood is fet from Fathers of Warre-proofe:
Fathers, that like ſo many *Alexanders*,
Haue in theſe parts from Morne till Euen fought,
And ſheath'd their Swords, for lack of argument.
Diſhonour not your Mothers: now atteſt,
That thoſe whom you call'd Fathers, did beget you.
Be Coppy now to me of groſſer blood,
And teach them how to Warre. And you good Yeomen,
Whoſe Lyms were made in England; ſhew vs here
The mettell of your Paſture: let vs ſweare,
That you are worth your breeding: which I doubt not:
For there is none of you ſo meane and baſe,
That hath not Noble luſter in your eyes.
I ſee you ſtand like Grey-hounds in the ſlips,
Straying vpon the Start. The Game's afoot:
Follow your Spirit; and vpon this Charge,
Cry, God for *Harry*, England, and S. *George*.
Alarum, and Chambers goe off.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.
Nim. 'Pray thee Corporall ſtay, the Knocks are too hot: and for mine owne part, I haue not a Caſe of Liues: the humor of it is too hot, that is the very plaine-Song of it.
Piſt. The plaine-Song is moſt iuſt: for humors doe abound: Knocks goe and come: Gods Vaſſals drop and dye: and Sword and Shield, in bloody Field, doth winne immortall fame.
Boy. Would I were in an Ale-houſe in London, I would giue all my fame for a Pot of Ale, and ſafetie.
Piſt. And

Pift. And I: If wiſhes would preuayle with me, my purpoſe ſhould not fayle with me; but thither would I high.

Boy. As duly, but not as truly, as Bird doth ſing on bough.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Vp to the breach, you Dogges; auaunt you Cullions.

Pift. Be mercifull great Duke to men of Mould: abate thy Rage, abate thy manly Rage; abate thy Rage, great Duke. Good Bawcock bate thy Rage: vſe lenitie ſweet Chuck.

Nim. Theſe be good humors: your Honor wins bad humors. • *Exit.*

Boy. As young as I am, I haue obſeru'd theſe three Swaſhers: I am Boy to them all three, but all they three, though they would ſerue me, could not be Man to me; for indeed three ſuch Antiques doe not amount to a man: for *Bardolph*, hee is white-liuer'd, and red-fac'd; by the meanes whereof, a faces it out, but fights not: for *Piſtoll*, hee hath a killing Tongue, and a quiet Sword; by the meanes whereof, a breakes Words, and keepes whole Weapons: for *Nim*, hee hath heard, that men of few Words are the beſt men, and therefore hee ſcornes to ſay his Prayers, leſt a ſhould be thought a Coward: but his few bad Words are matcht with as few good Deeds; for a neuer broke any mans Head but his owne, and that was againſt a Poſt, when he was drunke. They will ſteale any thing, and call it Purchaſe. *Bardolph* ſtole a Lute-caſe, bore it twelue Leagues, and ſold it for three halfepence. *Nim* and *Bardolph* are ſworne Brothers in filching: and in Callice they ſtole a fire-ſhouell. I knew by that peece of Seruice, the men would carry Coales. They would haue me as familiar with mens Pockets, as their Gloues or their Hand-kerchers: which makes much againſt my Manhood, if I ſhould take from anothers Pocket, to put into mine; for it is plaine pocketting vp of Wrongs. I muſt leaue them, and ſeeke ſome better Seruice: their Villany goes againſt my weake ſtomacke, and therefore I muſt caſt it vp. *Exit.*

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen*, you muſt come preſently to the Mynes; the Duke of Glouceſter would ſpeake with you.

Flu. To the Mynes? Tell you the Duke, it is not ſo good to come to the Mynes: for looke you, the Mynes is not according to the diſciplines of the Warre; the concauities of it is not ſufficient: for looke you, th'athuerſarie, you may diſcuſſe vnto the Duke, looke you, is digt himſelfe foure yard vnder the Countermines: by *Cheſhu*, I thinke a will plowe vp all, if there is not better directions.

Gower. The Duke of Glouceſter, to whom the Order of the Siege is giuen, is altogether directed by an Iriſh man, a very valiant Gentleman yfaith.

Welch. It is Captaine *Makmorrice*, is it not?

Gower. I thinke it be.

Welch. By *Cheſhu* he is an Aſſe, as in the World, I will verifie as much in his Beard: he ha's no more directions in the true diſciplines of the Warres, looke you, of the Roman diſciplines, then is a Puppy-dog.

Enter Makmorrice, and Captaine Iamy.

Gower. Here a comes, and the Scots Captaine, Captaine *Iamy*, with him.

Welch. Captaine *Iamy* is a maruellous falorous Gentleman, that is certain, and of great expedition and knowledge in th'aunchiant Warres, vpon my particular knowledge of his directions: by *Cheſhu* he will maintaine his Argument as well as any Militarie man in the World, in the diſciplines of the Priſtine Warres of the Romans.

Scot. I ſay gudday, Captaine *Fluellen*.

Welch. Godden to your Worſhip, good Captaine *Iames*.

Gower. How now Captaine *Mackmorrice*, haue you quit the Mynes? haue the Pioners giuen o're?

Iriſh. By Chriſh Law tiſh ill done: the Worke iſh giue ouer, the Trompet ſound the Retreat. By my Hand I ſweare, and my fathers Soule, the Worke iſh ill done: it iſh giue ouer: I would haue blowed vp the Towne, ſo Chriſh ſaue me law, in an houre. O tiſh ill done, tiſh ill done: by my Hand tiſh ill done.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I beſeech you now, will you voutſafe me, looke you, a few diſputations with you, as partly touching or concerning the diſciplines of the Warre, the Roman Warres, in the way of Argument, looke you, and friendly communication: partly to ſatisfie my Opinion, and partly for the ſatisfaction, looke you, of my Mind: as touching the direction of the Militarie diſcipline, that is the Point.

Scot. It ſall be vary gud, gud feith, gud Captens bath, and I ſall quit you with gud leue, as I may pick occaſion: that ſall I mary.

Iriſh. It is no time to diſcourſe, ſo Chriſh ſaue me: the day is hot, and the Weather, and the Warres, and the King, and the Dukes: it is no time to diſcourſe, the Town is beſeech'd: and the Trumpet call vs to the breech, and we talke, and be Chriſh do nothing, tis ſhame for vs all: ſo God ſa'me tis ſhame to ſtand ſtill, it is ſhame by my hand: and there is Throats to be cut, and Workes to be done, and there iſh nothing done, ſo Chriſt ſa'me law.

Scot. By the Mes, ere theiſe eyes of mine take themſelues to ſlomber, ayle de gud ſeruice, or Ile ligge i'th' grund for it; ay, or goe to death: and Ile pay't as valorouſly as I may, that ſal I ſuerly do, that is the breff and the long: mary, I wad full faine heard ſome queſtion tween you tway.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, I thinke, looke you, vnder your correction, there is not many of your Nation.

Iriſh. Of my Nation? What iſh my Nation? Iſh a Villaine, and a Baſterd, and a Knaue, and a Raſcall. What iſh my Nation? Who talkes of my Nation?

Welch. Looke you, if you take the matter otherwiſe then is meant, Captaine *Mackmorrice*, peraduenture I ſhall thinke you doe not vſe me with that affabilitie, as in diſcretion you ought to vſe me looke you, being as good a man as your ſelfe, both in the diſciplines of Warre, and in the deriuation of my Birth, and in other particularities.

Iriſh. I doe not know you ſo good a man as my ſelfe: ſo Chriſh ſaue me, I will cut off your Head.

Gower. Gentlemen both, you will miſtake each other.

Scot. A, that's a foule fault. *A Parley.*

Gower. The Towne ſounds a Parley.

Welch. Captaine *Mackmorrice*, when there is more better oportunitie to be required, looke you, I will be ſo bold as to tell you, I know the diſciplines of Warre: and there is an end. *Exit.*

Enter the King and all his Traine before the Gates.

King. How yet reſolues the Gouernour of the Towne? This is the lateſt Parle we will admit:

There-

Therefore to our beſt mercy giue your felues,
Or like to men prowd of deſtruction,
Defie vs to our worſt: for as I am a Souldier,
A Name that in my thoughts becomes me beſt;
If I begin the batt'rie once againe,
I will not leaue the halfe-atchieued Harflew,
Till in her aſhes ſhe lye buryed.
The Gates of Mercy ſhall be all ſhut vp,
And the fleſh'd Souldier, rough and hard of heart,
In libertie of bloody hand, ſhall raunge
With Confcience wide as Hell, mowing like Graſſe
Your freſh faire Virgins, and your flowring Infants,
What is it then to me, if impious Warre,
Arrayed in flames like to the Prince of Fiends,
Doe with his fmyrebt complexion all fell feats,
Enlynckt to waſt and defolation?
What is't to me, when you your felues are caufe,
If your pure Maydens fall into the hand
Of hot and forcing Violation?
What Reyne can bold licentious Wickedneſſe,
When downe the Hill he holds his fierce Carriere?
We may as bootleſſe fpend our vaine Command
Vpon th'enraged Souldiers in their fpoyle,
As fend Precepts to the *Leuiathan*, to come aſhore.
Therefore, you men of Harflew,
Take pitty of your Towne and of your People,
Whiles yet my Souldiers are in my Command,
Whiles yet the coole and temperate Wind of Grace
O're-blowes the filthy and contagious Clouds
Of headly Murther, Spoyle, and Villany.
If not: why in a moment looke to fee
The blind and bloody Souldier, with foule hand
Defire the Locks of your fhrill-fhriking Daughters:
Your Fathers taken by the filuer Beards,
And their moſt reuerend Heads daſht to the Walls:
Your naked Infants fpitted vpon Pykes,
Whiles the mad Mothers, with their howles confus'd,
Doe breake the Clouds; as did the Wiues of Iewry,
At *Herods* bloody-hunting flaughter-men.
What fay you? Will you yeeld, and this auoyd?
Or guiltie in defence, be thus deſtroy'd.

Enter Gouernour.

Couer. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dolphin, whom of Succours we entreated,
Returnes vs, that his Powers are yet not ready,
To rayfe fo great a Siege: Therefore great King,
We yeeld our Towne and Liues to thy ſoft Mercy:
Enter our Gates, diſpoſe of vs and ours,
For we no longer are defenſible.

King. Open your Gates: Come Vnckle *Exeter*,
Goe you and enter Harflew; there remaine,
And fortifie it ſtrongly 'gainſt the French:
Vſe mercy to them all for vs, deare Vnckle.
The Winter comming on, and Sickneſſe growing
Vpon our Souldiers, we will retyre to Calis.
To night in Harflew will we be your Gueſt,
To morrow for the March are we addreſt.

Flouriſh, and enter the Towne.

Enter Katherine and an old Gentlewoman.

Kathe. Alice, tu as eſte en Angleterre, & tu bien parlas le Language.

Alice. En peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie m'enſigniez, il faut que ie apprend a parler: Comient appelle vous le main en Anglois?

Alice. Le main il & appelle de Hand.

Kath. De Hand.

Alice. E le doyts.

Kat. Le doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, e doyt mays, ie me ſouemeray le doyts ie penſe qu'ils ont appelle de fingres, ou de fingres.

Alice. Le main de Hand, le doyts le Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier.

Kath. I'ay gaynie diux mots d'Anglois viſtement, coment appelle vous le ongles?

Alice. Le ongles, les appellons de Nayles.

Kath. De Nayles eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C eſt bien dict Madame, il & fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E de coudee.

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie men fay le repiticio de touts les mots que vous mayes, apprins des a preſent.

Alice. Il & trop difficile Madame, comme Ie penſe.

Kath. Excuſe moy Alice eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie men oublie d'Elbow, coment appelle vous le col.

Alice. De Nick, Madame.

Kath. De Nick, e le menton.

Alice. De Chin.

Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.

Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verite vous pronouncies les mots auſi droict, que le Natifs d'Angleterre.

Kath. Ie ne doute point d'apprendre par de grace de Dieu, & en peu de temps.

Alice. N'aue vos y aeſia oublie ce que ie vous a enſignie.

Kath. Nome ie recitera a vous promptement, d'Hand, de Fingre, de Maylees.

Alice. De Nayles, Madame.

Kath. De Nayles, de Arme, de Ilbow.

Alice. Sans voſtre honeus d'Elbow.

Kath. Ainſi de ie d'Elbow, de Nick, & de Sin: coment appelle vous les pied & de roba.

Alice. Le Foot Madame, & le Count.

Kath. Le Foot, & le Count: O Seignieur Dieu, il ſont le mots de ſon mauvais corruptible groſſe & impudique, & non pour le Dames de Honeur d'uſer: Ie ne voudray pronouncer ce mots deuant le Seigneurs de France, pour toute le monde, ſo le Foot & le Count, neant moys, Ie recitera vn autrefoys ma lecon enſemble, a'Hand, de Fingre, de Nayles, d'Arme, d'Elbow, de Nick, de Sin, de Foot, le Count.

Alice. Excellent, Madame.

Kath. C'eſt aſſes pour vne foyes, alons nous a diner.

Exit.

Enter the King of France, the Dolphin, the Conſtable of France, and others.

King. 'Tis certaine he hath paſt the Riuer Some.

Conſt. And if he be not fought withall, my Lord,
Let vs not liue in France: let vs quit all,
And giue our Vineyards to a barbarous People.

Dolph. O Dieu viuant: Shall a few Sprayes of vs,
The emptying of our Fathers Luxurie,
Our Syens, put in wilde and fauage Stock,
Spirt vp ſo fuddenly into the Clouds,
And ouer-looke their Grafters?

Brit. Normans, but baſtard Normans, Norman baſtards:
Mort du ma vie, if they march along
Vnfought withall, but I will fell my Dukedome,

To

To buy a ſlobbry and a durtie Farme
In that nooke-ſhotten Ile of Albion.
Conſt. Dieu de Battailes, where haue they this mettell?
Is not their Clymate foggy, raw, and dull?
On whom, as in deſpight, the Sunne lookes pale,
Killing their Fruit with frownes. Can ſodden Water,
A Drench for fur-reyn'd Iades, their Barly broth,
Decoct their cold blood to ſuch valiant heat?
And ſhall our quick blood, ſpirited with Wine,
Seeme froſtie? O, for honor of our Land,
Let vs not hang like roping Iſyckles
Vpon our Houſes Thatch, whiles a more froſtie People
Sweat drops of gallant Youth in our rich fields:
Poore we call them, in their Natiue Lords.
Dolphin. By Faith and Honor,
Our Madames mock at vs, and plainely ſay,
Our Mettell is bred out, and they will giue
Their bodyes to the Luſt of Engliſh Youth,
To new-ſtore France with Baſtard Warriors.
Brit. They bid vs to the Engliſh Dancing-Schooles,
And teach *Lauolta's* high, and ſwift *Carranto's*,
Saying, our Grace is onely in our Heeles,
And that we are moſt loftie Run-awayes.
King. Where is *Montioy* the Herald? ſpeed him hence,
Let him greet England with our ſharpe defiance.
Vp Princes, and with ſpirit of Honor edged,
More ſharper then your Swords, high to the field:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
You Dukes of *Orleance*, *Burbon*, and of *Berry*,
Alanſon, *Brabant*, *Bar*, and *Burgonie*,
Iaques Chattillion, *Rambures*, *Vandemont*,
Beumont, *Grand Pree*, *Rouſſi*, and *Faulconbridge*,
Loys, *Leſtrale*, *Bouciquall*, and *Charaloyes*,
High Dukes, great Princes, Barons, Lords, and Kings;
For your great Seats, now quit you of great ſhames:
Barre *Harry* England, that ſweepes through our Land
With Penons painted in the blood of Harflew:
Ruſh on his Hoaſt, as doth the melted Snow
Vpon the Valleyes, whoſe low Vaſſal Seat,
The Alpes doth ſpit, and void his rhewme vpon.
Goe downe vpon him, you haue Power enough,
And in a Captiue Chariot, into Roan
Bring him our Priſoner.
Const. This becomes the Great.
Sorry am I his numbers are ſo few,
His Souldiers ſick, and famiſht in their March:
For I am ſure, when he ſhall ſee our Army,
Hee'le drop his heart into the ſinck of feare,
And for atchieuement, offer vs his Ranſome.
King. Therefore Lord Conſtable, haſt on *Montioy*,
And let him ſay to England, that we ſend,
To know what willing Ranſome he will giue.
Prince *Dolphin*, you ſhall ſtay with vs in Roan.
Dolph. Not ſo, I doe beſeech your Maieſtie.
King. Be patient, for you ſhall remaine with vs.
Now forth Lord Conſtable, and Princes all,
And quickly bring vs word of Englands fall. *Exeunt.*

Enter Captaines, Engliſh and Welch, Gower and Fluellen.

Gower. How now Captaine *Fluellen*, come you from the Bridge?
Flu. I aſſure you, there is very excellent Seruices committed at the Bridge.
Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter ſafe?
Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as *Agamemnon*, and a man that I loue and honour with my ſoule, and my heart, and my dutie, and my liue, and my liuing, and my vttermoſt power. He is not, God be prayſed and bleſſed, any hurt in the World, but keepes the Bridge moſt valiantly, with excellent diſcipline. There is an aunchient Lieutenant there at the Pridge, I thinke in my very conſcience hee is as valiant a man as *Marke Anthony*, and hee is a man of no eſtimation in the World, but I did ſee him doo as gallant ſeruice.
Gower. What doe you call him?
Flu. Hee is call'd aunchient *Piſtoll*.
Gower. I know him not.

Enter Piſtoll.

Flu. Here is the man.
Piſt. Captaine, I thee beſeech to doe me fauours: the Duke of Exeter doth loue thee well.
Flu. I, I prayſe God, and I haue merited ſome loue at his hands.
Piſt. Bardolph, a Souldier firme and ſound of heart, and of buxome valour, hath by cruell Fate, and giddie Fortunes furious fickle Wheele, that Goddeſſe blinde, that ſtands vpon the rolling reſtleſſe Stone.
Flu. By your patience, aunchient *Piſtoll:* Fortune is painted blinde, with a Muffler afore his eyes, to ſignifie to you, that Fortune is blinde; and ſhee is painted alſo with a Wheele, to ſignifie to you, which is the Morall of it, that ſhee is turning and inconſtant, and mutabilitie, and variation: and her foot, looke you, is fixed vpon a Sphericall Stone, which rowles, and rowles, and rowles: in good truth, the Poet makes a moſt excellent deſcription of it: Fortune is an excellent Morall.
Piſt. Fortune is *Bardolphs* foe, and frownes on him: for he hath ſtolne a Pax, and hanged muſt a be: a damned death: let Gallowes gape for Dogge, let Man goe free, and let not Hempe his Wind-pipe ſuffocate: but *Exeter* hath giuen the doome of death, for Pax of little price. Therefore goe ſpeake, the Duke will heare thy voyce; and let not *Bardolphs* vitall thred bee cut with edge of Penny-Cord, and vile reproach. Speake Captaine for his Life, and I will thee requite.
Flu. Aunchient *Piſtoll*, I doe partly vnderſtand your meaning.
Piſt. Why then reioyce therefore.
Flu. Certainly Aunchient, it is not a thing to reioyce at: for if, looke you, he were my Brother, I would deſire the Duke to vſe his good pleaſure, and put him to execution; for diſcipline ought to be vſed.
Piſt. Dye, and be dam'd, and *Figo* for thy friendſhip.
Flu. It is well.
Piſt. The Figge of Spaine. *Exit.*
Flu. Very good.
Gower. Why, this is an arrant counterfeit Raſcall, I remember him now: a Bawd, a Cut-purſe.
Flu. Ile aſſure you, a vtt'red as praue words at the Pridge, as you ſhall ſee in a Summers day: but it is very well: what he ha's ſpoke to me, that is well I warrant you, when time is ſerue.
Gower. Why'tis a Gull, a Foole, a Rogue, that now and then goes to the Warres, to grace himſelfe at his returne into London, vnder the forme of a Souldier: and ſuch fellows are perfit in the Great Commanders Names, and they will learne you by rote where Seruices were done; at ſuch and ſuch a Sconce, at ſuch a Breach, at ſuch a Conuoy: who came off brauely, who was ſhot, who diſgrac'd, what termes the Enemy ſtood on: and this they conne perfitly in the phraſe of Warre; which they tricke

vp with new-tuned Oathes: and what a Beard of the Generalls Cut, and a horride Sute of the Campe, will doe among foming Bottles, and Ale-washt Wits, is wonderfull to be thought on: but you must learne to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be maruellously mistooke.

Flu. I tell you what, Captaine *Gower:* I doe perceiue hee is not the man that hee would gladly make shew to the World hee is: if I finde a hole in his Coat, I will tell him my minde: hearke you, the King is comming, and I must speake with him from the Pridge.

Drum and Colours. Enter the King and his poore Souldiers.

Flu. God pleese your Maiestie.

King. How now *Fluellen*, cam'st thou from the Bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Maiestie: The Duke of Exeter ha's very gallantly maintain'd the Pridge; the French is gone off, looke you, and there is gallant and most praue passages: marry, th'athuerfarie was haue possession of the Pridge, but he is enforced to retyre, and the Duke of Exeter is Master of the Pridge: I can tell your Maiestie, the Duke is a praue man.

King. What men haue you lost, *Fluellen?*

Flu. The perdition of th'athuerfarie hath beene very great, reasonnable great: marry for my part, I thinke the Duke hath lost neuer a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a Church, one *Bardolph*, if your Maiestie know the man: his face is all bubukles and whelkes, and knobs, and flames a fire, and his lippes blowes at his nose, and it is like a coale of fire, sometimes plew, and sometimes red, but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

King. Wee would haue all such offendors so cut off: and we giue expresse charge, that in our Marches through the Countrey, there be nothing compell'd from the Villages; nothing taken, but pay'd for: none of the French vpbrayded or abused in disdainefull Language; for when Leuitie and Crueltie play for a Kingdome, the gentler Gamester is the soonest winner.

Tucket. Enter Mountioy.

Mountioy. You know me by my habit.

King. Well then, I know thee: what shall I know of thee?

Mountioy. My Masters mind.

King. Vnfold it.

Mountioy. Thus fayes my King: Say thou to *Harry* of England, Though we seem'd dead, we did but sleepe: Aduantage is a better Souldier then rashnesse. Tell him, wee could haue rebuk'd him at Harflewe, but that wee thought not good to bruise an iniurie, till it were full ripe. Now wee speake vpon our Q. and our voyce is imperiall: England shall repent his folly, see his weakenesse, and admire our sufferance. Bid him therefore consider of his ransome, which must proportion the losses we haue borne, the subiects we haue lost, the disgrace we haue digested; which in weight to re-answer, his pettinesse would bow vnder. For our losses, his Exchequer is too poore; for th'effusion of our bloud, the Muster of his Kingdome too faint a number; and for our disgrace, his owne person kneeling at our feet, but a weake and worthlesse satisfaction. To this adde defiance: and tell him for conclusion, he hath betrayed his followers, whose condemnation is pronounc't: So farre my King and Master; so much my Office.

King. What is thy name? I know thy qualitie.

Mount. Mountioy.

King. Thou doo'st thy Office fairely. Turne thee back,
And tell thy King, I doe not seeke him now,
But could be willing to march on to Callice,
Without impeachment: for to say the sooth,
Though 'tis no wisdome to confesse so much
Vnto an enemie of Craft and Vantage,
My people are with sickneſſe much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd: and those few I haue,
Almost no better then so many French;
Who when they were in health, I tell thee Herald,
I thought, vpon one payre of English Legges
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgiue me God,
That I doe bragge thus; this your ayre of France
Hath blowne that vice in me. I must repent:
Goe therefore tell thy Master, heere I am;
My Ransome, is this frayle and worthlesse Trunke;
My Army, but a weake and sickly Guard:
Yet God before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himselfe, and such another Neighbor
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour *Mountioy.*
Goe bid thy Master well aduise himselfe.
If we may passe, we will: if we be hindred,
We shall your tawnie ground with your red blood
Discolour: and so *Mountioy*, fare you well.
The summe of all our Answer is but this:
We would not seeke a Battaile as we are,
Nor as we are, we say we will not shun it:
So tell your Master.

Mount. I shall deliuer so: Thankes to your Highnesse.

Glouc. I hope they will not come vpon vs now.

King. We are in Gods hand, Brother, not in theirs:
March to the Bridge, it now drawes toward night,
Beyond the Riuer wee'le encampe our selues,
And on to morrow bid them march away. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Constable of France, the Lord Ramburs, Orleance, Dolphin, with others.

Const. Tut, I haue the best Armour of the World: would it were day.

Orleance. You haue an excellent Armour: but let my Horse haue his due.

Const. It is the best Horse of Europe.

Orleance. Will it neuer be Morning?

Dolph. My Lord of Orleance, and my Lord High Constable, you talke of Horse and Armour?

Orleance. You are as well prouided of both, as any Prince in the World.

Dolph. What a long Night is this? I will not change my Horse with any that treades but on foure postures: ch' ha: he bounds from the Earth, as if his entrayles were hayres: *le Cheual volante*, the Pegasus, *ches les narines de feu.* When I bestryde him, I soare, I am a Hawke: he trots the ayre: the Earth sings, when he touches it: the basest horne of his hoofe, is more Musicall then the Pipe of *Hermes.*

Orleance. Hee's of the colour of the Nutmeg.

Dolph. And of the heat of the Ginger. It is a Beast for *Perseus:* hee is pure Ayre and Fire; and the dull Elements of Earth and Water neuer appeare in him, but only in patient stillnesse while his Rider mounts him: hee is indeede a Horse, and all other Iades you may call Beasts.

Conſt. Indeed my Lord, it is a moſt abſolute and excellent Horſe.

Dolph. It is the Prince of Palfrayes, his Neigh is like the bidding of a Monarch, and his countenance enforces Homage.

Orleance. No more Couſin.

Dolph. Nay, the man hath no wit, that cannot from the riſing of the Larke to the lodging of the Lambe, varie deſerued prayſe on my Palfray: it is a Theame as fluent as the Sea: Turne the Sands into eloquent tongues, and my Horſe is argument for them all: 'tis a ſubiect for a Soueraigne to reaſon on, and for a Soueraignes Soueraigne to ride on: And for the World, familiar to vs, and vnknowne, to lay apart their particular Functions, and wonder at him, I once writ a Sonnet in his prayſe, and began thus, *Wonder of Nature.*

Orleance. I haue heard a Sonnet begin ſo to ones Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Then did they imitate that which I compos'd to my Courſer, for my Horſe is my Miſtreſſe.

Orleance. Your Miſtreſſe beares well.

Dolph. Me well, which is the preſcript prayſe and perfection of a good and particular Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. Nay, for me thought yeſterday your Miſtreſſe ſhrewdly ſhooke your back.

Dolph. So perhaps did yours.

Conſt. Mine was not bridled.

Dolph. O then belike ſhe was old and gentle, and you rode like a Kerne of Ireland, your French Hoſe off, and in your ſtrait Stroffers.

Conſt. You haue good iudgement in Horſemanſhip.

Dolph. Be warn'd by me then: they that ride ſo, and ride not warily, fall into foule Boggs: I had rather haue my Horſe to my Miſtreſſe.

Conſt. I had as liue haue my Miſtreſſe a Iade.

Dolph. I tell thee Conſtable, my Miſtreſſe weares his owne hayre.

Conſt. I could make as true a boaſt as that, if I had a Sow to my Miſtreſſe.

Dolph. Le chien eſt retourne a ſon propre vomiſſement eſt la leuye lauee au bourbier: thou mak'ſt vſe of any thing.

Conſt. Yet doe I not vſe my Horſe for my Miſtreſſe, or any ſuch Prouerbe, ſo little kin to the purpoſe.

Ramb. My Lord Conſtable, the Armour that I ſaw in your Tent to night, are thoſe Starres or Sunnes vpon it?

Conſt. Starres my Lord.

Dolph. Some of them will fall to morrow, I hope.

Conſt. And yet my Sky ſhall not want.

Dolph. That may be, for you beare a many ſuperfluouſly, and 'twere more honor ſome were away.

Conſt. Eu'n as your Horſe beares your prayſes, who would trot as well, were ſome of your bragges diſmounted.

Dolph. Would I were able to loade him with his deſert. Will it neuer be day? I will trot to morrow a mile, and my way ſhall be paued with Engliſh Faces.

Conſt. I will not ſay ſo, for feare I ſhould be fac't out of my way: but I would it were morning, for I would faine be about the eares of the Engliſh.

Ramb. Who will goe to Hazard with me for twentie Priſoners?

Conſt. You muſt firſt goe your ſelfe to hazard, ere you haue them.

Dolph. Tis Mid-night, Ile goe arme my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Orleance. The Dolphin longs for morning.

Ramb. He longs to eate the Engliſh.

Conſt. I thinke he will eate all he kills.

Orleance. By the white Hand of my Lady, hee's a gallant Prince.

Conſt. Sweare by her Foot, that ſhe may tread out the Oath.

Orleance. He is ſimply the moſt actiue Gentleman of France.

Conſt. Doing is actiuitie, and he will ſtill be doing.

Orleance. He neuer did harme, that I heard of.

Conſt. Nor will doe none to morrow: hee will keepe that good name ſtill.

Orleance. I know him to be valiant.

Conſt. I was told that, by one that knowes him better then you.

Orleance. What's hee?

Conſt. Marry hee told me ſo himſelfe, and hee ſayd hee car'd not who knew it.

Orleance. Hee needes not, it is no hidden vertue in him.

Conſt. By my faith Sir, but it is: neuer any body ſaw it, but his Lacquey: 'tis a hooded valour, and when it appeares, it will bate.

Orleance. Ill will neuer ſayd well.

Conſt. I will cap that Prouerbe with, There is flatterie in friendſhip.

Orleance. And I will take vp that with, Giue the Deuill his due.

Conſt. Well plac't: there ſtands your friend for the Deuill: haue at the very eye of that Prouerbe with, A Pox of the Deuill.

Orleance. You are the better at Prouerbs, by how much a Fooles Bolt is ſoone ſhot.

Conſt. You haue ſhot ouer.

Orleance. 'Tis not the firſt time you were ouer-ſhot.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord high Conſtable, the Engliſh lye within fifteene hundred paces of your Tents.

Conſt. Who hath meaſur'd the ground?

Meſſ. The Lord *Grandpree.*

Conſt. A valiant and moſt expert Gentleman. Would it were day? Alas poore *Harry* of England: hee longs not for the Dawning, as wee doe.

Orleance. What a wretched and peeuiſh fellow is this King of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers ſo farre out of his knowledge.

Conſt. If the Engliſh had any apprehenſion, they would runne away.

Orleance. That they lack: for if their heads had any intellectuall Armour, they could neuer weare ſuch heauie Head-pieces.

Ramb. That Iland of England breedes very valiant Creatures; their Maſtiffes are of vnmatchable courage.

Orleance. Fooliſh Curres, that runne winking into the mouth of a Ruſſian Beare, and haue their heads cruſht like rotten Apples: you may as well ſay, that's a valiant Flea, that dare eate his breakefaſt on the Lippe of a Lyon.

Conſt. Iuſt, iuſt: and the men doe ſympathize with the Maſtiffes, in robuſtious and rough comming on, leauing their Wits with their Wiues: and then giue them great Meales of Beefe, and Iron and Steele; they will eate like Wolues, and fight like Deuils.

Orleance. I,

Orleance. I, but thefe Engliſh are ſhrowdly out of Beefe.

Conſt. Then ſhall we finde to morrow, they haue only ſtomackes to eate, and none to fight. Now is it time to arme: come, ſhall we about it?

Orleance. It is now two a Clock: but let me fee, by ten Wee ſhall haue each a hundred Engliſh men. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Chorus.

Now entertaine conieƈture of a time,
When creeping Murmure and the poring Darke
Fills the wide Veſſell of the Vniuerſe.
From Camp to Camp, through the ſoule Womb of Night
The Humme of eyther Army ſtilly ſounds;
That the fixt Centinels almoſt receiue
The ſecret Whiſpers of each others Watch.
Fire anſwers fire, and through their paly flames
Each Battaile ſees the others vmber'd face.
Steed threatens Steed, in high and boaſtfull Neighs
Piercing the Nights dull Eare: and from the Tents,
The Armourers accompliſhing the Knights,
With buſie Hammers cloſing Riuets vp,
Giue dreadfull note of preparation.
The Countrey Cocks doe crow, the Clocks doe towle:
And the third howre of drowſie Morning nam'd,
Prowd of their Numbers, and ſecure in Soule,
The confident and ouer-luſtie French,
Doe the low-rated Engliſh play at Dice;
And chide the creeple-tardy-gated Night,
Who like a foule and ougly Witch doth limpe
So tediouſly away. The poore condemned Engliſh,
Like Sacrifices, by their watchfull Fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The Mornings danger; and their geſture ſad,
Inueſting lanke-leane Cheekes, and Warre-worne Coats,
Preſented them vnto the gazing Moone
So many horride Ghoſts. O now, who will behold
The Royall Captaine of this ruin'd Band
Walking from Watch to Watch, from Tent to Tent;
Let him cry, Prayſe and Glory on his head:
For forth he goes, and viſits all his Hoaſt,
Bids them good morrow with a modeſt Smyle,
And calls them Brothers, Friends, and Countreymen.
Vpon his Royall Face there is no note,
How dread an Army hath enrounded him;
Nor doth he dedicate one iot of Colour
Vnto the wearie and all-watched Night:
But freſhly lookes, and ouer-beares Attaint,
With chearefull ſemblance, and ſweet Maieſtie:
That euery Wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his Lookes.
A Largeſſe vniuerſall, like the Sunne,
His liberall Eye doth giue to euery one,
Thawing cold feare, that meane and gentle all
Behold, as may vnworthineſſe define.
A little touch of *Harry* in the Night,
And ſo our Scene muſt to the Battaile flye:
Where, O for pitty, we ſhall much diſgrace,
With foure or fiue moſt vile and ragged foyles,
(Right ill diſpos'd, in brawle ridiculous)
The Name of Agincourt: Yet ſit and ſee,
Minding true things, by what their Mock'ries bee.
Exit.

Enter the King, Bedford, and Glouceſter.

King. Gloſter, 'tis true that we are in great danger,
The greater therefore ſhould our Courage be.
God morrow Brother *Bedford:* God Almightie,
There is ſome ſoule of goodneſſe in things euill,
Would men obſeruingly diſtill it out.
For our bad Neighbour makes vs early ſtirrers,
Which is both healthfull, and good husbandry.
Beſides, they are our outward Conſciences,
And Preachers to vs all; admoniſhing,
That we ſhould dreſſe vs fairely for our end.
Thus may we gather Honey from the Weed,
And make a Morall of the Diuell himſelfe.

Enter Erpingham.

Good morrow old Sir *Thomas Erpingham:*
A good ſoft Pillow for that good white Head,
Were better then a churliſh turfe of France.

Erping. Not ſo my Liege, this Lodging likes me better,
Since I may ſay, now lye I like a King.

King. 'Tis good for men to loue their prefent paines,
Vpon example, ſo the Spirit is eaſed:
And when the Mind is quickned, out of doubt
The Organs, though defunƈt and dead before,
Breake vp their drowſie Graue and newly moue
With caſted ſlough, and freſh legeritie.
Lend me thy Cloake Sir *Thomas:* Brothers both,
Commend me to the Princes in our Campe;
Doe my good morrow to them, and anon
Deſire them all to my Pauillion.

Gloſter. We ſhall, my Liege.

Erping. Shall I attend your Grace?

King. No, my good Knight:
Goe with my Brothers to my Lords of England:
I and my Boſome muſt debate a while,
And then I would no other company.

Erping. The Lord of Heauen bleſſe thee, Noble *Harry.* *Exeunt.*

King. God a mercy old Heart, thou ſpeak'ſt cheare-fully. *Enter Piſtoll.*

Piſt. Che vous la?

King. A friend.

Piſt. Diſcuſſe vnto me, art thou Officer, or art thou baſe, common, and popular?

King. I am a Gentleman of a Company.

Piſt. Trayl'ſt thou the puiſſant Pyke?

King. Euen ſo: what are you?

Piſt. As good a Gentleman as the Emperor.

King. Then you are a better then the King.

Piſt. The King's a Bawcock, and a Heart of Gold, a Lad of Life, an Impe of Fame, of Parents good, of Fiſt moſt valiant: I kiſſe his durtie ſhooe, and from heart-ſtring I loue the louely Bully. What is thy Name?

King. Harry le Roy.

Piſt. Le Roy? a Corniſh Name: art thou of Corniſh Crew?

King. No, I am a Welchman.

Piſt. Know'ſt thou *Fluellen?*

King. Yes.

Piſt. Tell him Ile knock his Leeke about his Pate vpon S. *Dauies* day.

King. Doe not you weare your Dagger in your Cappe that day, leaſt he knock that about yours.

Piſt. Art

Piſt. Art thou his friend?
King. And his Kinſman too.
Piſt. The *Figo* for thee then.
King. I thanke you: God be with you.
Piſt. My name is *Piſtol* call'd. *Exit.*
King. It ſorts well with your fierceneſſe.
Manet King.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Fluellen.*

Flu. 'So, in the Name of Ieſu Chriſt, ſpeake fewer: it is the greateſt admiration in the vniuerſall World, when the true and aunchient Prerogatifes and Lawes of the Warres is not kept: if you would take the paines but to examine the Warres of *Pompey* the Great, you ſhall finde, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tadle nor pibble babble in *Pompeyes* Campe: I warrant you, you ſhall finde the Ceremonies of the Warres, and the Cares of it, and the Formes of it, and the Sobrietie of it, and the Modeſtie of it, to be otherwiſe.

Gower. Why the Enemie is lowd, you heare him all Night.

Flu. If the Enemie is an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe; is it meet, thinke you, that wee ſhould alſo, looke you, be an Aſſe and a Foole, and a prating Coxcombe, in your owne conſcience now?

Gow. I will ſpeake lower.

Flu. I pray you, and beſeech you, that you will. *Exit.*

King. Though it appeare a little out of faſhion,
There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter three Souldiers, John Bates, Alexander Court, and Michael Williams.

Court. Brother *John Bates*, is not that the Morning which breakes yonder?

Bates. I thinke it be: but wee haue no great cauſe to deſire the approach of day.

Williams. Wee ſee yonder the beginning of the day, but I thinke wee ſhall neuer ſee the end of it. Who goes there?

King. A Friend.

Williams. Vnder what Captaine ſerue you?

King. Vnder Sir *Iohn Erpingham.*

Williams. A good old Commander, and a moſt kinde Gentleman: I pray you, what thinkes he of our eſtate?

King. Euen as men wrackt vpon a Sand, that looke to be waſht off the next Tyde.

Bates. He hath not told his thought to the King?

King. No: nor it is not meet he ſhould: for though I ſpeake it to you, I thinke the King is but a man, as I am: the Violet ſmells to him, as it doth to me; the Element ſhewes to him, as it doth to me; all his Sences haue but humane Conditions: his Ceremonies layd by, in his Nakedneſſe he appeares but a man; and though his affections are higher mounted then ours, yet when they ſtoupe, they ſtoupe with the like wing: therefore, when he ſees reaſon of feares, as we doe; his feares, out of doubt, be of the ſame relliſh as ours are: yet in reaſon, no man ſhould poſſeſſe him with any appearance of feare; leaſt hee, by ſhewing it, ſhould dis-hearten his Army.

Bates. He may ſhew what outward courage he will: but I beleeue, as cold a Night as 'tis, hee could wiſh himſelfe in Thames vp to the Neck; and ſo I would he were, and I by him, at all aduentures, ſo we were quit here.

King. By my troth, I will ſpeake my conſcience of the King: I thinke hee would not wiſh himſelfe any where, but where hee is.

Bates. Then I would he were here alone; ſo ſhould he be ſure to be ranſomed, and a many poore mens liues ſaued.

King. I dare ſay, you loue him not ſo ill, to wiſh him here alone: howſoeuer you ſpeake this to feele other mens minds, me thinks I could not dye any where ſo contented, as in the Kings company; his Cauſe being iuſt, and his Quarrell honorable.

Williams. That's more then we know.

Bates. I, or more then wee ſhould ſeeke after; for wee know enough, if wee know wee are the Kings Subiects: if his Cauſe be wrong, our obedience to the King wipes the Cryme of it out of vs.

Williams. But if the Cauſe be not good, the King himſelfe hath a heauie Reckoning to make, when all thoſe Legges, and Armes, and Heads, chopt off in a Battaile, ſhall ioyne together at the latter day, and cry all, Wee dyed at ſuch a place, ſome ſwearing, ſome crying for a Surgean; ſome vpon their Wiues, left poore behind them; ſome vpon the Debts they owe, ſome vpon their Children rawly left: I am afear'd, there are few dye well, that dye in a Battaile: for how can they charitably diſpoſe of any thing, when Blood is their argument? Now, if theſe men doe not dye well, it will be a black matter for the King, that led them to it; who to diſobey, were againſt all proportion of ſubiection.

King. So, if a Sonne that is by his Father ſent about Merchandize, doe ſinfully miſcarry vpon the Sea; the imputation of his wickedneſſe, by your rule, ſhould be impoſed vpon his Father that ſent him: or if a Seruant, vnder his Maſters command, tranſporting a ſumme of Money, be aſſayled by Robbers, and dye in many irreconcil'd Iniquities; you may call the buſineſſe of the Maſter the author of the Seruants damnation: but this is not ſo: The King is not bound to anſwer the particular endings of his Souldiers, the Father of his Sonne, nor the Maſter of his Seruant; for they purpoſe not their death, when they purpoſe their ſeruices. Beſides, there is no King, be his Cauſe neuer ſo ſpotleſſe, if it come to the arbitrement of Swords, can trye it out with all vnſpotted Souldiers: ſome (peraduenture) haue on them the guilt of premeditated and contriued Murther; ſome, of beguiling Virgins with the broken Seales of Periurie; ſome, making the Warres their Bulwarke, that haue before gored the gentle Boſome of Peace with Pillage and Robberie. Now, if theſe men haue defeated the Law, and outrunne Natiue puniſhment; though they can out-ſtrip men, they haue no wings to flye from God. Warre is his Beadle, Warre is his Vengeance: ſo that here men are puniſht, for before breach of the Kings Lawes, in now the Kings Quarrell: where they feared the death, they haue borne life away; and where they would bee ſafe, they periſh. Then if they dye vnprouided, no more is the King guiltie of their damnation, then hee was before guiltie of thoſe Impieties, for the which they are now viſited. Euery Subiects Dutie is the Kings, but euery Subiects Soule is his owne. Therefore ſhould euery Souldier in the Warres doe as euery ſicke man in his Bed, waſh euery Moth out of his Conſcience: and dying ſo, Death is to him aduantage; or not dying, the time was bleſſedly loſt, wherein ſuch preparation was gayned: and in him that eſcapes, it were not ſinne to thinke, that making God ſo free an offer, he let him outliue that day, to ſee his Greatneſſe, and to teach others how they ſhould prepare.

Will. 'Tis

Will. 'Tis certaine, euery man that dyes ill, the ill vpon his owne head, the King is not to anſwer it.

Bates. I doe not deſire bee ſhould anſwer for me, and yet I determine to fight luſtily for him.

King. I my ſelfe heard the King ſay he would not be ranſom'd.

Will. I, hee ſaid ſo, to make vs fight chearefully: but when our throats are cut, hee may be ranſom'd, and wee ne're the wiſer.

King. If I liue to ſee it, I will neuer truſt his word after.

Will. You pay him then: that's a perillous ſhot out of an Elder Gunne, that a poore and a priuate diſpleaſure can doe againſt a Monarch: you may as well goe about to turne the Sunne to yce, with fanning in his face with a Peacocks featber: You'le neuer truſt his word after; come, 'tis a fooliſh ſaying.

King. Your reproofe is ſomething too round, I ſhould be angry with you, if the time were conuenient.

Will. Let it bee a Quarrell betweene vs, if you liue.

King. I embrace it.

Will. How ſhall I know thee againe?

King. Giue me any Gage of thine, and I will weare it in my Bonnet: Then if euer thou dar'ſt acknowledge it, I will make it my Quarrell.

Will. Heere's my Gloue: Giue mee another of thine.

King. There.

Will. This will I alſo weare in my Cap: if euer thou come to me, and ſay, after to morrow, This is my Gloue, by this Hand I will take thee a box on the eare.

King. If euer I liue to ſee it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'ſt as well be hang'd.

King. Well, I will doe it, though I take thee in the Kings companie.

Will. Keepe thy word: fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends you Engliſh fooles, be friends, wee haue French Quarrels enow, if you could tell how to reckon. *Exit Souldiers.*

King. Indeede the French may lay twentie French Crownes to one, they will beat vs, for they beare them on their ſhoulders: but it is no Engliſh Treaſon to cut French Crownes, and to morrow the King himſelfe will be a Clipper.

Vpon the King, let vs our Liues, our Soules,
Our Debts, our carefull Wiues,
Our Children, and our Sinnes, lay on the King:
We muſt beare all.
O hard Condition, Twin-borne with Greatneſſe,
Subiect to the breath of euery foole, whoſe ſence
No more can feele, but his owne wringing.
What infinite hearts-eaſe muſt Kings neglect,
That priuate men enioy?
And what haue Kings, that priuates haue not too,
Saue Ceremonie, ſaue generall Ceremonie?
And what art thou, thou Idoll Ceremonie?
What kind of God art thou? that ſuffer'ſt more
Of mortall griefes, then doe thy worſhippers.
What are thy Rents? what are thy Commings in?
O Ceremonie, ſhew me but thy worth.
What? is thy Soule of Odoration?
Art thou ought elſe but Place, Degree, and Forme,
Creating awe and feare in other men?
Wherein thou art leſſe happy, being fear'd,
Then they in fearing.
What drink'ſt thou oft, in ſtead of Homage ſweet,
But poyſon'd flatterie? O, be ſick, great Greatneſſe,
And bid thy Ceremonie giue thee cure.
Thinks thou the fierie Feuer will goe out
With Titles blowne from Adulation?
Will it giue place to flexure and low bending?
Canſt thou, when thou command'ſt the beggers knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou prowd Dreame,
That play'ſt ſo ſubtilly with a Kings Repoſe.
I am a King that find thee: and I know,
'Tis not the Balme, the Scepter, and the Ball,
The Sword, the Maſe, the Crowne Imperiall,
The enter-tiſſued Robe of Gold and Pearle,
The farſed Title running 'fore the King,
The Throne he ſits on: nor the Tyde of Pompe,
That beates vpon the high ſhore of this World:
No, not all theſe, thrice-gorgeous Ceremonie;
Not all theſe, lay'd in Bed Maieſticall,
Can ſleepe ſo ſoundly, as the wretched Slaue:
Who with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to reſt, cram'd with diſtreſſefull bread,
Neuer ſees horride Night, the Child of Hell:
But like a Lacquey, from the Riſe to Set,
Sweates in the eye of *Phebus*; and all Night
Sleepes in *Elizium:* next day after dawne,
Doth riſe and helpe *Hiperio* to his Horſe,
And followes ſo the euer-running yeere
With profitable labour to his Graue:
And but for Ceremonie, ſuch a Wretch,
Winding vp Dayes with toyle, and Nights with ſleepe,
Had the fore-hand and vantage of a King.
The Slaue, a Member of the Countreyes peace,
Enioyes it; but in groſſe braine little wots,
What watch the King keepes, to maintaine the peace;
Whoſe howres, the Peſant beſt aduantages.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My Lord, your Nobles iealous of your abſence,
Seeke through your Campe to find you.

King. Good old Knight, collect them all together
At my Tent: Ile be before thee.

Erp. I ſhall doo't, my Lord. *Exit.*

King. O God of Battailes, ſteele my Souldiers hearts,
Poſſeſſe them not with feare: Take from them now
The ſence of reckning of th'oppoſed numbers:
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to day, O Lord,
O not to day, thinke not vpon the fault
My Father made, in compaſſing the Crowne.
I *Richards* body haue interred new,
And on it haue beſtowed more contrite teares,
Then from it iſſued forced drops of blood.
Fiue hundred poore I haue in yeerely pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold vp
Toward Heauen, to pardon blood:
And I haue built two Chauntries,
Where the ſad and ſolemne Prieſts ſing ſtill
For *Richards* Soule. More will I doe:
Though all that I can doe, is nothing worth;
Since that my Penitence comes after all,
Imploring pardon.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glouc. My Liege.

King. My Brother *Glouceſters* voyce? I:
I know thy errand, I will goe with thee:
The day, my friend, and all things ſtay for me.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter the Dolphin, Orleance, Ramburs, and Beaumont.

Orleance. The Sunne doth gild our Armour vp, my Lords.

Dolph. Monte Cheual: My Horſe, *Verlot Lacquay:* Ha.

Orleance. Oh braue Spirit.

Dolph. Via les ewes & terre.

Orleance. Rien puis le air & feu.

Dolph. Cein, Couſin *Orleance.* *Enter Conſtable.* Now my Lord Conſtable?

Conſt. Hearke how our Steedes, for prefent Seruice neigh.

Dolph. Mount them, and make inciſion in their Hides, That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes, And doubt them with ſuperfluous courage: ha.

Ram. What, wil you haue them weep our Horſes blood? How ſhall we then behold their naturall teares?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſeng. The Engliſh are embattail'd, you French Peeres.

Conſt. To Horſe you gallant Princes, ſtraight to Horſe. Doe but behold yond poore and ſtarued Band, And your faire ſhew ſhall ſuck away their Soules, Leauing them but the ſhales and huskes of men. There is not worke enough for all our hands, Scarce blood enough in all their ſickly Veines, To giue each naked Curtleax a ſtayne, That our French Gallants ſhall to day draw out, And ſheath for lack of ſport. Let vs but blow on them, The vapour of our Valour will o're-turne them. 'Tis poſitiue againſt all exceptions, Lords, That our ſuperfluous Lacquies, and our Peſants, Who in vnneceſſarie action ſwarme About our Squares of Battaile, were enow To purge this field of ſuch a hilding Foe; Though we vpon this Mountaines Baſis by, Tooke ſtand for idle ſpeculation: But that our Honours muſt not. What's to ſay? A very little little let vs doe, And all is done: then let the Trumpets ſound The Tucket Sonuance, and the Note to mount: For our approach ſhall ſo much dare the field, That England ſhall couch downe in feare, and yeeld.

Enter Graundpree.

Grandpree. Why do you ſtay ſo long, my Lords of France? Yond Iland Carrions, deſperate of their bones, Ill-fauoredly become the Morning field: Their ragged Curtaines poorely are let looſe, And our Ayre ſhakes them paſſing ſcornefully. Bigge *Mars* ſeemes banqu'rout in their begger'd Hoaſt, And faintly through a ruſtie Beuer peepes. The Horſemen ſit like fixed Candleſticks, With Torch-ſtaues in their hand: and their poore Iades Lob downe their heads, dropping the hides and hips: The gumme downe roping from their pale-dead eyes, And in their pale dull mouthes the Iymold Bitt Lyes foule with chaw'd-graſſe, ſtill and motionleſſe. And their executors, the knauiſh Crowes, Flye o're them all, impatient for their howre. Deſcription cannot ſute it ſelfe in words, To demonſtrate the Life of ſuch a Battaile, In life ſo liueleſſe, as it ſhewes it ſelfe.

Conſt. They haue ſaid their prayers, And they ſtay for death.

Dolph. Shall we goe ſend them Dinners, and freſh Sutes, And giue their faſting Horſes Prouender, And after fight with them?

Conſt. I ſtay but for my Guard: on To the field, I will the Banner from a Trumpet take, And vſe it for my haſte. Come, come away, The Sunne is high, and we out-weare the day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Glouceſter, Bedford, Exeter, Erpingham with all his Hoaſt: Salisbury, and Weſtmerland.

Glouc. Where is the King?

Bedf. The King himſelfe is rode to view their Battaile.

Weſt. Of fighting men they haue full threeſcore thouſand.

Exe. There's fiue to one, beſides they all are freſh.

Salisb. Gods Arme ſtrike with vs, 'tis a fearefull oddes. God buy' you Princes all; Ile to my Charge: If we no more meet, till we meet in Heauen; Then ioyfully, my Noble Lord of Bedford, My deare Lord Glouceſter, and my good Lord Exeter, And my kind Kinſman, Warriors all, adieu.

Bedf. Farwell good *Salisbury*, & good luck go with thee: And yet I doe thee wrong, to mind thee of it, For thou art fram'd of the firme truth of valour.

Exe. Farwell kind Lord: fight valiantly to day.

Bedf. He is as full of Valour as of Kindneſſe, Princely in both.

Enter the King.

Weſt. O that we now had here But one ten thouſand of thoſe men in England, That doe no worke to day.

King. What's he that wiſhes ſo? My Couſin *Weſtmerland.* No, my faire Couſin: If we are markt to dye, we are enow To doe our Countrey loſſe: and if to liue, The fewer men, the greater ſhare of honour. Gods will, I pray thee wiſh not one man more. By *Ioue*, I am not couetous for Gold, Nor care I who doth feed vpon my coſt: It yernes me not, if men my Garments weare; Such outward things dwell not in my deſires. But if it be a ſinne to couet Honor, I am the moſt offending Soule aliue. No 'faith my Couze, wiſh not a man from England: Gods peace, I would not looſe ſo great an Honor, As one man more me thinkes would ſhare from me, For the beſt hope I haue. O, doe not wiſh one more Rather proclaime it (*Weſtmerland*) through my Hoaſt, That he which hath no ſtomack to this fight, Let him depart, his Paſport ſhall be made, And Crownes for Conuoy put into his Purſe: We would not dye in that mans companie, That feares his fellowſhip, to dye with vs. This day is call'd the Feaſt of *Criſpian:* He that out-liues this day, and comes ſafe home, Will ſtand a tip-toe when this day is named, And rowſe him at the Name of *Criſpian.* He that ſhall ſee this day, and liue old age, Will yeerely on the Vigil feaſt his neighbours, And ſay, to morrow is Saint *Criſpian.* Then will he ſtrip his ſleeue, and ſhew his skarres: Old men forget; yet all ſhall be forgot: But hee'le remember, with aduantages, What feats he did that day. Then ſhall our Names, Familiar in his mouth as houſehold words,

Harry

Harry the King, *Bedford* and *Exeter*,
Warwick and *Talbot*, *Salisbury* and *Glouceſter*,
Be in their flowing Cups freſhly remembred.
This ſtory ſhall the good man teach his ſonne:
And *Criſpine Criſpian* ſhall ne're goe by,
From this day to the ending of the World,
But we in it ſhall be remembred;
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
For he to day that ſheds his blood with me,
Shall be my brother: be he ne're ſo vile,
This day ſhall gentle his Condition,
And Gentlemen in England, now a bed,
Shall thinke themſelues accurſt they were not here;
And hold their Manhoods cheape, whiles any ſpeakes,
That fought with vs vpon Saint *Criſpines* day.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. My Soueraign Lord, beſtow your ſelfe with ſpeed:
The French are brauely in their battailes ſet,
And will with all expedience charge on vs.

King. All things are ready, if our minds be ſo.

Weſt. Periſh the man, whoſe mind is backward now.

King. Thou do'ſt not wiſh more helpe from England, Couze?

Weſt. Gods will, my Liege, would you and I alone,
Without more helpe, could fight this Royall battaile.

King. Why now thou haſt vnwiſht fiue thouſand men:
Which likes me better, then to wiſh vs one.
You know your places: God be with you all.

Tucket. Enter Montioy.

Mont. Once more I come to know of thee King *Harry*,
If for thy Ranſome thou wilt now compound,
Before thy moſt aſſured Ouertbrow:
For certainly, thou art ſo neere the Gulfe,
Thou needs muſt be englutted. Beſides, in mercy
The Conſtable deſires thee, thou wilt mind
Thy followers of Repentance; that their Soules
May make a peacefull and a ſweet retyre
From off thefe fields: where (wretches) their poore bodies
Muſt lye and feſter.

King. Who hath ſent thee now?

Mont. The Conſtable of France.

King. I pray thee beare my former Anſwer back:
Bid them atchieue me, and then ſell my bones.
Good God, why ſhould they mock poore fellowes thus?
The man that once did ſell the Lyons skin
While the beaſt liu'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
A many of our bodyes ſhall no doubt
Find Natiue Graues: vpon the which, I truſt
Shall witneſſe liue in Braſſe of this dayes worke.
And thoſe that leaue their valiant bones in France,
Dying like men, though buryed in your Dunghills,
They ſhall be fam'd: for there the Sun ſhall greet them,
And draw their honors reeking vp to Heauen,
Leauing their earthly parts to choake your Clyme,
The ſmell whereof ſhall breed a Plague in France.
Marke then abounding valour in our Engliſh:
That being dead, like to the bullets craſing,
Breake out into a ſecond courſe of miſchiefe,
Killing in relapſe of Mortalitie.
Let me ſpeake prowdly: Tell the Conſtable,
We are but Warriors for the working day:
Our Gayneſſe and our Gilt are all beſmyrcht
With raynie Marching in the painefull field.
There's not a piece of feather in our Hoaſt:
Good argument (I hope) we will not flye:
And time hath worne vs into ſlouenrie.
But by the Maſſe, our hearts are in the trim:
And my poore Souldiers tell me, yet ere Night,
They'le be in freſher Robes, or they will pluck
The gay new Coats o're the French Souldiers heads,
And turne them out of ſeruice. If they doe this,
As if God pleaſe, they ſhall; my Ranſome then
Will ſoone be leuyed.
Herauld, faue thou thy labour:
Come thou no more for Ranſome, gentle Herauld,
They ſhall haue none, I ſweare, but thefe my ioynts:
Which if they haue, as I will leaue vm them,
Shall yeeld them little, tell the Conſtable.

Mont. I ſhall, King *Harry*. And ſo fare thee well:
Thou neuer ſhalt heare Herauld any more. *Exit.*

King I feare thou wilt once more come againe for a Ranſome.

Enter Yorke.

Yorke. My Lord, moſt humbly on my knee I begge
The leading of the Vaward.

King. Take it, braue *Yorke*.
Now Souldiers march away,
And how thou pleaſeſt God, diſpoſe the day. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Excurſions.
Enter Piſtoll, French Souldier, Boy.

Piſt. Yeeld Curre.

French. Ie penſe que vous eſtes le Gentilhome de bon qualitee.

Piſt. Qualtitie calmie cuſture me. Art thou a Gentleman? What is thy Name? diſcuſſe.

French. O Seigneur Dieu

Piſt. O Signieur Dewe ſhould be a Gentleman: perpend my words O Signieur Dewe, and marke: O Signieur Dewe, thou dyeſt on point of Fox, except O Signieur thou doe giue to me egregious Ranſome.

French. O prennes miſerecordie aye pitez de moy.

Piſt. Moy ſhall not ſerue, I will haue fortie Moyes: for I will fetch thy rymme out at thy Throat, in droppes of Crimſon blood.

French. Eſt il impoſſible d'eſchapper le force de ton bras.

Piſt. Braſſe, Curre? thou damned and luxurious Mountaine Goat, offer'ſt me Braſſe?

French. O perdonne moy.

Piſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo? is that a Tonne of Moyes? Come hither boy, aske me this ſlaue in French what is his Name.

Boy. Eſcoute comment eſtes vous appelle?

French. Mounſieur le Fer.

Boy. He ſayes his Name is M. *Fer.*

Piſt. M. *Fer:* Ile fer him, and firke him, and ferret him: diſcuſſe the ſame in French vnto him.

Boy. I doe not know the French for fer, and ferret, and firke.

Piſt. Bid him prepare, for I will cut his throat.

French. Que dit il Mounſieur?

Boy. Il me commande a vous dire que vous faite vous preſt, car ce ſoldat icy eſt diſpoſee tout aſture de couppes voſtre gorge.

Piſt. Owy, cuppele gorge permafoy peſant, vnleſſe thou giue me Crownes, braue Crownes; or mangled ſhalt thou be by this my Sword.

French. O Ie vous ſupplie pour l'amour de Dieu: ma pardonner, Ie ſuis le Gentilhome de bon maiſon, garde ma vie, & Ie vous donneray deux cent eſcus.

Piſt. What are his words?

Boy. He

Boy. He prayes you to ſaue his life, he is a Gentleman of a good houſe, and for his ranſom he will giue you two hundred Crownes.

Piſt. Tell him my fury ſhall abate, and I the Crownes will take.

Fren. Petit Monſieur que dit il?

Boy. Encore qu'il et contra ſon iurement, de pardonner aucune priſonner: neant-mons pour les eſcues que vous layt a promets, il eſt content a vous donnes le liberte le franchiſement.

Fre. Sur mes genoux ſe vous donnes milles remercious, et Ie me eſtime heurex que Ie intombe, entre les main. d'vn Chevalier Ie peuſe le plus braue valiant et tres diſtinie ſignieur d'Angleterre.

Piſt. Expound vnto me boy.

Boy. He giues you vpon his knees a thouſand thanks, and he eſteemes himſelfe happy, that he hath falne into the hands of one (as he thinkes) the moſt braue, valorous and thrice-worthy ſigneur of England.

Piſt. As I ſucke blood, I will ſome mercy ſhew. Follow mee.

Boy. Saaue vous le grand Capitaine?

I did neuer know ſo full a voyce iſſue from ſo emptie a heart: but the ſaying is true, The empty veſſel makes the greateſt ſound, *Bardolfe* and *Nym* had tenne times more valour, then this roaring diuell i'th olde play, that euerie one may payre his nayles with a woodden dagger, and they are both hang'd, and ſo would this be, if hee durſt ſteale any thing aduenturouſly. I muſt ſtay with the Lackies with the luggage of our camp, the French might haue a good pray of vs, if he knew of it, for there is none to guard it but boyes. *Exit.*

Enter Conſtable, Orleance, Burbon, Dolphin, and Ramburs.

Con. O Diable.

Orl. O ſigueur le iour et perdia, toute et perdie.

Dol. Mor Dieu ma vie, all is confounded all,
Reproach, and euerlaſting ſhame
Sits mocking in our Plumes. *A ſhort Alarum.*
O meſchante Fortune, do not runne away.

Con. Why all our rankes are broke.

Dol. O perdurable ſhame, let's ſtab our ſelues:
Be theſe the wretches that we plaid at dice for?

Orl. Is this the King we ſent too, for his ranſome?

Bur. Shame, and eternall ſhame, nothing but ſhame,
Let vs dye in once more backe againe,
And he that will not follow *Burbon* now,
Let him go hence, and with his cap in hand
Like a baſe Pander hold the Chamber doore,
Whilſt a baſe ſlaue, no gentler then my dogge,
His faireſt daughter is contaminated.

Con. Diſorder that hath ſpoyl'd vs, friend vs now,
Let vs on heapes go offer vp our liues.

Orl. We are enow yet liuing in the Field,
To ſmother vp the Engliſh in our throngs,
If any order might be thought vpon.

Bur. The diuell take Order now, Ile to the throng;
Let life be ſhort, elſe ſhame will be too long. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter the King and his trayne, with Priſoners.

King. Well haue we done, thrice-valiant Countrimen,
But all's not done, yet keepe the French the field.

Exe. The D. of York commends him to your Maieſty

King. Liues he good Vnckle: thrice within this houre
I ſaw him downe; thrice vp againe, and fighting,
From Helmet to the ſpurre, all blood he was.

Exe. In which array (braue Soldier) doth he lye,
Larding the plaine: and by his bloody ſide,
(Yoake-fellow to his houour-owing-wounds)
The Noble Earle of Suffolke alſo lyes.
Suffolke firſt dyed, and Yorke all hagled ouer
Comes to him, where in gore he lay inſteeped,
And takes him by the Beard, kiſſes the gaſhes
That bloodily did yawne vpon his face.
He cryes aloud; Tarry my Coſin Suffolke,
My ſoule ſhall thine keepe company to heauen:
Tarry (ſweet ſoule) for mine, then flye a-breſt:
As in this glorious and well-foughten field
We kept together in our Chiualrie.
Vpon theſe words I came, and cheer'd him vp,
He ſmil'd me in the face, raught me his hand,
And with a feeble gripe, ſayes: Deere my Lord,
Commend my ſeruice to my Soueraigne,
So did he turne, and ouer Suffolkes necke
He threw his wounded arme, and kiſt his lippes,
And ſo eſpous'd to death, with blood he ſeal'd
A Teſtament of Noble-ending-loue:
The prettie and ſweet manner of it forc'd
Thoſe waters from me, which I would haue ſtop'd,
But I had not ſo much of man in mee,
And all my mother came into mine eyes,
And gaue me vp to teares.

King. I blame you not,
For hearing this, I muſt perforce compound
With mixtfull eyes, or they will iſſue to. *Alarum*
But hearke, what new alarum is this ſame?
The French haue re-enforc'd their ſcatter'd men:
Then euery ſouldiour kill his Priſoners,
Giue the word through. *Exit*

Actus Quartus.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poyes and the luggage, 'Tis expreſſely againſt the Law of Armes, tis as arrant a peece of knauery marke you now, as can bee offert in your Conſcience now, is it not?

Gow. Tis certaine, there's not a boy left aliue, and the Cowardly Raſcalls that ranne from the battaile ha' done this ſlaughter: beſides they haue burned and carried away all that was in the Kings Tent, wherefore the King moſt worthily hath caus'd euery ſoldiour to cut his priſoners throat. O 'tis a gallant King.

Flu. I, bee was porne at *Monmouth* Captaine *Gower:* What call you the Townes name where *Alexander* the pig was borne?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig, great? The pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, faue the phraſe is a little variations.

Gower. I thinke *Alexander* the Great was borne in *Macedon*, his Father was called *Phillip* of *Macedon*, as I take it.

Flu. I thinke it is in *Macedon* where *Alexander* is porne.

porne: I tell you Captaine, if you looke in the Maps of the Orld, I warrant you fall finde in the comparifons betweene *Macedon & Monmouth* that the ſituations looke you, is both alike. There is a Riuer in *Macedon*, & there is alſo moreouer a Riuer at *Monmouth*, it is call'd Wye at *Monmouth:* but it is out of my praines, what is the name of the other Riuer: but 'tis all one, tis alike as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is Salmons in both. If you marke *Alexanders* life well, *Harry of Monmouthes* life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. *Alexander* God knowes, and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his chollers, and his moodes, and his diſpleaſures, and his indignations, and alſo being a little intoxicates in his prainces, did in his Ales and his angers (looke you) kill his beſt friend *Clytus*.

Gow. Our King is not like him in that, he neuer kill'd any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done (marke you now) to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finiſhed. I ſpeak but in the figures, and comparifons of it: as *Alexander* kild his friend *Clytus*, being in his Ales and his Cuppes; ſo alſo *Harry Monmouth* being in his right wittes, and his good iudgements, turn'd away the fat Knight with the great belly doublet: he was full of ieſts, and gypes, and knaueries, and mockes, I haue forgot his name.

Gow. Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*.

Flu. That is he: Ile tell you, there is good men porne at *Monmouth*.

Gow. Heere comes his Maieſty.

Alarum. Enter King Harry and Burbon with priſoners. Flouriſh.

King. I was not angry ſince I came to France,
Vntill this inſtant. Take a Trumpet Herald,
Ride thou vnto the Horſemen on yond hill:
If they will fight with vs, bid them come downe,
Or voyde the field: they do offend our ſight.
If they'l do neither, we will come to them,
And make them sker away, as ſwift as ſtones
Enforced from the old Aſſyrian ſlings:
Beſides, wee'l cut the throats of thoſe we haue,
And not a man of them that we ſhall take,
Shall taſte our mercy. Go and tell them ſo.

Enter Montioy.

Exe. Here comes the Herald of the French, my Liege

Glou. His eyes are humbler then they vs'd to be.

King. How now, what meanes this Herald? Knowſt thou not,
That I haue fin'd theſe bones of mine for ranſome?
Com'ſt thou againe for ranſome?

Her. No great King:
I come to thee for charitable Licenſe,
That we may wander ore this bloody field,
To booke our dead, and then to bury them,
To ſort our Nobles from our common men.
For many of our Princes (woe the while)
Lye drown'd and ſoak'd in mercenary blood:
So do our vulgar drench their peaſant limbes
In blood of Princes, and with wounded ſteeds
Fret fet-locke deepe in gore, and with wilde rage
Yerke out their armed heeles at their dead maſters,
Killing them twice. O giue vs leaue great King,
To view the field in ſafety, and diſpoſe
Of their dead bodies.

Kin. I tell thee truly Herald,
I know not if the day be ours or no,
For yet a many of your horſemen peere,
And gallop ore the field.

Her. The day is yours.

Kin. Praiſed be God, and not our ſtrength for it:
What is this Caſtle call'd that ſtands hard by.

Her. They call it *Agincourt*.

King. Then call we this the field of *Agincourt*,
Fought on the day of *Criſpin Criſpianus*.

Flu. Your Grandfather of famous memory (an't pleaſe your Maieſty) and your great Vncle *Edward* the Placke Prince of Wales, as I haue read in the Chronicles, fought a moſt praue pattle here in France.

Kin. They did *Fluellen*.

Flu. Your Maieſty ſayes very true: If your Maieſties is remembred of it, the Welchmen did good ſeruice in a Garden where Leekes did grow, wearing Leekes in their *Monmouth* caps, which your Maieſty know to this houre is an honourable badge of the ſeruice: And I do beleeue your Maieſty takes no ſcorne to weare the Leeke vppon S. Tauies day.

King. I weare it for a memorable honor:
For I am Welch you know good Countriman.

Flu. All the water in Wye, cannot waſh your Maieſties Welſh plood out of your pody, I can tell you that: God pleſſe it, and preſerue it, as long as it pleaſes his Grace, and his Maieſty too.

Kin. Thankes good my Countrymen.

Flu. By Ieſhu, I am your Maieſties Countreyman, I care not who know it: I will confeſſe it to all the Orld, I need not to be aſhamed of your Maieſty, praiſed be God ſo long as your Maieſty is an honeſt man.

King. Good keepe me ſo.

Enter Williams.

Our Heralds go with him,
Bring me iuſt notice of the numbers dead
On both our parts. Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Souldier, you muſt come to the King.

Kin. Souldier, why wear'ſt thou that Gloue in thy Cappe?

Will. And't pleaſe your Maieſty, tis the gage of one that I ſhould fight withall, if he be aliue.

Kin. An Engliſhman?

Wil. And't pleaſe your Maieſty, a Raſcall that ſwagger'd with me laſt night: who if aliue, and euer dare to challenge this Gloue, I haue ſworne to take him a boxe a'th ere: or if I can ſee my Gloue in his cappe, which he ſwore as he was a Souldier he would weare (if aliue) I wil ſtrike it out ſoundly.

Kin. What thinke you Captaine *Fluellen*, is it fit this ſouldier keepe his oath.

Flu. Hee is a Crauen and a Villaine elſe, and't pleaſe your Maieſty in my conſcience.

King. It may bee, his enemy is a Gentleman of great ſort quite from the anſwer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a Ientleman as the diuel is, as Lucifer and Belzebub himſelfe, it is neceſſary (looke your Grace) that he keepe his vow and his oath: If hee bee periur'd (ſee you now) his reputation is as arrant a villaine and a Iacke ſawce, as euer his blacke ſhoo trodd vpon Gods ground, and his earth, in my conſcience law

King. Then keepe thy vow ſirrah, when thou meet'ſt the fellow.

Wil. So, I wil my Liege, as I liue.

King. Who ſeru'ſt thou vnder?

Will. Vnder Captaine *Gower*, my Liege.

Flu. Gower is a good Captaine, and is good knowledge and literatured in the Warres.

King. Call him hither to me, Souldier.

Will. I will my Liege. *Exit.*

King. Here *Fluellen*, weare thou this fauour for me, and ſticke it in thy Cappe: when *Alanſon* and my ſelfe were downe together, I pluckt this Gloue from his Helme: If any man challenge this, hee is a friend to *Alanſon*, and an enemy to our Perſon; if thou encounter any ſuch, apprehend him, and thou do'ſt me loue.

Flu. Your Grace doo's me as great Honors as can be deſir'd in the hearts of his Subiects: I would faine ſee the man, that ha's but two legges, that ſhall find himſelfe agreeſd at this Gloue; that is all: but I would faine ſee it once, and pleaſe God of his grace that I might ſee.

King. Know'ſt thou *Gower?*

Flu. He is my deare friend, and pleaſe you.

King. Pray thee goe ſeeke him, and bring him to my Tent.

Flu. I will ſetch him. *Exit.*

King. My Lord of *Warwick*, and my Brother *Gloſter*,
Follow *Fluellen* cloſely at the heeles.
The Gloue which I haue giuen him for a fauour,
May haply purchaſe him a box a'th'eare.
It is the Souldiers: I by bargaine ſhould
Weare it my ſelfe. Follow good Couſin *Warwick:*
If that the Souldier ſtrike him, as I iudge
By his blunt bearing, he will keepe his word;
Some ſodaine miſchiefe may arife of it:
For I doe know *Fluellen* valiant,
And toucht with Choler, hot as Gunpowder,
And quickly will returne an iniurie.
Follow, and ſee there be no harme betweene them.
Goe you with me, Vnckle of Exeter. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gower and Williams.

Will. I warrant it is to Knight you, Captaine.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Gods will, and his pleaſure, Captaine, I beſeech you now, come apace to the King: there is more good toward you peraduenture, then is in your knowledge to dreame of.

Will. Sir, know you this Gloue?

Flu. Know the Gloue? I know the Gloue is a Gloue.

Will. I know this, and thus I challenge it.

Strikes him.

Flu. 'Sblud, an arrant Traytor as anyes in the Vniuerſall World, or in France, or in England.

Gower. How now Sir? you Villaine.

Will. Doe you thinke Ile be forſworne?

Flu. Stand away Captaine *Gower*, I will giue Treaſon his payment into plowes, I warrant you.

Will. I am no Traytor.

Flu. That's a Lye in thy Throat. I charge you in his Maieſties Name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke *Alanſons.*

Enter Warwick and Glouceſter.

Warw. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Lord of Warwick, heere is, prayſed be God for it, a moſt contagious Treaſon come to light, looke you, as you ſhall deſire in a Summers day. Heere is his Maieſtie. *Enter King and Exeter.*

King. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, heere is a Villaine, and a Traytor, that looke your Grace, ha's ſtrooke the Gloue which your Maieſtie is take out of the Helmet of *Alanſon.*

Will. My Liege, this was my Gloue, here is the fellow of it: and he that I gaue it to in change, promis'd to weare it in his Cappe: I promis'd to ſtrike him, if he did: I met this man with my Gloue in his Cappe, and I haue been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Maieſtie heare now, ſauing your Maieſties Manhood, what an arrant raſcally, beggerly, lowſie Knaue it is: I hope your Maieſtie is peare me teſtimonie and witneſſe, and will auouchment, that this is the Gloue of *Alanſon*, that your Maieſtie is giue me, in your Conſcience now.

King. Giue me thy Gloue Souldier;
Looke, heere is the fellow of it:
'Twas I indeed thou promiſed'ſt to ſtrike,
And thou haſt giuen me moſt bitter termes.

Flu. And pleaſe your Maieſtie, let his Neck anſwere for it, if there is any Marſhall Law in the World.

King. How canſt thou make me ſatisfaction?

Will. All offences, my Lord, come from the heart: neuer came any from mine, that might offend your Maieſtie.

King. It was our ſelfe thou didſt abuſe.

Will. Your Maieſtie came not like your ſelfe: you appear'd to me but as a common man; witneſſe the Night, your Garments, your Lowlineſſe: and what your Highneſſe ſuffer'd vnder that ſhape, I beſeech you take it for your owne fault, and not mine: for had you beene as I tooke you for, I made no offence; therefore I beſeech your Highneſſe pardon me.

King. Here Vnckle *Exeter*, fill this Gloue with Crownes,
And giue it to this fellow. Keepe it fellow,
And weare it for an Honor in thy Cappe,
Till I doe challenge it. Giue him the Crownes:
And Captaine, you muſt needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this Day and this Light, the fellow ha's mettell enough in his belly: Hold, there is twelue-pence for you, and I pray you to ſerue God, and keepe you out of prawles and prabbles, and quarrels and diſſentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Will. I will none of your Money.

Flu. It is with a good will: I can tell you it will ſerue you to mend your ſhooes: come, wherefore ſhould you be ſo paſhfull, your ſhooes is not ſo good: 'tis a good filling I warrant you, or I will change it.

Enter Herauld.

King. Now Herauld, are the dead numbred?

Herald. Heere is the number of the ſlaught'red French.

King. What Priſoners of good ſort are taken, Vnckle?

Exe. Charles Duke of Orleance, Nephew to the King,
Iohn Duke of Burbon, and Lord *Bouchiquald:*
Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and Squires,
Full fifteene hundred, beſides common men.

King. This Note doth tell me of ten thouſand French
That in the field lye ſlaine: of Princes in this number,
And Nobles bearing Banners, there lye dead
One hundred twentie ſix: added to theſe,
Of Knigbts, Eſquires, and gallant Gentlemen,
Eight thouſand and foure hundred: of the which,
Fiue hundred were but yeſterday dubb'd Knights.
So that in theſe ten thouſand they haue loſt,
There are but ſixteene hundred Mercenaries:
The reſt are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, Squires,
And

And Gentlemen of bloud and qualitie.
The Names of thoſe their Nobles that lye dead:
Charles Delabreth, High Conſtable of France,
Iaques of Chatilion, Admirall of France,
The Maſter of the Croſſe-bowes, Lord *Rambures*,
Great Maſter of France, the braue Sir *Guichard Dolphin*,
Iohn Duke of Alanſon, *Anthonie* Duke of Brabant,
The Brother to the Duke of Burgundie,
And *Edward* Duke of Barr: of luſtie Earles,
Grandpree and *Rouſſie*, *Fauconbridge* and *Foyes*,
Beaumont and *Marle*, *Vandemont* and *Leſtrale*.
Here was a Royall fellowſhip of death.
Where is the number of our Engliſh dead?
Edward the Duke of Yorke, the Earle of Suffolke,
Sir *Richard Ketly*, *Dauy Gam* Eſquire;
None elſe of name: and of all other men,
But fiue and twentie.
O God, thy Arme was heere:
And not to vs, but to thy Arme alone,
Aſcribe we all: when, without ſtratagem,
But in plaine ſhock, and euen play of Battaile,
Was euer knowne ſo great and little loſſe?
On one part and on th'other, take it God,
For it is none but thine.

Exet. 'Tis wonderfull.

King. Come, goe me in proceſſion to the Village:
And be it death proclaymed through our Hoaſt,
To boaſt of this, or take that prayſe from God,
Which is his onely.

Flu. Is it not lawfull and pleaſe your Maieſtie, to tell how many is kill'd?

King. Yes Captaine: but with this acknowledgement,
That God fought for vs.

Flu. Yes, my conſcience, he did vs great good.

King. Doe we all holy Rights:
Let there be ſung *Non nobis*, and *Te Deum*,
The dead with charitie enclos'd in Clay:
And then to Callice, and to England then,
Where ne're from France arriu'd more happy men.

Exeunt.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Chorus.

Vouchſafe to thoſe that haue not read the Story,
That I may prompt them: and of ſuch as haue,
I humbly pray them to admit th'excuſe
Of time, of numbers, and due courſe of things,
Which cannot in their huge and proper life,
Be here preſented. Now we beare the King
Toward Callice: Graunt him there; there ſeene,
Heaue him away vpon your winged thoughts,
Athwart the Sea: Behold the Engliſh beach
Pales in the flood; with Men, Wiues, and Boyes,
Whoſe ſhouts & claps out-voyce the deep-mouth'd Sea,
Which like a mightie Whiffler 'fore the King,
Seemes to prepare his way: So let him land,
And ſolemnly ſee him ſet on to London.
So ſwift a pace hath Thought, that euen now
You may imagine him vpon Black-Heath:
Where, that his Lords deſire him, to haue borne
His bruiſed Helmet, and his bended Sword
Before him, through the Citie: he forbids it,
Being free from vain-neſſe, and ſelfe-glorious pride;
Giuing full Trophee, Signall, and Oſtent,
Quite from himſelfe, to God. But now behold,
In the quick Forge and working-houſe of Thought,
How London doth powre out her Citizens,
The Maior and all his Brethren in beſt fort,
Like to the Senatours of th'antique Rome,
With the Plebeians ſwarming at their heeles,
Goe forth and fetch their Conqu'ring *Cæſar* in:
As by a lower, but by louing likelyhood,
Were now the Generall of our gracious Empreſſe,
As in good time he may, from Ireland comming,
Bringing Rebellion broached on his Sword;
How many would the peacefull Citie quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cauſe,
Did they this *Harry*. Now in London place him.
As yet the lamentation of the French
Inuites the King of Englands ſtay at home:
The Emperour's comming in behalfe of France,
To order peace betweene them: and omit
All the occurrences, what euer chanc't,
Till *Harryes* backe returne againe to France:
There muſt we bring him; and my ſelfe haue play'd
The *interim*, by remembring you 'tis paſt.
Then brooke abridgement, and your eyes aduance,
After your thoughts, ſtraight backe againe to France.

Exit.

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gower. Nay, that's right: but why weare you your Leeke to day? S. *Dᵛuies* day is paſt.

Flu. There is occaſions and cauſes why and wherefore in all things: I will tell you aſſe my friend, Captaine *Gower*; the raſcally, ſcauld, beggerly, lowſie, pragging Knaue *Piſtoll*, which you and your ſelfe, and all the World, know to be no petter then a fellow, looke you now, of no merits: bee is come to me, and prings me pread and ſault yeſterday, looke you, and bid me eate my Leeke: it was in a place where I could not breed no contention with him; but I will be ſo bold as to weare it in my Cap till I ſee him once againe, and then I will tell him a little piece of my deſires.

Enter Piſtoll.

Gower. Why heere hee comes, ſwelling like a Turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his ſwellings, nor his Turky-cocks. God pleſſe you aunchient *Pistoll:* you ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, God pleſſe you.

Piſt. Ha, art thou bedlam? doeſt thou thirſt, baſe Troian, to haue me fold vp *Parcas* fatall Web? Hence; I am qualmiſh at the ſmell of Leeke.

Flu. I peſeech you heartily, ſcuruie lowſie Knaue, at my deſires, and my requeſts, and my petitions, to eate, looke you, this Leeke; becauſe, looke you, you doe not loue it, not your affections, and your appetites and your diſgeſtions doo's not agree with it, I would deſire you to eate it.

Piſt. Not for *Cadwallader* and all his Goats.

Flu. There is one Goat for you. *Strikes him.* Will you be ſo good, ſcauld Knaue, as eate it?

Piſt. Baſe Troian, thou ſhalt dye.

Flu. You ſay very true, ſcauld Knaue, when Gods will is: I will deſire you to liue in the meane time, and eate your Victuals: come, there is ſawce for it. You call'd me yeſterday Mountaine-Squier, but I will make you

you to day a ſquire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Leeke, you can eate a Leeke.

Gour. Enough Captaine, you haue aſtoniſht him.

Flu. I ſay, I will make him eate ſome part of my leeke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxecombe.

Piſt. Muſt I bite.

Flu. Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of queſtion too, and ambiguities.

Piſt. By this Leeke, I will moſt horribly reuenge I eate and eate I ſweare.

Flu. Eate I pray you, will you haue ſome more ſauce to your Leeke: there is not enough Leeke to ſweare by.

Piſt. Quiet thy Cudgell, thou doſt ſee I eate.

Flu. Much good do you ſcald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occaſions to ſee Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

Piſt. Good.

Flu. I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

Piſt. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily, and in truth you ſhall take it, or I haue another Leeke in my pocket, which you ſhall eate.

Piſt. I take thy groat in earneſt of reuenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you ſhall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God bu'y you, and keepe you, & heale your pate. *Exit*

Piſt. All hell ſhall ſtirre for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vppon an honourable reſpect, and worne as a memorable Trophee of predeceaſed valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue ſeene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, becauſe he could not ſpeake Engliſh in the natiue garb, he could not therefore handle an Engliſh Cudgell: you finde it otherwiſe, and henceforth let a Welſh correction, teach you a good Engliſh condition, fare ye well. *Exit*

Piſt. Doeth fortune play the huſwife with me now? Newes haue I that my *Doll* is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendeuous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and ſomething leane to Cut-purſe of quicke hand: To England will I ſteale, and there Ile ſteale:

And patches will I get vnto theſe cudgeld ſcarres,
And ſwore I got them in the Gallia warres. *Exit.*

Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwicke, and other Lords. At another, Queene Iſabel. the King, the Duke of Bourgongne, and other French.

King. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met;
Vnto our brother France, and to our Siſter
Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wiſhes
To our moſt faire and Princely Cofine *Katherine:*
And as a branch and member of this Royalty,
By whom this great aſſembly is contriu'd,
We do ſalute you Duke of *Burgogne*,
And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

Fra. Right ioyous are we to behold your face,
Moſt worthy brother England, fairely met,
So are you Princes (Engliſh) euery one.

Quee. So happy be the Iſſue brother Ireland
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes,
Your eyes which hitherto haue borne
In them againſt the French that met them in their bent,
The fatall Balls of murthering Baſiliskes:
The venome of ſuch Lookes we fairely hope
Haue loſt their qualitie, and that this day
Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

Eng. To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

Quee. You Engliſh Princes all, I doe ſalute you.

Burg. My dutie to you both, on equall loue.
Great Kings of France and England: that I haue labour'd
With all my wits, my paines, and ſtrong endeuors,
To bring your moſt Imperiall Maieſties
Vnto this Barre, and Royall enterview;
Your Mightineſſe on both parts beſt can witneſſe.
Since then my Office hath ſo farre preuayl'd,
That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye,
You haue congreeted: let it not diſgrace me,
If I demand before this Royall view,
What Rub, or what Impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,
Deare Nourſe of Arts, Plentyes, and ioyfull Births,
Should not in this beſt Garden of the World,
Our fertile France, put vp her louely Viſage?
Alas, ſhee hath from France too long been chas'd,
And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,
Corrupting in it owne fertilitie.
Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart,
Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,
Like Priſoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre,
Put forth diſorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,
The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Femetary,
Doth root vpon; while that the Cutler ruſts,
That ſhould deracinate ſuch Sauagery:
The euen Meade, that erſt brought ſweetly forth
The freckled Cowſlip, Burnet, and greene Clouer,
Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;
Conceiues by idleneſſe, and nothing teemes,
But hatefull Docks, rough Thiſtles, Kekfyes, Burres,
Looſing both beautie and vtilitie;
And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,
Defective in their natures, grow to wildneſſe.
Euen ſo our Houſes, and our ſelues, and Children,
Haue loſt, or doe not learne, for want of time,
The Sciences that ſhould become our Countrey;
But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will,
That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,
To Swearing, and ſterne Lookes, defus'd Attyre,
And euery thing that ſeemes vnnaturall.
Which to reduce into our former fauour,
You are aſſembled: and my ſpeech entreats,
That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace
Should not expell theſe inconueniences,
And bleſſe vs with her former qualities.

Eng. If Duke of Burgonie, you would the Peace,
Whoſe want giues growth to th'imperfections
Which you haue cited; you muſt buy that Peace
With full accord to all our iuſt demands,
Whoſe Tenures and particular effects
You haue enſchedul'd briefely in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet
There is no Anſwer made.

Eng. Well then: the Peace which you before ſo vrg'd,
Lyes in his Anſwer.

France. I haue but with a curſelarie eye
O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaſeth your Grace
To appoint ſome of your Councell preſently
To ſit with vs once more, with better heed
To re-ſuruey them; we will ſuddenly
Paſſe our accept and peremptorie Anſwer.

England. Brother we ſhall. Goe Vnckle *Exeter*,
And Brother *Clarence*, and you Brother *Glouceſter*,
Warwick, and *Huntington*, goe with the King,
And take with you free power, to ratifie,
Augment, or alter, as your Wiſdomes beſt
Shall ſee aduantageable for our Dignitie,
Any thing in or out of our Demands,
And wee'le conſigne thereto. Will you, faire Siſter,
Goe with the Princes, or ſtay here with vs?

Quee. Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:
Happily a Womans Voyce may doe ſome good,
When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be ſtood on.

England. Yet leaue our Couſin *Katherine* here with vs,
She is our capitall Demand, compris'd
Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

Quee. She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

Manet King and Katherine.

King. Faire *Katherine*, and moſt faire,
Will you vouchſafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,
Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,
And pleade his Loue-ſuit to her gentle heart.

Kath. Your Maieſtie ſhall mock at me, I cannot ſpeake your England.

King. O faire *Katherine*, if you will loue me ſoundly with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you confeſſe it brokenly with your Engliſh Tongue. Doe you like me, *Kate?*

Kath. Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

King. An Angell is like you *Kate*, and you are like an Angell.

Kath. Que dit il que le ſuis ſemblable a les Anges?

Lady. Ouy verayment (ſauf voſtre Grace) ainſi dit il.

King. I ſaid ſo, deare *Katherine*, and I muſt not bluſh to affirme it.

Kath. O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes ſont plein de tromperies.

King. What ſayes ſhe, faire one? that the tongues of men are full of deceits?

Lady. Ouy, dat de tongeus of de mans is be full of deceits: dat is de Princeſſe.

King. The Princeſſe is the better Engliſh-woman: yfaith *Kate*, my wooing is fit for thy vnderſtanding, I am glad thou canſt ſpeake no better Engliſh, for if thou could'ſt, thou would'ſt finde me ſuch a plaine King, that thou wouldſt thinke, I had ſold my Farme to buy my Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but directly to ſay, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther, then to ſay, Doe you in faith? I weare out my ſuite: Giue me your anſwer, yfaith doe, and ſo clap hands, and a bargaine: how ſay you, Lady?

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, me vnderſtand well.

King. Marry, if you would put me to Verſes, or to Dance for your ſake, *Kate*, why you vndid me: for the one I haue neither words nor meaſure; and for the other, I haue no ſtrength in meaſure, yet a reaſonable meaſure in ſtrength. If I could winne a Lady at Leape-frogge, or by vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe; vnder the correction of bragging be it ſpoken, I ſhould quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my Loue, or bound my Horſe for her ſauours, I could lay on like a Butcher, and ſit like a Iack an Apes, neuer off. But before God *Kate*, I cannot looke greenely, nor gaſpe out my eloquence, nor I haue no cunning in proteſtation; onely downe-right Oathes, which I neuer vſe till vrg'd, nor neuer breake for vrging. If thou canſt loue a fellow of this temper, *Kate*, whoſe face is not worth Sunne-burning? that neuer lookes in his Glaſſe, for loue of any thing he ſees there? let thine Eye be thy Cooke. I ſpeake to thee plaine Souldier: If thou canſt loue me for this, take me? if not? to ſay to thee that I ſhall dye, is true; but for thy loue, by the L. No: yet I loue thee too. And while thou liu'ſt, deare *Kate*, take a fellow of plaine and vncoyned Conſtancie, for he perforce muſt do thee right, becauſe he hath not the gift to wooe in other places: for theſe fellowes of infinit tongue, that can ryme themſelues into Ladyes fauours, they doe alwayes reaſon themſelues out againe. What? a ſpeaker is but a prater, a Ryme is but a Ballad; a good Legge will fall, a ſtrait Backe will ſtoope, a blacke Beard will turne white, a curl'd Pate will grow bald, a faire Face will wither, a full Eye will wax hollow: but a good Heart, *Kate*, is the Sunne and the Moone, or rather the Sunne, and not the Moone; for it ſhines bright, and neuer changes, but keepes his courſe truly. If thou would haue ſuch a one, take me? and take me; take a Souldier: take a Souldier; take a King. And what fay'ſt thou then to my Loue? ſpeake my faire, and fairely, I pray thee.

Kath. Is it poſſible dat I ſould loue de ennemie of Fraunce?

King. No, it is not poſſible you ſhould loue the Enemie of France, *Kate;* but in louing me, you ſhould loue the Friend of France: for I loue France ſo well, that I will not part with a Village of it; I will haue it all mine: and *Kate*, when France is mine, and I am yours; then yours is France, and you are mine.

Kath. I cannot tell wat is dat.

King. No, *Kate?* I will tell thee in French which I am ſure will hang vpon my tongue, like a new-married Wife about her Husbands Necke, hardly to be ſhooke off; *Ie quand ſur le poſſeſſion de Fraunce, & quand vous aues le poſſeſſion de moy*, (Let mee ſee, what then? Saint *Dennis* bee my ſpeede) *Donc voſtre eſt Fraunce, & vous eſtes mienne.* It is as eaſie for me, *Kate*, to conquer the Kingdome, as to ſpeake ſo much more French: I ſhall neuer moue thee in French, vnleſſe it be to laugh at me.

Kath. Sauf voſtre honeur, le Francois ques vous parleis, il & melieus que l'Anglois le quel Ie parle.

King. No faith is't not, *Kate:* but thy ſpeaking of my Tongue, and I thine, moſt truely falſely, muſt needes be graunted to be much at one. But *Kate*, doo'ſt thou vnderſtand thus much Engliſh? Canſt thou loue mee?

Kath. I cannot tell.

King. Can any of your Neighbours tell, *Kate?* Ile aske them. Come, I know thou loueſt me: and at night, when you come into your Cloſet, you'le queſtion this Gentlewoman about me; and I know, *Kate*, you will to her diſprayſe thoſe parts in me, that you loue with your heart: but good *Kate*, mocke me mercifully, the rather gentle Princeſſe, becauſe I loue thee cruelly. If euer thou beeſt mine, *Kate*, as I haue a ſauing Faith within me tells me thou ſhalt; I get thee with ſkambling, and thou muſt therefore needes proue a good Souldier-breeder: Shall not thou and I, betweene Saint *Dennis* and Saint *George*, compound a Boy, halfe French halfe Engliſh, that

that ſhall goe to Conſtantinople, and take the Turke by the Beard. Shall wee not? what ſay'ſt thou, my faire Flower-de-Luce.

Kate. I doe not know dat.

King. No: 'tis hereafter to know, but now to promiſe: doe but now promiſe *Kate*, you will endeauour for your French part of ſuch a Boy; and for my Engliſh moytie, take the Word of a King, and a Batcheler. How anſwer you, *La plus belle Katherine du monde mon treſcher & deuin deeſſe.*

Kath. Your Maieſtee aue ſauſe Frenche enough to deceiue de moſt ſage Damoiſeil dat is en Fraunce.

King. Now ſye vpon my falſe French: by mine Honor in true Engliſh, I loue thee *Kate;* by which Honor, I dare not ſweare thou loueſt me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou doo'ſt; notwithſtanding the poore and vntempering effect of my Viſage. Now beſhrew my Fathers Ambition, hee was thinking of Ciuill Warres when hee got me, therefore was I created with a ſtubborne out-ſide, with an aſpect of Iron, that when I come to wooe Ladyes, I fright them: but in faith *Kate*, the elder I wax, the better I ſhall appeare. My comfort is, that Old Age, that ill layer vp of Beautie, can doe no more ſpoyle vpon my Face. Thou haſt me, if thou haſt me, at the worſt; and thou ſhalt weare me, if thou weare me, better and better: and therefore tell me, moſt faire *Katherine*, will you haue me? Put off your Maiden Bluſhes, auouch the Thoughts of your Heart with the Lookes of an Empreſſe, take me by the Hand, and ſay, *Harry* of England, I am thine: which Word thou ſhalt no ſooner bleſſe mine Eare withall, but I will tell thee alowd, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and *Henry Plantaginet* is thine; who, though I ſpeake it before his Face, if he be not Fellow with the beſt King, thou ſhalt finde the beſt King of Good-fellowes. Come your Anſwer in broken Muſick; for thy Voyce is Muſick, and thy Engliſh broken: Therefore Queene of all, *Katherine*, breake thy minde to me in broken Engliſh; wilt thou haue me?

Kath. Dat is as it ſhall pleaſe *de Roy mon pere.*

King. Nay, it will pleaſe him well, *Kate;* it ſhall pleaſe him, *Kate.*

Kath. Den it ſall alſo content me.

King. Vpon that I kiſſe your Hand, and I call you my Queene.

Kath. Laiſſe mon Seigneur, laiſſe, laiſſe, may foy: Ie ne veus point que vous abbaiſſe voſtre grandeus, en baiſant le main d'une noſtre Seigneur indignie ſeruiteur excuſe moy. Ie vous ſupplie mon treſ-puiſſant Seigneur.

King. Then I will kiſſe your Lippes, *Kate.*

Kath. Les Dames & Damoiſels pour eſtre baiſee deuant leur nopceſe il net pas le coſtume de Fraunce.

King. Madame, my Interpreter, what ſayes ſhee?

Lady. Dat it is not be de faſhon pour le Ladies of Fraunce; I cannot tell wat is buiſſe en Angliſh.

King. To kiſſe.

Lady. Your Maieſtee *entendre bettre que moy.*

King. It is not a faſhion for the Maids in Fraunce to kiſſe before they are marryed, would ſhe ſay?

Lady. Ouy verayment.

King. O *Kate*, nice Cuſtomes curſie to great Kings. Deare *Kate*, you and I cannot bee confin'd within the weake Lyſt of Countreyes faſhion: wee are the makers of Manners, *Kate;* and the libertie that followes our Places, ſtoppes the mouth of all finde-faults, as I will doe yours, for vpholding the nice faſhion of your Countrey, in denying me a Kiſſe: therefore patiently, and yeelding. You haue Witch-craft in your Lippes, *Kate:* there is more eloquence in a Sugar touch of them, then in the Tongues of the French Councell; and they ſhould ſooner perſwade *Harry* of England, then a generall Petition of Monarchs. Heere comes your Father.

Enter the French Power, and the Engliſh Lords.

Burg. God ſaue your Maieſtie, my Royall Couſin, teach you our Princeſſe Engliſh?

King. I would haue her learne, my faire Couſin, how perfectly I loue her, and that is good Engliſh.

Burg. Is ſhee not apt?

King. Our Tongue is rough, Coze, and my Condition is not ſmooth: ſo that hauing neyther the Voyce nor the Heart of Flatterie about me, I cannot ſo coniure vp the Spirit of Loue in her, that hee will appeare in his true likeneſſe.

Burg. Pardon the frankneſſe of my mirth, if I anſwer you for that. If you would coniure in her, you muſt make a Circle: if coniure vp Loue in her in his true likeneſſe, hee muſt appeare naked, and blinde. Can you blame her then, being a Maid, yet ros'd ouer with the Virgin Crimſon of Modeſtie, if ſhee deny the apparance of a naked blinde Boy in her naked ſeeing ſelfe? It were (my Lord) a hard Condition for a Maid to conſigne to.

King. Yet they doe winke and yeeld, as Loue is blind and enforces.

Burg. They are then excus'd, my Lord, when they ſee not what they doe.

King. Then good my Lord, teach your Couſin to conſent winking.

Burg. I will winke on her to conſent, my Lord, if you will teach her to know my meaning: for Maides well Summer'd, and warme kept, are like Flyes at Bartholomew-tyde, blinde, though they haue their eyes, and then they will endure handling, which before would not abide looking on.

King. This Morall tyes me ouer to Time, and a hot Summer; and ſo I ſhall catch the Flye, your Couſin, in the latter end, and ſhee muſt be blinde to.

Burg. As Loue is my Lord, before it loues.

King. It is ſo: and you may, ſome of you, thanke Loue for my blindneſſe, who cannot ſee many a faire French Citie for one faire French Maid that ſtands in my way.

French King. Yes my Lord, you ſee them perſpectiuely: the Cities turn'd into a Maid; for they are all gyrdled with Maiden Walls, that Warre hath entred.

England. Shall *Kate* be my Wife?

France. So pleaſe you.

England. I am content, ſo the Maiden Cities you talke of may wait on her: ſo the Maid that ſtood in the way for my Wiſh, ſhall ſhew me the way to my Will.

France. Wee haue conſented to all tearmes of reaſon.

England. Is't ſo, my Lords of England?

Weſt. The King hath graunted euery Article:
His Daughter firſt; and in ſequele, all,
According to their firme propoſed natures.

Exet. Onely

Exet. Onely he hath not yet ſubſcribed this:
Where your Maieſtie demands, That the King of France
hauing any occaſion to write for matter of Graunt, ſhall
name your Highneſſe in this forme, and with this additi-
on, in French: *Noſtre treſcher filz Henry Roy d'Angleterre
Heretere de Fraunce:* and thus in Latine; *Præclariſſimus
Filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ & Heres Franciæ.*
France. Nor this I haue not Brother ſo deny'd,
But your requeſt ſhall make me let it paſſe.
England. I pray you then, in loue and deare allyance,
Let that one Article ranke with the reſt,
And thereupon giue me your Daughter.
France. Take her faire Sonne, and from her blood rayſe vp
Iſſue to me, that the contending Kingdomes
Of France and England, whoſe very ſhoares looke pale,
With enuy of each others happineſſe,
May ceaſe their hatred; and this deare Coniunction
Plant Neighbour-hood and Chriſtian-like accord
In their ſweet Boſomes: that neuer Warre aduance
His bleeding Sword 'twixt England and faire France.
Lords. Amen.
King. Now welcome *Kate:* and beare me witneſſe all,
That here I kiſſe her as my Soueraigne Queene.
Flouriſh.
Quee. God, the beſt maker of all Marriages,
Combine your hearts in one, your Realmes in one:
As Man and Wife being two, are one in loue,
So be there 'twixt your Kingdomes ſuch a Spouſall,
That neuer may ill Office, or fell Iealouſie,
Which troubles oft the Bed of bleſſed Marriage,
Thruſt in betweene the Pation of theſe Kingdomes,
To make diuorce of their incorporate League:
That Engliſh may as French, French Engliſhmen,
Receiue each other. God ſpeake this Amen.
All. Amen.
King. Prepare we for our Marriage: on which day,
My Lord of Burgundy wee'le take your Oath
And all the Peeres, for ſuretie of our Leagues.
Then ſhall I ſweare to *Kate*, and you to me,
And may our Oathes well kept and proſp'rous be.
Senet. *Exeunt*

Enter Chorus.

Thus farre with rough, and all-vnable Pen,
Our bending Author hath purſu'd the Story,
In little roome confining mightie men,
Mangling by ſtarts the full courſe of their glory
Small time: but in that ſmall, moſt greatly liued
This Starre of England. Fortune made his Sword;
By which, the Worlds beſt Garden he atchieued:
And of it left his Sonne Imperiall Lord.
Henry the Sixt, in Infant Bands crown'd King
Of France and England, did this King ſucceed:
Whoſe State ſo many had the managing,
That they loſt France, and made his England bleed:
Which oft our Stage hath ſhowne; and for their ſake,
In your faire minds let this acceptance take.

FINIS.

The firſt Part of Henry the Sixt.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Dead March.

Enter the Funerall of King Henry the Fift, attended on by the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France; the Duke of Gloſter, Protector; the Duke of Exeter Warwicke, the Biſhop of Wincheſter, and the Duke of Somerſet.

Bedford.

Vngbey heauens with black, yield day to night;
Comets importing change of Times and States,
Brandiſh your cryſtall Treſſes in the Skie,
And with them ſcourge the bad reuolting Stars,
That haue confented vnto *Henries* death:
King *Henry* the Fift, too famous to liue long,
England ne're loſt a King of ſo much worth.

Gloſt. England ne're had a King vntill his time:
Vertue he had, deſeruing to command,
His brandiſht Sword did blinde men with his beames,
His Armes ſpred wider then a Dragons Wings:
His ſparkling Eyes, repleat with wrathfull fire,
More dazled and droue back his Enemies,
Then mid-day Sunne, fierce bent againſt their faces.
What ſhould I ſay? his Deeds exceed all ſpeech:
He ne're lift vp his Hand, but conquered.

Exe. We mourne in black, why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and neuer ſhall reuiue:
Vpon a Woodden Coffin we attend;
And Deaths diſhonourable Victorie,
We with our ſtately preſence glorifie,
Like Captiues bound to a Triumphant Carre.
What? ſhall we curſe the Planets of Miſhap,
That plotted thus our Glories ouerthrow?
Or ſhall we thinke the ſubtile-witted French,
Coniurers and Sorcerers, that afraid of him,
By Magick Verſes haue contriu'd his end.

Winch. He was a King, bleſt of the King of Kings.
Vnto the French, the dreadfull Iudgement-Day
So dreadfull will not be, as was his ſight.
The Battailes of the Lord of Hoſts he fought:
The Churches Prayers made him ſo proſperous.

Gloſt. The Church? where is it?
Had not Church-men pray'd,
His thred of Life had not ſo ſoone decay'd.
None doe you like, but an effeminate Prince,
Whom like a Schoole-boy you may ouer-awe.

Winch. Gloſter, what ere we like, thou art Protector,
And lookeſt to command the Prince and Realme:
Thy Wife is prowd, ſhe holdeth thee in awe,
More then God or Religious Church-men may.

Gloſt. Name not Religion, for thou lou'ſt the Fleſh,
And ne're throughout the yeere to Church thou go'ſt,
Except it be to pray againſt thy foes.

Bed. Ceaſe, ceaſe theſe Iarres, & reſt your minds in peace:
Let's to the Altar: Heralds wayt on vs;
In ſtead of Gold, wee'le offer vp our Armes,
Since Armes auayle not, now that *Henry's* dead,
Poſteritie await for wretched yeeres,
When at their Mothers moiſtned eyes, Babes ſhall ſuck,
Our Ile be made a Nouriſh of ſalt Teares,
And none but Women left to wayle the dead.
Henry the Fift, thy Ghoſt I inuocate:
Proſper this Realme, keepe it from Ciuill Broyles,
Combat with aduerſe Planets in the Heauens;
A farre more glorious Starre thy Soule will make,
Then *Iulius Cæſar*, or bright——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My honourable Lords, health to you all:
Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loſſe, of ſlaughter, and diſcomfiture:
Guyen, Champaigne, Rheimes, Orleance,
Paris, Guyſors, Poictiers, are all quite loſt.

Bedf. What ſay'ſt thou man, before dead *Henry's* Coarſe?
Speake ſoftly, or the loſſe of thoſe great Townes
Will make him burſt his Lead, and riſe from death.

Glost. Is Paris loſt? is Roan yeelded vp?
If *Henry* were recall'd to life againe,
Theſe news would cauſe him once more yeeld the Ghoſt.

Exe. How were they loſt? what trecherie was vs'd?

Meſſ. No trecherie, but want of Men and Money.
Amongſt the Souldiers this is muttered,
That here you maintaine ſeuerall Factions:
And whil'ſt a Field ſhould be diſpatcht and fought,
You are diſputing of your Generals.
One would haue lingring Warres, with little coſt;
Another would flye ſwift, but wanteth Wings:
A third thinkes, without expence at all,
By guilefull faire words, Peace may be obtayn'd.
Awake, awake, Engliſh Nobilitie,
Let not ſlouth dimme your Honors, new begot;
Cropt are the Flower-de-Luces in your Armes
Of Englands Coat, one halfe is cut away.

Exe. Were our Teares wanting to this Funerall,
Theſe Tidings would call forth her flowing Tides.

Bedf. Me they concerne, Regent I am of France:
Giue me my ſteeled Coat, Ile fight for France.
Away with theſe diſgracefull wayling Robes;
Wounds will I lend the French, in ſtead of Eyes,
To weepe their intermiſſiue Miſeries.

Enter

Enter to them another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Lords view theſe Letters, full of bad miſchance.
France is reuolted from the Engliſh quite,
Except ſome petty Townes, of no import.
The Dolphin *Charles* is crowned King in Rheimes:
The Baſtard of Orleance with him is ioyn'd:
Reynold, Duke of Aniou, doth take his part,
The Duke of Alanſon flyeth to his ſide. *Exit.*

Exe. The Dolphin crown'd King? all flye to him?
O whither ſhall we flye from this reproach?

Gloſt. We will not flye, but to our enemies throats.
Bedford, if thou be ſlacke, Ile fight it out.

Bed. Gloſter, why doubtſt thou of my forwardneſſe?
An Army haue I muſter'd in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is ouer-run.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſ. My gracious Lords, to adde to your laments,
Wherewith you now bedew King *Henries* hearſe,
I muſt informe you of a diſmall fight,
Betwixt the ſtout Lord *Talbot*, and the French.

Win. What? wherein *Talbot* ouercame, is't ſo?

3.*Meſ.* O no: wherein Lord *Talbot* was o'rethrown:
The circumſtance Ile tell you more at large.
The tenth of Auguſt laſt, this dreadfull Lord,
Retyring from the Siege of Orleance,
Hauing full ſcarce ſix thouſand in his troupe,
By three and twentie thouſand of the French
Was round incompaſſed, and ſet vpon:
No leyſure had he to enranke his men.
He wanted Pikes to ſet before his Archers:
In ſtead whereof, ſharpe Stakes pluckt out of Hedges
They pitched in the ground confuſedly,
To keepe the Horſemen off, from breaking in.
More then three houres the fight continued:
Where valiant *Talbot*, aboue humane thought,
Enacted wonders with his Sword and Lance.
Hundreds he ſent to Hell, and none durſt ſtand him:
Here, there, and euery where enrag'd, he ſlew.
The French exclaym'd, the Deuill was in Armes,
All the whole Army ſtood agaz'd on him.
His Souldiers ſpying his vndaunted Spirit,
A *Talbot*, a *Talbot*, cry'd out amaine,
And ruſht into the Bowels of the Battaile.
Here had the Conqueſt fully been ſeal'd vp,
If Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe* had not play'd the Coward.
He being in the Vauward, plac't behinde,
With purpoſe to relieue and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not hauing ſtruck one ſtroake.
Hence grew the generall wrack and maſſacre:
Encloſed were they with their Enemies.
A baſe Wallon, to win the Dolphins grace,
Thruſt *Talbot* with a Speare into the Back,
Whom all France, with their chiefe aſſembled ſtrength,
Durſt not preſume to looke once in the face.

Bedf. Is *Talbot* ſlaine then? I will ſlay my ſelfe,
For liuing idly here, in pompe and eaſe,
Whil'ſt ſuch a worthy Leader, wanting ayd,
Vnto his daſtard foe-men is betray'd.

3.*Meſſ.* O no, he liues, but is tooke Priſoner,
And Lord *Scales* with him, and Lord *Hungerford*:
Moſt of the reſt ſlaughter'd, or tooke likewiſe.

Bedf. His Ranſome there is none but I ſhall pay.
Ile hale the Dolphin headlong from his Throne,
His Crowne ſhall be the Ranſome of my friend:
Foure of their Lords Ile change for one of ours.
Farwell my Maſters, to my Taske will I,
Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keepe our great Saint *Georges* Feaſt withall.
Ten thouſand Souldiers with me I will take,
Whoſe bloody deeds ſhall make all Europe quake.

3.*Meſſ.* So you had need, for Orleance is beſieg'd,
The Engliſh Army is growne weake and faint:
The Earle of Salisbury craueth ſupply,
And hardly keepes his men from mutinie,
Since they ſo few, watch ſuch a multitude.

Exe. Remember Lords your Oathes to *Henry* ſworne:
Eyther to quell to Dolphin vtterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoake.

Bedf. I doe remember it, and here take my leaue,
To goe about my preparation. *Exit Bedford.*

Gloſt. Ile to the Tower with all the haſt I can,
To view th'Artillerie and Munition,
And then I will proclayme young *Henry* King.
Exit Gloſter.

Exe. To Eltam will I, where the young King is,
Being ordayn'd his ſpecial Gouernor,
And for his ſafetie there Ile beſt deuiſe. *Exit.*

Winch. Each hath his Place and Function to attend:
I am left out; for me nothing remaines:
But long I will not be Iack out of Office.
The King from Eltam I intend to ſend,
And ſit at chiefeſt Sterne of publique Weale.
Exit.

Sound a Flouriſh.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reigneir, marching with Drum and Souldiers.

Charles. Mars his true mouing, euen as in the Heauens,
So in the Earth, to this day is not knowne.
Late did he ſhine vpon the Engliſh ſide:
Now we are Victors, vpon vs he ſmiles.
What Townes of any moment, but we haue?
At pleaſure here we lye, neere Orleance:
Otherwhiles, the famiſht Engliſh, like pale Ghoſts,
Faintly beſiege vs one houre in a moneth.

Alan. They want their Porredge, & their fat Bul Beeues:
Eyther they muſt be dyeted like Mules,
And haue their Prouender ty'd to their mouthes,
Or pitteous they will looke, like drowned Mice.

Reigneir. Let's rayſe the Siege: why liue we idly here?
Talbot is taken, whom we wont to feare:
Remayneth none but mad-brayn'd *Salisbury*,
And he may well in fretting ſpend his gall,
Nor men nor money hath he to make Warre.

Charles. Sound, ſound Alarum, we will ruſh on them.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French:
Him I forgiue my death, that killeth me,
When he ſees me goe back one foot, or flye. *Exeunt.*

Here Alarum, they are beaten back by the Engliſh, with great loſſe.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, and Reigneir.

Charles. Who euer ſaw the like? what men haue I?
Dogges, Cowards, Daſtards: I would ne're haue fled,
But that they left me 'midſt my Enemies.

Reigneir. Salisbury is a deſperate Homicide,
He fighteth as one weary of his life:
The other Lords, like Lyons wanting food,
Doe ruſh vpon vs as their hungry prey.

Alanson. *Froyſard*, a Countreyman of ours, records,
England all *Oliuers* and *Rowlands* breed,
During the time *Edward* the third did raigne:
More truly now may this be verified;
For none but *Samſons* and *Goliaſſes*
It ſendeth forth to skirmiſh: one to tenne?
Leane raw-bon'd Raſcals, who would e're ſuppoſe,
They had ſuch courage and audacitie?
Charles. Let's leaue this Towne,
For they are hayre-brayn'd Slaues,
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager:
Of old I know them; rather with their Teeth
The Walls they'le teare downe, then forſake the Siege.
Reigneir. I thinke by ſome odde Gimmors or Deuice
Their Armes are ſet, like Clocks, ſtill to ſtrike on;
Elſe ne're could they hold out ſo as they doe;
By my conſent, wee'le euen let them alone.
Alanson. Be it ſo.

Enter the Baſtard of Orleance.

Baſtard. Where's the Prince Dolphin? I baue newes for him.
Dolph. Baſtard of Orleance, thrice welcome to vs.
Baſt. Me thinks your looks are ſad, your cheer appal'd.
Hath the late ouerthrow wrought this offence?
Be not diſmay'd, for ſuccour is at hand:
A holy Maid hither with me I bring,
Which by a Viſion ſent to her from Heauen,
Ordayned is to rayſe this tedious Siege,
And driue the Engliſh forth the bounds of France:
The ſpirit of deepe Prophecie ſhe hath,
Exceeding the nine *Sibyls* of old Rome:
What's paſt, and what's to come, ſhe can deſcry.
Speake, ſhall I call her in? beleeue my words,
For they are certaine, and vnfallible.
Dolph. Goe call her in: but firſt, to try her skill,
Reignier ſtand thou as Dolphin in my place;
Queſtion her prowdly, let thy Lookes be ſterne,
By this meanes ſhall we ſound what skill ſhe hath.

Enter Ioane Puzel.

Reigneir. Faire Maid, is't thou wilt doe theſe wondrous feats?
Puzel. Reignier, is't thou that thinkeſt to beguile me?
Where is the Dolphin? Come, come from behinde,
I know thee well, though neuer ſeene before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me;
In priuate will I talke with thee apart:
Stand back you Lords, and giue vs leaue a while.
Reigneir. She takes vpon her brauely at firſt daſh.
Puzel. Dolphin, I am by birth a Shepheards Daughter,
My wit vntrayn'd in any kind of Art:
Heauen and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To ſhine on my contemptible eſtate.
Loe, whileſt I wayted on my tender Lambes,
And to Sunnes parching heat diſplay'd my cheekes,
Gods Mother deigned to appeare to me,
And in a Viſion full of Maieſtie,
Will'd me to leaue my baſe Vocation,
And free my Countrey from Calamitie:
Her ayde ſhe promis'd, and aſſur'd ſucceſſe
In compleat Glory ſhee reueal'd her ſelfe:
And whereas I was black and ſwart before,
With thoſe cleare Rayes, which ſhee infus'd on me,
That beautie am I bleſt with, which you may ſee.
Aske me what queſtion thou canſt poſſible,
And I will anſwer vnpremeditated:
My Courage trie by Combat, if thou dar'ſt,
And thou ſhalt finde that I exceed my Sex.
Reſolue on this, thou ſhalt be fortunate,
If thou receiue me for thy Warlike Mate.
Dolph. Thou haſt aſtoniſht me with thy high termes:
Onely this proofe Ile of thy Valour make,
In ſingle Combat thou ſhalt buckle with me;
And if thou vanquiſheſt, thy words are true,
Otherwiſe I renounce all confidence.
Puzel. I am prepar'd: here is my keene-edg'd Sword,
Deckt with fine Flower-de-Luces on each ſide,
The which at Touraine, in S. *Katherines* Church-yard,
Out of a great deale of old Iron, I choſe forth.
Dolph. Then come a Gods name, I feare no woman.
Puzel. And while I liue, Ile ne're flye from a man.
Here they fight, and Ioane de Puzel ouercomes.
Dolph. Stay, ſtay thy hands, thou art an Amazon,
And fighteſt with the Sword of *Debora*.
Puzel. Chriſts Mother helpes me, elſe I were too weake.
Dolph. Who e're helps thee, 'tis thou that muſt help me:
Impatiently I burne with thy deſire,
My heart and hands thou haſt at once ſubdu'd.
Excellent *Puzel*, if thy name be ſo,
Let me thy ſeruant, and not Soueraigne be,
'Tis the French Dolphin ſueth to thee thus.
Puzel. I muſt not yeeld to any rights of Loue,
For my Profeſſion's ſacred from aboue:
When I haue chaſed all thy Foes from hence,
Then will I thinke vpon a recompence.
Dolph. Meane time looke gracious on thy proſtrate Thrall.
Reigneir. My Lord me thinkes is very long in talke.
Alanſ. Doubtleſſe he ſhriues this woman to her ſmock,
Elſe ne're could he ſo long protract his ſpeech.
Reigneir. Shall wee diſturbe him, ſince hee keepes no meane?
Alan. He may meane more then we poor men do know,
Theſe women are ſhrewd tempters with their tongues.
Reigneir. My Lord, where are you? what deuiſe you on?
Shall we giue o're Orleance, or no?
Puzel. Why no, I ſay: diſtruſtfull Recreants,
Fight till the laſt gaſpe: Ile be your guard.
Dolph. What ſhee ſayes, Ile confirme: wee'le fight it out.
Puzel. Aſſign'd am I to be the Engliſh Scourge.
This night the Siege aſſuredly Ile rayſe:
Expect Saint *Martins* Summer, *Halcyons* dayes,
Since I haue entred into theſe Warres.
Glory is like a Circle in the Water,
Which neuer ceaſeth to enlarge it ſelfe,
Till by broad ſpreading, it diſperſe to naught.
With *Henries* death, the Engliſh Circle ends,
Diſperſed are the glories it included:
Now am I like that prowd infulting Ship,
Which *Cæſar* and his fortune bare at once.
Dolph. Was *Mahomet* inſpired with a Doue?
Thou with an Eagle art inſpired then.
Helen, the Mother of Great *Conſtantine*,
Nor yet S. *Philips* daughters were like thee.
Bright Starre of *Venus*, falne downe on the Earth,
How may I reuerently worſhip thee enough?
Alanſon. Leaue off delayes, and let vs rayſe the Siege.

Reigneir. Wo-

Reigneir. Woman, do what thou canſt to ſaue our honors,
Driue them from Orleance, and be immortaliz'd.
Dolph. Preſently wee'le try: come, let's away about it,
No Prophet will I truſt, if ſhee proue falſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gloſter, with his Seruing-men.

Gloſt. I am come to ſuruey the Tower this day;
Since *Henries* death, I feare there is Conueyance:
Where be theſe Warders, that they wait not here?
Open the Gates, 'tis *Gloſter* that calls.
1.*Warder.* Who's there, that knocks ſo imperiouſly?
Gloſt. 1. *Man.* It is the Noble Duke of Gloſter.
2.*Warder.* Who ere he be, you may not be let in.
1.*Man.* Villaines, anſwer you ſo the Lord Protector?
1.*Warder.* The Lord protect him, ſo we anſwer him,
We doe no otherwiſe then wee are will'd.
Glost. Who willed you? or whoſe will ſtands but mine?
There's none Protector of the Realme, but I:
Breake vp the Gates, Ile be your warrantize;
Shall I be flowted thus by dunghill Groomes?

Gloſters men ruſh at the Tower Gates, and Wooduile the Lieutenant ſpeakes within.

Wooduile. What noyſe is this? what Traytors haue wee here?
Glost. Lieutenant, is it you whoſe voyce I heare?
Open the Gates, here's *Gloſter* that would enter.
Wooduile. Haue patience Noble Duke, I may not open,
The Cardinall of Wincheſter forbids:
From him I haue expreſſe commandement,
That thou nor none of thine ſhall be let in.
Gloſt. Faint-hearted *Wooduile*, prizeſt him 'fore me?
Arrogant *Wincheſter*, that haughtie Prelate,
Whom *Henry* our late Soueraigne ne're could brooke?
Thou art no friend to God, or to the King:
Open the Gates, or Ile ſhut thee out ſhortly.
Seruing men. Open the Gates vnto the Lord Protector,
Or wee'le burſt them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter to the Protector at the Tower Gates Wincheſter and his men in Tawney Coates.

Winchest. How now ambitious *Vmpheir*, what meanes this?
Gloſt. Piel'd Prieſt, doo'ſt thou command me to be ſhut out?
Winch. I doe, thou moſt vſurping Proditor,
And not Protector of the King or Realme.
Gloſt. Stand back thou manifeſt Conſpirator,
Thou that contriued'ſt to murther our dead Lord,
Thou that giu'ſt Whores Indulgences to ſinne,
Ile canuas thee in thy broad Cardinalls Hat,
If thou proceed in this thy inſolence.
Winch. Nay, ſtand thou back, I will not budge a foot:
This be Damaſcus, be thou curſed *Cain*,
To ſlay thy Brother *Abel*, if thou wilt.
Gloſt. I will not ſlay thee, but Ile driue thee back:
Thy Scarlet Robes, as a Childs bearing Cloth,
Ile vſe, to carry thee out of this place.
Winch. Doe what thou dar'ſt, I beard thee to thy face.
Gloſt. What? am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?
Draw men, for all this priuiledged place,
Blew Coats to Tawny Coats. Prieſt, beware your Beard,
I meane to tugge it, and to cuffe you ſoundly.
Vnder my feet I ſtampe thy Cardinalls Hat:
In ſpight of Pope, or dignities of Church,
Here by the Cheekes Ile drag thee vp and downe.
Winch. Gloſter, thou will anſwere this before the Pope.
Gloſt. Wincheſter Gooſe, I cry, a Rope, a Rope.
Now beat them hence, why doe you let them ſtay?
Thee Ile chaſe hence, thou Wolfe in Sheepes array.
Out Tawney-Coates, out Scarlet Hypocrite.

Here Gloſters men beat out the Cardinalls men, and enter in the hurly-burly the Maior of London, and his Officers.

Maior. Fye Lords, that you being ſupreme Magiſtrates,
Thus contumeliouſly ſhould breake the Peace.
Gloſt. Peace Maior, thou know'ſt little of my wrongs:
Here's *Beauford*, that regards nor God nor King,
Hath here diſtrayn'd the Tower to his vſe.
Winch. Here's *Gloſter*, a Foe to Citizens,
One that ſtill motions Warre, and neuer Peace,
O're-charging your free Purſes with large Fines;
That ſeekes to ouerthrow Religion,
Becauſe he is Protector of the Realme;
And would haue Armour here out of the Tower,
To Crowne himſelfe King, and ſuppreſſe the Prince.
Gloſt. I will not anſwer thee with words, but blowes.

Here they skirmish againe.

Maior. Naught reſts for me, in this tumultuous ſtriſe,
But to make open Proclamation.
Come Officer, as lowd as e're thou canſt, cry:
All manner of men, aſſembled here in Armes this day, againſt Gods Peace and the Kings, wee charge and command you, in his Highneſſe Name, to repayre to your ſeuerall dwelling places, and not to weare, handle, or vſe any Sword, Weapon, or Dagger hence-forward, vpon paine of death.
Gloſt. Cardinall, Ile be no breaker of the Law:
But we ſhall meet, and breake our minds at large.
Winch. Gloſter, wee'le meet to thy coſt, be ſure:
Thy heart-blood I will haue for this dayes worke.
Maior. Ile call for Clubs, if you will not away:
This Cardinall's more haughtie then the Deuill.
Gloſt. Maior farewell: thou doo'ſt but what thou may'ſt.
Winch. Abhominable *Gloſter*, guard thy Head,
For I intend to haue it ere long. *Exeunt.*
Maior. See the Coaſt clear'd, and then we will depart.
Good God, theſe Nobles ſhould ſuch ſtomacks beare,
I my ſelfe fight not once in fortie yeere. *Exeunt.*

Enter the Maſter Gunner of Orleance, and his Boy.

M.Gunner. Sirrha, thou know'ſt how Orleance is beſieg'd,
And how the Engliſh haue the Suburbs wonne.
Boy. Father I know, and oft haue ſhot at them,
How e're vnfortunate, I miſs'd my ayme.
M.Gunner. But now thou ſhalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
Chiefe Maſter Gunner am I of this Towne,
Something I muſt doe to procure me grace:
The Princes eſpyals haue informed me,
How the Engliſh, in the Suburbs cloſe entrencht,
Went through a ſecret Grate of Iron Barres,
In yonder Tower, to ouer-peere the Citie,
And thence diſcouer, how with moſt aduantage
They may vex vs with Shot or with Aſſault.
To intercept this inconuenience,
A Peece of Ordnance 'gainſt it I haue plac'd,

And

And euen theſe three dayes haue I watcht,
If I could ſee them. Now doe thou watch,
For I can ſtay no longer.
If thou ſpy'ſt any, runne and bring me word,
And thou ſhalt finde me at the Gouernors. *Exit.*

Boy. Father, I warrant you, take you no care,
Ile neuer trouble you, if I may ſpye them. *Exit.*

Enter Salisbury and Talbot on the Turrets, with others.

Salisb. *Talbot*, my life, my ioy, againe return'd?
How wert thou handled, being Priſoner?
Or by what meanes got's thou to be releas'd?
Diſcourſe I prethee on this Turrets top.

Talbot. The Earle of Bedford had a Priſoner,
Call'd the braue Lord *Ponton de Santrayle*,
For him was I exchang'd, and ranſom'd.
But with a baſer man of Armes by farre,
Once in contempt they would haue barter'd me:
Which I diſdaining, ſcorn'd, and craued death,
Rather then I would be ſo pil'd eſteem'd:
In fine, redeem'd I was as I deſir'd.
But O, the trecherous *Falſtaffe* wounds my heart,
Whom with my bare fiſts I would execute,
If I now had him brought into my power.

Salisb. Yet tell'ſt thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.

Tal. With ſcoffes and ſcornes, and contumelious taunts,
In open Market-place produc't they me,
To be a publique ſpectacle to all:
Here, ſayd they, is the Terror of the French,
The Scar-Crow that affrights our Children ſo.
Then broke I from the Officers that led me,
And with my nayles digg'd ſtones out of the ground,
To hurle at the beholders of my ſhame.
My griſly countenance made others flye,
None durſt come neere, for feare of ſuddaine death.
In Iron Walls they deem'd me not ſecure:
So great feare of my Name 'mongſt them were ſpread,
That they ſuppos'd I could rend Barres of Steele,
And ſpurne in pieces Poſts of Adamant.
Wherefore a guard of choſen Shot I had,
That walkt about me euery Minute while:
And if I did but ſtirre out of my Bed,
Ready they were to ſhoot me to the heart.

Enter the Boy with a Linſtock.

Salisb. I grieue to heare what torments you endur'd,
But we will be reueng'd ſufficiently.
Now it is Supper time in Orleance:
Here, through this Grate, I count each one,
And view the Frenchmen how they fortifie:
Let vs looke in, the ſight will much delight thee:
Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, and Sir *William Glanſdale*,
Let me haue your expreſſe opinions,
Where is beſt place to make our Batt'ry next?

Gargraue. I thinke at the North Gate, for there ſtands Lords.

Glanſdale. And I heere, at the Bulwarke of the Bridge.

Talb. For ought I ſee, this Citie muſt be famiſht,
Or with light Skirmiſhes enfeebled. *Here they ſhot, and Salisbury falls downe.*

Salisb. O Lord haue mercy on vs, wretched ſinners.

Gargraue. O Lord haue mercy on me, woſull man.

Talb. What chance is this, that ſuddenly hath croſt vs?
Speake *Salisbury*; at leaſt, if thou canſt, ſpeake:
How far'ſt thou, Mirror of all Martiall men?
One of thy Eyes, and thy Cheekes ſide ſtruck off?
Accurſed Tower, accurſed fatall Hand,
That hath contriu'd this woſull Tragedie.
In thirteene Battailes, *Salisbury* o'recame:
Henry the Fift he firſt trayn'd to the Warres.
Whil'ſt any Trumpe did ſound, or Drum ſtruck vp,
His Sword did ne're leaue ſtriking in the field.
Yet liu'ſt thou *Salisbury?* though thy ſpeech doth fayle,
One Eye thou haſt to looke to Heauen for grace.
The Sunne with one Eye vieweth all the World.
Heauen be thou gracious to none aliue,
If *Salisbury* wants mercy at thy hands.
Beare hence his Body, I will helpe to bury it.
Sir *Thomas Gargraue*, haſt thou any life?
Speake vnto *Talbot*, nay, looke vp to him.
Salisbury cheare thy Spirit with this comfort,
Thou ſhalt not dye whiles——
He beckens with his hand, and ſmiles on me:
As who ſhould ſay, When I am dead and gone,
Remember to auenge me on the French.
Plantaginet I will, and like thee,
Play on the Lute, beholding the Townes burne:
Wretched ſhall France be onely in my Name.

Here an Alarum, and it Thunders and Lightens.

What ſtirre is this? what tumult's in the Heauens?
Whence commeth this Alarum, and the noyſe?

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, my Lord, the French haue gather'd head.
The Dolphin, with one *Ioane de Puzel* ioyn'd,
A holy Propheteſſe, new riſen vp,
Is come with a great Power, to rayſe the Siege.

Here Salisbury lifteth himſelfe vp, and groanes.

Talb. Heare, heare, how dying *Salisbury* doth groane,
It irkes his heart he cannot be reueng'd.
Frenchmen, Ile be a *Salisbury* to you.
Puzel or *Puſſel*, Dolphin or Dog-fiſh,
Your hearts Ile ſtampe out with my Horſes heeles,
And make a Quagmire of your mingled braines.
Conuey me *Salisbury* into his Tent,
And then wee'le try what theſe daſtard Frenchmen dare.

Alarum. *Exeunt.*

Here an Alarum againe, and Talbot purſueth the Dolphin, and driueth him: Then enter Ioane de Puzel, driuing Engliſhmen before her. Then enter Talbot.

Talb. Where is my ſtrength, my valour, and my force?
Our Engliſh Troupes retyre, I cannot ſtay them,
A Woman clad in Armour chaſeth them.

Enter Puzel.

Here, here ſhee comes. Ile haue a bowt with thee:
Deuill, or Deuils Dam, Ile coniure thee:
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a Witch,
And ſtraightway giue thy Soule to him thou ſeru'ſt.

Puzel. Come, come, 'tis onely I that muſt diſgrace thee. *Here they fight.*

Talb. Heauens, can you ſuffer Hell ſo to preuayle?
My breſt Ile burſt with ſtraining of my courage,
And from my ſhoulders crack my Armes aſunder,
But I will chaſtiſe this high-minded Strumpet.

They fight againe.

Puzel. *Talbot* farwell, thy houre is not yet come,
I muſt goe Victuall Orleance forthwith:

A ſhort Alarum: then enter the Towne with Souldiers.

O're-

O're-take me if thou canſt, I ſcorne thy ſtrength.
Goe, goe, cheare vp thy hungry-ſtarued men,
Helpe *Salisbury* to make his Teſtament,
This Day is ours, as many more ſhall be. *Exit.*
Talb. My thoughts are whirled like a Potters Wheele,
I know not where I am, nor what I doe:
A Witch by feare, not force, like *Hannibal*,
Driues back our troupes, and conquers as ſhe liſts:
So Bees with ſmoake, and Doues with noyſome ſtench,
Are from their Hyues and Houſes driuen away.
They call'd vs, for our fierceneſſe, Engliſh Dogges,
Now like to Whelpes, we crying runne away.
A ſhort Alarum.
Hearke Countreymen, eyther renew the fight,
Or teare the Lyons out of Englands Coat;
Renounce your Soyle, giue Sheepe in Lyons ſtead:
Sheepe run not halfe ſo trecherous from the Wolfe,
Or Horſe or Oxen from the Leopard,
As you flye from your oft-ſubdued ſlaues.
Alarum. Here another Skirmiſh.
It will not be, retyre into your Trenches:
You all confented vnto *Salisburies* death,
For none would ſtrike a ſtroake in his reuenge.
Puzel is entred into Orleance,
In ſpight of vs, or ought that we could doe.
O would I were to dye with *Salisbury*,
The ſhame hereof, will make me hide my head.
Exit Talbot.
Alarum, Retreat, Flouriſh.

Enter on the Walls, Puzel, Dolphin, Reigneir, Alanſon, and Souldiers.

Puzel. Aduance our wauing Colours on the Walls,
Reſcu'd is Orleance from the Engliſh.
Thus *Ioane de Puzel* hath perform'd her word.
Dolph. Diuineſt Creature, *Aſtrea's* Daughter,
How ſhall I honour thee for this ſucceſſe?
Thy promiſes are like *Adonis* Garden,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitfull were the next.
France, triumph in thy glorious Propheteſſe,
Recouer'd is the Towne of Orleance,
More bleſſed hap did ne're befall our State.
Reigneir. Why ring not out the Bells alowd,
Throughout the Towne?
Dolphin command the Citizens make Bonfires,
And feaſt and banquet in the open ſtreets,
To celebrate the ioy that God hath giuen vs.
Alanſ. All France will be repleat with mirth and ioy,
When they ſhall heare how we haue play'd the men.
Dolph. 'Tis *Ioane*, not we, by whom the day is wonne:
For which, I will diuide my Crowne with her,
And all the Prieſts and Fryers in my Realme,
Shall in proceſſion ſing her endleſſe prayſe.
A ſtatelyer Pyramis to her Ile reare,
Then *Rhodophe's* or *Memphis* euer was.
In memorie of her, when ſhe is dead,
Her Aſhes, in an Vrne more precious
Then the rich-iewel'd Coffer of *Darius*,
Tranſported, ſhall be at high Feſtiuals
Before the Kings and Queenes of France.
No longer on Saint *Dennis* will we cry,
But *Ioane de Puzel* ſhall be France's Saint.
Come in, and let vs Banquet Royally,
After this Golden Day of Victorie.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter a Sergeant of a Band, with two Sentinels.

Ser. Sirs, take your places, and be vigilant:
If any noyſe or Souldier you perceiue
Neere to the walles, by ſome apparant ſigne
Let vs haue knowledge at the Court of Guard.
Sent. Sergeant you ſhall. Thus are poore Seruitors
(When others ſleepe vpon their quiet beds)
Conſtrain'd to watch in darkneſſe, raine, and cold.

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundy, with ſcaling Ladders: Their Drummes beating a Dead March.

Tal. Lord Regent, and redoubted *Burgundy*,
By whoſe approach, the Regions of *Artoys*,
Wallon, and *Picardy*, are friends to vs:
This happy night, the Frenchmen are ſecure,
Hauing all day carows'd and banquetted,
Embrace we then this opportunitie,
As fitting beſt to quittance their deceite,
Contriu'd by Art, and balefull Sorcerie.
Bed. Coward of France, how much he wrongs his fame,
Diſpairing of his owne armes fortitude,
To ioyne with Witches, and the helpe of Hell.
Bur. Traitors haue neuer other company.
But what's that *Puzell* whom they tearme ſo pure?
Tal. A Maid, they ſay.
Bed. A Maid? And be ſo martiall?
Bur. Pray God ſhe proue not maſculine ere long:
If vnderneath the Standard of the French
She carry Armour, as ſhe hath begun.
Tal. Well, let them practiſe and conuerſe with ſpirits.
God is our Fortreſſe, in whoſe conquering name
Let vs reſolue to ſcale their flinty bulwarkes.
Bed. Aſcend braue *Talbot*, we will follow thee.
Tal. Not altogether: Better farre I gueſſe,
That we do make our entrance ſeuerall wayes:
That if it chance the one of vs do faile,
The other yet may riſe againſt their force.
Bed. Agreed; Ile to yond corner.
Bur. And I to this.
Tal. And heere will *Talbot* mount, or make his graue.
Now *Salisbury*, for thee and for the right
Of Engliſh *Henry*, ſhall this night appeare
How much in duty, I am bound to both.
Sent. Arme, arme, the enemy doth make aſſault.
Cry, S. George, A Talbot.

The French leape ore the walles in their ſhirts. Enter ſeuerall wayes, Baſtard, Alanſon, Reignier, halfe ready, and halfe vnready.

Alan. How now my Lords? what all vnreadie ſo?
Baſt. Vnready? I and glad we ſcap'd ſo well.
Reig. 'Twas time (I trow) to wake and leaue our beds,
Hearing Alarums at our Chamber doores.
Alan. Of all exploits ſince firſt I follow'd Armes,
Nere heard I of a warlike enterprize

More

More venturous, or deſperate then this.
Baſt. I thinke this *Talbot* be a Fiend of Hell.
Reig. If not of Hell, the Heauens ſure fauour him.
Alanſ. Here commeth *Charles*, I maruell how he ſped?

Enter Charles and Ioane.

Baſt. Tut, holy *Ioane* was his defenſiue Guard.
Charl. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitfull Dame?
Didſt thou at firſt, to flatter vs withall,
Make vs partakers of a little gayne,
That now our loſſe might be ten times ſo much?
Ioane. Wherefore is *Charles* impatient with his friend?
At all times will you haue my Power alike?
Sleeping or waking, muſt I ſtill preuayle,
Or will you blame and lay the fault on me?
Improuident Souldiors, had your Watch been good,
This ſudden Miſchiefe neuer could haue ſalne.
Charl. Duke of Alanſon, this was your default,
That being Captaine of the Watch to Night,
Did looke no better to that weightie Charge.
Alanſ. Had all your Quarters been as ſafely kept,
As that whereof I had the gouernment,
We had not beene thus ſhamefully ſurpriz'd.
Baſt. Mine was ſecure.
Reig. And ſo was mine, my Lord.
Charl. And for my ſelfe, moſt part of all this Night
Within her Quarter, and mine owne Precinct,
I was imploy'd in paſſing to and fro,
About relieuing of the Centinels.
Then how, or which way, ſhould they firſt breake in?
Ioane. Queſtion (my Lords) no further of the caſe,
How or which way; 'tis ſure they found ſome place,
But weakely guarded, where the breach was made:
And now there reſts no other ſhift but this,
To gather our Souldiors, ſcatter'd and diſperc't,
And lay new Plat-formes to endammage them.
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter a Souldier, crying, a Talbot, a Talbot: they flye, leauing their Clothes behind.

Sould. Ile be ſo bold to take what they haue left:
The Cry of *Talbot* ſerues me for a Sword,
For I haue loaden me with many Spoyles,
Vſing no other Weapon but his Name. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot, Bedford, and Burgundie.

Bedf. The Day begins to breake, and Night is fled,
Whoſe pitchy Mantle ouer-vayl'd the Earth.
Here ſound Retreat, and ceaſe our hot purſuit. *Retreat.*
Talb. Bring forth the Body of old *Salisbury*,
And here aduance it in the Market-Place,
The middle Centure of this curſed Towne.
Now haue I pay'd my Vow vnto his Soule:
For euery drop of blood was drawne from him,
There hath at leaſt fiue Frenchmen dyed to night.
And that hereafter Ages may behold
What ruine happened in reuenge of him,
Within their chiefeſt Temple Ile erect
A Tombe, wherein his Corps ſhall be interr'd:
Vpon the which, that euery one may reade,
Shall be engrau'd the facke of Orleance,
The trecherous manner of his mournefull death,
And what a terror he had beene to France.
But Lords, in all our bloudy Maſſacre,
I muſe we met not with the Dolphins Grace,
His new-come Champion, vertuous *Ioane* of Acre,
Nor any of his falſe Confederates.
Bedf. 'Tis thought Lord *Talbot*, when the fight began,
Rows'd on the ſudden from their drowſie Beds,
They did amongſt the troupes of armed men,
Leape o're the Walls for refuge in the field.
Burg. My ſelfe, as farre as I could well diſcerne,
For ſmoake, and duskie vapours of the night,
Am ſure I ſcar'd the Dolphin and his Trull,
When Arme in Arme they both came ſwiftly running,
Like to a payre of louing Turtle-Doues,
That could not liue aſunder day or night.
After that things are ſet in order here,
Wee'le follow them with all the power we haue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. All hayle, my Lords: which of this Princely trayne
Call ye the Warlike *Talbot*, for his Acts
So much applauded through the Realme of France?
Talb. Here is the *Talbot*, who would ſpeak with him?
Meſſ. The vertuous Lady, Counteſſe of Ouergne,
With modeſtie admiring thy Renowne,
By me entreats (great Lord) thou would'ſt vouchſafe
To viſit her poore Caſtle where ſhe lyes,
That ſhe may boaſt ſhe hath beheld the man,
Whoſe glory fills the World with lowd report.
Burg. Is it euen ſo? Nay, then I ſee our Warres
Will turne vnto a peacefull Comick ſport,
When Ladyes craue to be encountred with.
You may not (my Lord) deſpiſe her gentle ſuit.
Talb. Ne're truſt me then: for when a World of men
Could not preuayle with all their Oratorie,
Yet hath a Womans kindneſſe ouer-rul'd:
And therefore tell her, I returne great thankes,
And in ſubmiſſion will attend on her.
Will not your Honors beare me company?
Bedf. No, truly, 'tis more then manners will:
And I haue heard it ſayd, Vnbidden Gueſts
Are often welcommeſt when they are gone.
Talb. Well then, alone (ſince there's no remedie)
I meane to proue this Ladyes courteſie.
Come hither Captaine, you perceiue my minde.
Whiſpers.
Capt. I doe my Lord, and meane accordingly.
Exeunt.

Enter Counteſſe.

Count. Porter, remember what I haue in charge,
And when you haue done ſo, bring the Keyes to me.
Port. Madame, I will. *Exit.*
Count. The Plot is layd, if all things fall out right,
I ſhall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian *Tomyris* by *Cyrus* death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadfull Knight,
And his atchieuements of no leſſe account:
Faine would mine eyes be witneſſe with mine eares,
To giue their cenſure of theſe rare reports.

Enter Meſſenger and Talbot.

Meſſ. Madame, according as your Ladyſhip deſir'd,
By Meſſage crau'd, ſo is Lord *Talbot* come.
Count. And he is welcome: what? is this the man?
Meſſ. Madame, it is.
Count. Is this the Scourge of France?
Is this the *Talbot*, ſo much fear'd abroad?
That with his Name the Mothers ſtill their Babes?
I ſee Report is fabulous and falſe.

I thought I ſhould haue ſeene ſome *Hercules*,
A ſecond *Hector*, for his grim aſpect,
And large proportion of his ſtrong knit Limbes.
Alas, this is a Child, a ſilly Dwarfe:
It cannot be, this weake and writhled ſhrimpe
Should ſtrike ſuch terror to his Enemies.
Talb. Madame, I haue beene bold to trouble you:
But ſince your Ladyſhip is not at leyſure,
Ile ſort ſome other time to viſit you.
Count. What meanes he now?
Goe aske him, whither he goes?
Meſſ. Stay my Lord *Talbot*, for my Lady craues,
To know the cauſe of your abrupt departure?
Talb. Marry, for that ſhee's in a wrong beleefe,
I goe to certifie her *Talbot's* here.

Enter Porter with Keyes.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou Priſoner.
Talb. Priſoner? to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirſtie Lord:
And for that cauſe I trayn'd thee to my Houſe.
Long time thy ſhadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my Gallery thy Picture hangs:
But now the ſubſtance ſhall endure the like,
And I will chayne theſe Legges and Armes of thine,
That haſt by Tyrannie theſe many yeeres
Waſted our Countrey, ſlaine our Citizens,
And ſent our Sonnes and Husbands captiuate.
Talb. Ha, ha, ha.
Count. Laugheſt thou Wretch?
Thy mirth ſhall turne to moane.
Talb. I laugh to ſee your Ladyſhip ſo fond,
To thinke, that you haue ought but *Talbots* ſhadow,
Whereon to practiſe your ſeueritie.
Count. Why? are not thou the man?
Talb. I am indeede.
Count. Then haue I ſubſtance too.
Talb. No, no, I am but ſhadow of my ſelfe:
You are deceiu'd, my ſubſtance is not here;
For what you ſee, is but the ſmalleſt part,
And leaſt proportion of Humanitie:
I tell you Madame, were the whole Frame here,
It is of ſuch a ſpacious loftie pitch,
Your Rooſe were not ſufficient to contayn't.
Count. This is a Riddling Merchant for the nonce,
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can theſe contrarieties agree?
Talb. That will I ſhew you preſently.

Winds his Horne, Drummes ſtrike vp, a Peale of Ordenance: Enter Souldiors.

How ſay you Madame? are you now perſwaded,
That *Talbot* is but ſhadow of himſelfe?
Theſe are his ſubſtance, ſinewes, armes, and ſtrength,
With which he yoaketh your rebellious Neckes,
Razeth your Cities, and ſubuerts your Townes,
And in a moment makes them deſolate.
Count. Victorious *Talbot*, pardon my abuſe,
I finde thou art no leſſe then Fame hath bruited,
And more then may be gathered by thy ſhape.
Let my preſumption not prouoke thy wrath,
For I am ſorry, that with reuerence
I did not entertaine thee as thou art.
Talb. Be not diſmay'd, faire Lady, nor miſconſter
The minde of *Talbot*, as you did miſtake
The outward compoſition of his body.
What you haue done, hath not offended me:
Nor other ſatisfaction doe I craue,
But onely with your patience, that we may
Taſte of your Wine, and ſee what Cates you haue,
For Souldiers ſtomacks alwayes ſerue them well.
Count. With all my heart, and thinke me honored,
To feaſt ſo great a Warrior in my Houſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, Somerſet, Poole, and others.

Yorke. Great Lords and Gentlemen,
What meanes this ſilence?
Dare no man anſwer in a Caſe of Truth?
Suff. Within the Temple Hall we were too lowd,
The Garden here is more conuenient.
York. Then ſay at once, if I maintain'd the Truth:
Or elſe was wrangling *Somerſet* in th'error?
Suff. Faith I haue beene a Truant in the Law,
And neuer yet could frame my will to it,
And therefore frame the Law vnto my will.
Som. Iudge you, my Lord of Warwicke, then betweene vs.
War. Between two Hawks, which flyes the higher pitch,
Between two Dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,
Between two Blades, which beares the better temper,
Between two Horſes, which doth beare him beſt,
Between two Girles, which hath the merryeſt eye,
I haue perhaps ſome ſhallow ſpirit of Iudgement:
But in theſe nice ſharpe Quillets of the Law,
Good faith I am no wiſer then a Daw.
York. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appeares ſo naked on my ſide,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my ſide it is ſo well apparrell'd,
So cleare, ſo ſhining, and ſo euident,
That it will glimmer through a blind-mans eye.
York. Since you are tongue-ty'd, and ſo loth to ſpeake,
In dumbe ſignificants proclayme your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-borne Gentleman,
And ſtands vpon the honor of his birth,
If he ſuppoſe that I haue pleaded truth,
From off this Bryer pluck a white Roſe with me.
Som. Let him that is no Coward, nor no Flatterer,
But dare maintaine the partie of the truth,
Pluck a red Roſe from off this Thorne with me.
War. I loue no Colours: and without all colour
Of baſe inſinuating flatterie,
I pluck this white Roſe with *Plantagenet.*
Suff. I pluck this red Roſe, with young *Somerſet*,
And ſay withall, I thinke he held the right.
Vernon. Stay Lords and Gentlemen, and pluck no more
Till you conclude, that he vpon whoſe ſide
The feweſt Roſes are cropt from the Tree,
Shall yeeld the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good Maſter *Vernon*, it is well obiected:
If I haue feweſt, I ſubſcribe in ſilence.
York. And I.
Vernon. Then for the truth, and plainneſſe of the Caſe,
I pluck this pale and Maiden Bloſſome here,
Giuing my Verdict on the white Roſe ſide.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,
Leaſt bleeding, you doe paint the white Roſe red,
And fall on my ſide ſo againſt your will.
Vernon. If I, my Lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion ſhall be Surgeon to my hurt,
And keepe me on the ſide where ſtill I am.
Som. Well, well, come on, who elſe?

Lawyer. Vn-

Lawyer. Vnleſſe my Studie and my Bookes be falſe,
The argument you held, was wrong in you;
In ſigne whereof, I pluck a white Roſe too.
Yorke. Now *Somerſet*, where is your argument?
Som. Here in my Scabbard, meditating, that
Shall dye your white Roſe in a bloody red.
York. Meane time your cheeks do counterfeit our Roſes:
For pale they looke with feare, as witneſſing
The truth on our ſide.
Som. No *Plantagenet:*
'Tis not for feare, but anger, that thy cheekes
Bluſh for pure ſhame, to counterfeit our Roſes,
And yet thy tongue will not confeſſe thy error.
Yorke. Hath not thy Roſe a Canker, *Somerſet?*
Som. Hath not thy Roſe a Thorne, *Plantagenet?*
Yorke. I, ſharpe and piercing to maintaine his truth,
Whiles thy conſuming Canker eates his falſehood.
Som. Well, Ile find friends to weare my bleeding Roſes,
That ſhall maintaine what I haue ſaid is true,
Where falſe *Plantagenet* dare not be ſeene.
Yorke. Now by this Maiden Bloſſome in my hand,
I ſcorne thee and thy faſhion, peeuiſh Boy.
Suff. Turne not thy ſcornes this way, *Plantagenet.*
Yorke. Prowd *Poole*, I will, and ſcorne both him and thee.
Suff. Ile turne my part thereof into thy throat.
Som. Away, away, good *William de la Poole*,
We grace the Yeoman, by conuerſing with him.
Warw. Now by Gods will thou wrong'ſt him, *Somerſet:*
His Grandfather was *Lyonel* Duke of Clarence,
Third Sonne to the third *Edward* King of England:
Spring Creſtleſſe Yeomen from ſo deepe a Root?
Yorke. He beares him on the place's Priuiledge,
Or durſt not for his crauen heart ſay thus.
Som. By him that made me, Ile maintaine my words
On any Plot of Gound in Chriſtendome.
Was not thy Father, *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
For Treaſon executed in our late Kings dayes?
And by his Treaſon, ſtand'ſt not thou attainted,
Corrupted, and exempt from ancient Gentry?
His Treſpas yet liues guiltie in thy blood,
And till thou be reſtor'd, thou art a Yeoman.
Yorke. My Father was attached, not attainted,
Condemn'd to dye for Treaſon, but no Traytor;
And that Ile proue on better men then *Somerſet*,
Were growing time once ripened to my will.
For your partaker *Poole*, and you your ſelfe,
Ile note you in my Booke of Memorie,
To ſcourge you for this apprehenſion:
Looke to it well, and ſay you are well warn'd.
Som. Ah, thou ſhalt finde vs ready for thee ſtill:
And know vs by theſe Colours for thy Foes,
For theſe, my friends in ſpight of thee ſhall weare.
Yorke. And by my Soule, this pale and angry Roſe,
As Cognizance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for euer, and my Faction weare,
Vntill it wither with me to my Graue,
Or flouriſh to the height of my Degree.
Suff. Goe forward, and be choak'd with thy ambition:
And ſo farwell, vntill I meet thee next. *Exit.*
Som. Haue with thee *Poole:* Farwell ambitious *Richard.* *Exit.*
Yorke. How I am brau'd, and muſt perforce endure it?
Warw. This blot that they obiect againſt your Houſe,
Shall be whipt out in the next Parliament,
Call'd for the Truce of *Wincheſter* and *Glouceſter:*
And if thou be not then created *Yorke*,
I will not liue to be accounted *Warwicke.*
Meane time, in ſignall of my loue to thee,
Againſt prowd *Somerſet*, and *William Poole*,
Will I vpon thy partie weare this Roſe.
And here I prophecie: this brawle to day,
Growne to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall ſend betweene the Red-Roſe and the White,
A thouſand Soules to Death and deadly Night.
Yorke. Good Maſter *Vernon*, I am bound to you,
That you on my behalfe would pluck a Flower.
Ver. In your behalfe ſtill will I weare the ſame.
Lawyer. And ſo will I.
Yorke. Thankes gentle.
Come, let vs foure to Dinner: I dare ſay,
This Quarrell will drinke Blood another day.
Exeunt.

Enter Mortimer, brought in a Chayre, and Iaylors.

Mort. Kind Keepers of my weake decaying Age,
Let dying *Mortimer* here reſt himſelfe.
Euen like a man new haled from the Wrack,
So fare my Limbes with long Impriſonment:
And theſe gray Locks, the Purſuiuants of death,
Neſtor-like aged, in an Age of Care,
Argue the end of *Edmund Mortimer.*
Theſe Eyes, like Lampes, whoſe waſting Oyle is ſpent,
Waxe dimme, as drawing to their Exigent.
Weake Shoulders, ouer-borne with burthening Griefe,
And pyth-leſſe Armes, like to a withered Vine,
That droupes his ſappe-leſſe Branches to the ground.
Yet are theſe Feet, whoſe ſtrength-leſſe ſtay is numme,
(Vnable to ſupport this Lumpe of Clay)
Swift-winged with deſire to get a Graue,
As witting I no other comfort haue.
But tell me, Keeper, will my Nephew come?
Keeper. Richard Plantagenet, my Lord, will come:
We ſent vnto the Temple, vnto his Chamber,
And anſwer was return'd, that he will come.
Mort. Enough: my Soule ſhall then be ſatisfied.
Poore Gentleman, his wrong doth equall mine.
Since *Henry Monmouth* firſt began to reigne,
Before whoſe Glory I was great in Armes,
This loathſome ſequeſtration haue I had;
And euen ſince then, hath *Richard* beene obſcur'd,
Depriu'd of Honor and Inheritance.
But now, the Arbitrator of Deſpaires,
Iuſt Death, kinde Vmpire of mens miſeries,
With ſweet enlargement doth diſmiſſe me hence:
I would his troubles likewiſe were expir'd,
That ſo he might recouer what was loſt.

Enter Richard.

Keeper. My Lord, your louing Nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Rich. I, Noble Vncle, thus ignobly vs'd,
Your Nephew, late deſpiſed *Richard*, comes.
Mort. Direct mine Armes, I may embrace his Neck,
And in his Boſome ſpend my latter gaſpe.
Oh tell me when my Lippes doe touch his Cheekes,
That I may kindly giue one fainting Kiſſe.
And now declare ſweet Stem from *Yorkes* great Stock,
Why didſt thou ſay of late thou wert deſpis'd?
Rich. Firſt

Rich. Firſt, leane thine aged Back againſt mine Arme,
And in that eaſe, Ile tell thee my Diſeaſe.
This day in argument vpon a Caſe,
Some words there grew 'twixt *Somerſet* and me:
Among which tearmes, he vs'd his lauiſh tongue,
And did vpbrayd me with my Fathers death;
Which obloquie ſet barres before my tongue,
Elſe with the like I had requited him.
Therefore good Vnckle, for my Fathers ſake,
In honor of a true *Plantagenet*,
And for Alliance ſake, declare the cauſe
My Father, Earle of Cambridge, loſt his Head.
Mort. That cauſe (faire Nephew) that impriſon'd me,
And hath detayn'd me all my flowring Youth,
Within a loathſome Dungeon, there to pyne,
Was curſed Inſtrument of his deceaſe.
Rich. Diſcouer more at large what cauſe that was,
For I am ignorant, and cannot gueſſe.
Mort. I will, if that my fading breath permit,
And Death approach not, ere my Tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, Grandfather to this King,
Depos'd his Nephew *Richard*, *Edwards* Sonne,
The firſt begotten, and the lawfull Heire
Of *Edward* King, the Third of that Deſcent.
During whoſe Reigne, the *Percies* of the North,
Finding his Vſurpation moſt vniuſt,
Endeuour'd my aduancement to the Throne.
The reaſon mou'd theſe Warlike Lords to this,
Was, for that (young *Richard* thus remou'd,
Leauing no Heire begotten of his Body)
I was the next by Birth and Parentage:
For by my Mother, I deriued am
From *Lionel* Duke of Clarence, third Sonne
To King *Edward* the Third; whereas hee,
From *Iohn* of Gaunt doth bring his Pedigree,
Being but fourth of that Heroick Lyne.
But marke: as in this haughtie great attempt,
They laboured, to plant the rightfull Heire,
I loſt my Libertie, and they their Liues.
Long after this, when *Henry* the Fift
(Succeeding his Father *Bullingbrooke*) did reigne;
Thy Father, Earle of Cambridge, then deriu'd
From famous *Edmund Langley*, Duke of Yorke,
Marrying my Siſter, that thy Mother was;
Againe, in pitty of my hard diſtreſſe,
Leuied an Army, weening to redeeme,
And haue inſtall'd me in the Diademe:
But as the reſt, ſo fell that Noble Earle,
And was beheaded. Thus the *Mortimers*,
In whom the Title reſted, were ſuppreſt.
Rich. Of which, my Lord, your Honor is the laſt.
Mort. True; and thou ſeeſt, that I no Iſſue haue,
And that my fainting words doe warrant death:
Thou art my Heire; the reſt, I wiſh thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy ſtudious care.
Rich. Thy graue admoniſhments preuayle with me:
But yet me thinkes, my Fathers execution
Was nothing leſſe then bloody Tyranny.
Mort. With ſilence, Nephew, be thou pollitick,
Strong fixed is the Houſe of *Lancaſter*,
And like a Mountaine, not to be remou'd.
But now thy Vnckle is remouing hence,
As Princes doe their Courts, when they are cloy'd
With long continuance in a ſetled place.
Rich. O Vnckle, would ſome part of my young yeeres
Might but redeeme the paſſage of your Age.
Mort. Thou do'ſt then wrong me, as ỹ ſlaughterer doth,
Which giueth many Wounds, when one will kill.
Mourne not, except thou ſorrow for my good,
Onely giue order for my Funerall.
And ſo farewell, and faire be all thy hopes,
And proſperous be thy Life in Peace and Warre. *Dyes.*
Rich. And Peace, no Warre, befall thy parting Soule.
In Priſon haſt thou ſpent a Pilgrimage,
And like a Hermite ouer-paſt thy dayes.
Well, I will locke his Councell in my Breſt,
And what I doe imagine, let that reſt.
Keepers conuey him hence, and I my ſelfe
Will ſee his Buryall better then his Life. *Exit.*
Here dyes the duskie Torch of *Mortimer*,
Choakt with Ambition of the meaner ſort.
And for thoſe Wrongs, thoſe bitter Iniuries,
Which *Somerſet* hath offer'd to my Houſe,
I doubt not, but with Honor to redreſſe.
And therefore haſte I to the Parliament,
Eyther to be reſtored to my Blood,
Or make my will th'aduantage of my good. *Exit.*

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Exeter, Gloſter, Winchеſter, Warwick, Somerſet, Suffolk, Richard Plantagenet. Gloſter offers to put vp a Bill: Winchеſter ſnatches it, teares it.

Winch. Com'ſt thou with deepe premeditated Lines?
With written Pamphlets, ſtudiouſly deuis'd?
Humfrey of Gloſter, if thou canſt accuſe,
Or ought intend'ſt to lay vnto my charge,
Doe it without inuention, ſuddenly,
As I with ſudden, and extemporall ſpeech,
Purpoſe to anſwer what thou canſt obiect.
Glo. Preſumptuous Prieſt, this place cõmands my patiẽce,
Or thou ſhould'ſt finde thou haſt dis-honor'd me.
Thinke not, although in Writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outragious Crymes,
That therefore I haue forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearſe the Methode of my Penne.
No Prelate, ſuch is thy audacious wickedneſſe,
Thy lewd, peſtiferous, and diſſentious prancks,
As very Infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a moſt pernitious Vſurer,
Froward by nature, Enemie to Peace,
Laſciuious, wanton, more then well beſeemes
A man of thy Profeſſion, and Degree.
And for thy Trecherie, what's more manifeſt?
In that thou layd'ſt a Trap to take my Life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beſide, I feare me, if thy thoughts were ſifted,
The King, thy Soueraigne, is not quite exempt
From enuious mallice of thy ſwelling heart.
Winch. Gloſter, I doe defie thee. Lords vouchſafe
To giue me hearing what I ſhall reply.
If I were couetous, ambitious, or peruerſe,
As he will haue me: how am I ſo poore?
Or how haps it, I ſeeke not to aduance
Or rayſe my ſelfe? but keepe my wonted Calling.
And for Diſſention, who preferreth Peace
More then I doe? except I be prouok'd.
No, my good Lords, it is not that offends,
It is not that, that hath incens'd the Duke:
It is becauſe no one ſhould ſway but hee,
No one, but hee, ſhould be about the King;
And that engenders Thunder in his breaſt,

And makes him rore thefe Accuſations forth.
But he ſhall know I am as good.
Glost. As good?
Thou Baſtard of my Grandfather
Winch. I, Lordly Sir: for what are you, I pray,
But one imperious in anothers Throne?
Gloſt. Am I not Protector, fawcie Prieſt?
Winch. And am not I a Prelate of the Church?
Glost. Yes, as an Out-law in a Caſtle keepes,
And vſeth it, to patronage his Theft.
Winch. Vnreuerent *Gloceſter*.
Gloſt. Thou art reuerent,
Touching thy Spirituall Function, not thy Life.
Winch. Rome ſhall remedie this.
Warw. Roame thither then.
My Lord, it were your dutie to forbeare.
Som. I, ſee the Biſhop be not ouer-borne:
Me thinkes my Lord ſhould be Religious,
And know the Office that belongs to ſuch.
Warw. Me thinkes his Lordſhip ſhould be humbler,
It fitteth not a Prelate ſo to plead.
Som. Yes, when his holy State is toucht ſo neere.
Warw. State holy, or vnhallow'd, what of that?
Is not his Grace Protector to the King?
Rich. Plantagenet I ſee muſt hold his tongue,
Leaſt it be ſaid, Speake Sirrha when you ſhould:
Muſt your bold Verdict enter talke with Lords?
Elſe would I haue a fling at *Wincheſter*.
King. Vnckles of *Gloſter*, and of *Wincheſter*,
The ſpeciall Watch-men of our Engliſh Weale,
I would preuayle, if Prayers might preuayle,
To ioyne your hearts in loue and amitie.
Oh, what a Scandall is it to our Crowne,
That two ſuch Noble Peeres as ye ſhould iarre?
Beleeue me, Lords, my tender yeeres can tell,
Ciuill diſſention is a viperous Worme,
That gnawes the Bowels of the Common-wealth.
A noyſe within, Downe with the Tawny-Coats.
King. What tumult's this?
Warw. An Vprore, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the Biſhops men.
A noyſe againe, Stones, Stones.

Enter Maior.

Maior. Oh my good Lords, and vertuous *Henry*,
Pitty the Citie of London, pitty vs:
The Biſhop, and the Duke of Gloſters men,
Forbidden late to carry any Weapon,
Haue fill'd their Pockets full of peeble ſtones;
And banding themſelues in contrary parts,
Doe pelt ſo faſt at one anothers Pate,
That many haue their giddy braynes knockt out:
Our Windowes are broke downe in euery Street,
And we, for feare, compell'd to ſhut our Shops.

Enter in skirmiſh with bloody Pates.

King. We charge you, on allegeance to our ſelfe,
To hold your ſlaughtring hands, and keepe the Peace:
Pray Vnckle *Gloſter* mittigate this ſtrife.
1.*Seruing.* Nay, if we be forbidden Stones, wee'le fall to it with our Teeth.
2.*Seruing.* Doe what ye dare, we are as reſolute.
Skirmiſh againe.
Gloſt. You of my houſehold, leaue this peeuiſh broyle,
And ſet this vnaccuſtom'd fight aſide.
3.*Seru.* My Lord, we know your Grace to be a man
Iuſt, and vpright; and for your Royall Birth,
Inferior to none, but to his Maieſtie:
And ere that we will ſuffer ſuch a Prince,
So kinde a Father of the Common-weale,
To be diſgraced by an Inke-horne Mate,
Wee and our Wiues and Children all will fight,
And haue our bodyes ſlaughtred by thy foes.
1.*Seru.* I, and the very parings of our Nayles
Shall pitch a Field when we are dead.
Begin againe.
Gloſt. Stay, ſtay, I ſay:
And if you loue me, as you ſay you doe,
Let me perſwade you to forbeare a while.
King. Oh, how this diſcord doth afflict my Soule.
Can you, my Lord of Wincheſter, behold
My ſighes and teares, and will not once relent?
Who ſhould be pittifull, if you be not?
Or who ſhould ſtudy to preferre a Peace,
If holy Church-men take delight in broyles?
Warw. Yeeld my Lord Protector, yeeld *Wincheſter*,
Except you meane with obſtinate repulſe
To ſlay your Soueraigne, and deſtroy the Realme.
You ſee what Miſchiefe, and what Murther too,
Hath beene enacted through your enmitie:
Then be at peace except ye thirſt for blood.
Winch. He ſhall ſubmit, or I will neuer yeeld.
Gloſt. Compaſſion on the King commands me ſtoupe,
Or I would ſee his heart out, ere the Prieſt
Should euer get that priuiledge of me.
Warw. Behold my Lord of Wincheſter, the Duke
Hath baniſht moodie diſcontented fury,
As by his ſmoothed Browes it doth appeare:
Why looke you ſtill ſo ſterne, and tragicall?
Gloſt. Here *Wincheſter*, I offer thee my Hand.
King. Fie Vnckle *Beauford*, I haue heard you preach,
That Mallice was a great and grieuous ſinne:
And will not you maintaine the thing you teach?
But proue a chiefe offendor in the ſame.
Warw. Sweet King: the Biſhop hath a kindly gyrd:
For ſhame my Lord of Wincheſter relent;
What, ſhall a Child inſtruct you what to doe?
Winch. Well, Duke of Gloſter, I will yeeld to thee
Loue for thy Loue, and Hand for Hand I giue.
Gloſt. I, but I feare me with a hollow Heart.
See here my Friends and louing Countreymen,
This token ſerueth for a Flagge of Truce,
Betwixt our ſelues, and all our followers:
So helpe me God, as I diſſemble not.
Winch. So helpe me God, as I intend it not.
King. Oh louing Vnckle, kinde Duke of Gloſter,
How ioyfull am I made by this Contract.
Away my Maſters, trouble vs no more,
But ioyne in friendſhip, as your Lords haue done.
1. *Seru.* Content, Ile to the Surgeons.
2. *Seru.* And ſo will I.
3. *Seru.* And I will ſee what Phyſick the Tauerne affords. *Exeunt.*
Warw. Accept this Scrowle, moſt gracious Soueraigne,
Which in the Right of *Richard Plantagenet*,
We doe exhibite to your Maieſtie.
Glo. Well vrg'd, my Lord of Warwick: for ſweet Prince,
And if your Grace marke euery circumſtance,
You haue great reaſon to doe *Richard* right,
Eſpecially for thoſe occaſions
At Eltam Place I told your Maieſtie.
King. And

King. And thoſe occaſions, Vncle, were of force:
Therefore my louing Lords, our pleaſure is,
That *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood.
Warw. Let *Richard* be reſtored to his Blood,
So ſhall his Fathers wrongs be recompenc't.
Winch. As will the reſt, ſo willeth *Winchester.*
King. If *Richard* will be true, not that all alone,
But all the whole Inheritance I giue,
That doth belong vnto the Houſe of *Yorke,*
From whence you ſpring, by Lineall Deſcent.
Rich. Thy humble ſeruant vowes obedience,
And humble ſeruice, till the point of death.
King. Stoope then, and ſet your Knee againſt my Foot,
And in reguerdon of that dutie done,
I gyrt thee with the valiant Sword of *Yorke:*
Riſe *Richard,* like a true *Plantagenet,*
And rife created Princely Duke of *Yorke.*
Rich. And ſo thriue *Richard,* as thy foes may fall,
And as my dutie ſprings, ſo periſh they,
That grudge one thought againſt your Maieſty.
All. Welcome high Prince, the mighty Duke of *Yorke.*
Som. Periſh baſe Prince, ignoble Duke of *Yorke.*
Gloſt. Now will it beſt auaile your Maieſtie,
To croſſe the Seas, and to be Crown'd in France:
The preſence of a King engenders loue
Amongſt his Subiects, and his loyall Friends,
As it diſ-animates his Enemies.
King. When *Gloſter* ſayes the word, King *Henry* goes,
For friendly counſaile cuts off many Foes.
Gloſt. Your Ships alreadie are in readineſſe.
Senet. Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Manet Exeter.

Exet. I, we may march in England, or in France,
Not feeing what is likely to enſue:
This late diſſention growne betwixt the Peeres,
Burnes vnder fained aſhes of forg'd loue,
And will at laſt breake out into a flame,
As feſtred members rot but by degree,
Till bones and fleſh and ſinewes fall away,
So will this baſe and enuious diſcord breed.
And now I feare that fatall Prophecie,
Which in the time of *Henry,* nam'd the Fift,
Was in the mouth of euery ſucking Babe,
That *Henry* borne at Monmouth ſhould winne all,
And *Henry* borne at Windſor, looſe all:
Which is ſo plaine, that *Exeter* doth wiſh,
His dayes may finiſh, ere that hapleſſe time. *Exit.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Pucell diſguis'd, with foure Souldiors with Sacks vpon their backs.

Pucell. Theſe are the Citie Gates, the Gates of Roan,
Through which our Pollicy muſt make a breach.
Take heed, be wary how you place your words,
Talke like the vulgar ſort of Market men,
That come to gather Money for their Corne.
If we haue entrance, as I hope we ſhall,
And that we finde the ſlouthfull Watch but weake,
Ile by a ſigne giue notice to our friends,
That *Charles* the Dolphin may encounter them.

Souldier. Our Sacks ſhall be a meane to ſack the City,
And we be Lords and Rulers ouer Roan,
Therefore wee'le knock. *Knock.*
Watch. Che la.
Pucell. Peaſauns la pouure gens de Fraunce,
Poore Market folkes that come to ſell their Corne.
Watch. Enter, goe in, the Market Bell is rung.
Pucell. Now Roan, Ile ſhake thy Bulwarkes to the ground. *Exeunt.*

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon.

Charles. Saint *Dennis* bleſſe this happy Stratageme,
And once againe wee'le ſleepe ſecure in Roan.
Baſtard. Here entred *Pucell,* and her Practiſants:
Now ſhe is there, how will ſhe ſpecifie?
Here is the beſt and ſafeſt paſſage in.
Reig. By thruſting out a Torch from yonder Tower,
Which once diſcern'd, ſhewes that her meaning is,
No way to that (for weakneſſe) which ſhe entred.

Enter Pucell on the top, thruſting out a Torch burning.

Pucell. Behold, this is the happy Wedding Torch,
That ioyneth Roan vnto her Countreymen,
But burning fatall to the *Talbonites.*
Baſtard. See Noble *Charles* the Beacon of our friend,
The burning Torch in yonder Turret ſtands.
Charles. Now ſhine it like a Commet of Reuenge,
A Prophet to the fall of all our Foes.
Reig. Deferre no time, delayes haue dangerous ends,
Enter and cry, the Dolphin, prefently,
And then doe execution on the Watch. *Alarum.*

An Alarum. Talbot in an Excurſion.

Talb. France, thou ſhalt rue this Treaſon with thy teares,
If *Talbot* but ſuruiue thy Trecherie.
Pucell that Witch, that damned Sorcereſſe,
Hath wrought this Helliſh Miſchiefe vnawares,
That hardly we eſcap't the Pride of France. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excurſions. Bedford brought in ſicke in a Chayre.

Enter Talbot and Burgonie without: within, Pucell, Charles, Baſtard, and Reigneir on the Walls.

Pucell. God morrow Gallants, want ye Corn for Bread?
I thinke the Duke of Burgonie will faſt,
Before hee'le buy againe at ſuch a rate.
'Twas full of Darnell: doe you like the taſte?
Burg. Scoffe on vile Fiend, and ſhameleſſe Curtizan,
I truſt ere long to choake thee with thine owne,
And make thee curſe the Harueſt of that Corne.
Charles. Your Grace may ſtarue (perhaps) before that time.
Bedf. Oh let no words, but deedes, reuenge this Treaſon.
Pucell. What will you doe, good gray-beard?
Breake a Launce, and runne a-Tilt at Death,
Within a Chayre.
Talb. Foule Fiend of France, and Hag of all deſpight,
Incompaſs'd with thy luſtfull Paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant Age,
And twit with Cowardiſe a man halfe dead?
Damfell, Ile haue a bowt with you againe,
Or elſe let *Talbot* periſh with this ſhame.
Pucell. Are ye ſo hot, Sir: yet *Pucell* hold thy peace,
If *Talbot* doe but Thunder, Raine will follow.

They whiſper together in counſell.

God ſpeed the Parliament: who ſhall be the Speaker?
Talb. Dare

Talb. Dare yee come forth, and meet vs in the field?
Pucell. Belike your Lordſhip takes vs then for fooles,
To try if that our owne be ours, or no.
Talb. I ſpeake not to that rayling *Hecate*,
But vnto thee *Alanſon*, and the reſt.
Will ye, like Souldiors, come and fight it out?
Alanſ. Seignior no.
Talb. Seignior hang: baſe Muleters of France,
Like Peſant foot-Boyes doe they keepe the Walls,
And dare not take vp Armes, like Gentlemen.
Pucell. Away Captaines, let's get vs from the Walls,
For *Talbot* meanes no goodneſſe by his Lookes.
God b'uy my Lord, we came but to tell you
That wee are here. *Exeunt from the Walls.*
Talb. And there will we be too, ere it be long,
Or elſe reproach be *Talbots* greateſt fame.
Vow *Burgonie*, by honor of thy Houſe,
Prickt on by publike Wrongs ſuſtain'd in France,
Either to get the Towne againe, or dye.
And I, as ſure as Engliſh *Henry* liues,
And as his Father here was Conqueror;
As ſure as in this late betrayed Towne,
Great *Cordelions* Heart was buryed;
So ſure I ſweare, to get the Towne, or dye.
Burg. My Vowes are equall partners with thy Vowes.
Talb. But ere we goe, regard this dying Prince,
The valiant Duke of Bedford: Come my Lord,
We will beſtow you in ſome better place,
Fitter for ſickneſſe, and for craſie age.
Bedf. Lord *Talbot*, doe not ſo diſhonour me:
Here will I ſit, before the Walls of Roan,
And will be partner of your weale or woe.
Burg. Couragious *Bedford*, let vs now perſwade you.
Bedf. Not to be gone from hence: for once I read,
That ſtout *Pendragon*, in his Litter ſick,
Came to the field, and vanquiſhed his foes.
Me thinkes I ſhould reuiue the Souldiors hearts,
Becauſe I euer found them as my ſelfe.
Talb. Vndaunted ſpirit in a dying breaſt,
Then be it ſo: Heauens keepe old *Bedford* ſafe.
And now no more adoe, braue *Burgonie*,
But gather we our Forces out of hand,
And ſet vpon our boaſting Enemie. *Exit.*

An Alarum: Excurſions. Enter Sir Iohn Falſtaffe, and a Captaine.

Capt. Whither away Sir *Iohn Falſtaffe*, in ſuch haſte?
Falſt. Whither away? to ſaue my ſelfe by flight,
We are like to haue the ouerthrow againe.
Capt. What? will you flye, and leaue Lord *Talbot*?
Falſt. I, all the *Talbots* in the World, to ſaue my life.
Exit.
Capt. Cowardly Knight, ill fortune follow thee.
Exit.

Retreat. Excurſions. Pucell, Alanſon, and Charles flye.

Bedf. Now quiet Soule, depart when Heauen pleaſe,
For I haue ſeene our Enemies ouerthrow.
What is the truſt or ſtrength of fooliſh man?
They that of late were daring with their ſcoffes,
Are glad and faine by flight to ſaue themſelues.
Bedford dyes, and is carryed in by two in his Chaire.

An Alarum. Enter Talbot, Burgonie, and the reſt.

Talb. Loſt, and recouered in a day againe,
This is a double Honor, *Burgonie*:
Yet Heauens haue glory for this Victorie.
Burg. Warlike and Martiall *Talbot*, *Burgonie*
Inſhrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble Deeds, as Valors Monuments.
Talb. Thanks gentle Duke: but where is *Pucel* now?
I thinke her old Familiar is aſleepe.
Now where's the Baſtards braues, and *Charles* his glikes?
What all amort? Roan hangs her head for griefe,
That ſuch a valiant Company are fled.
Now will we take ſome order in the Towne,
Placing therein ſome expert Officers,
And then depart to Paris, to the King,
For there young *Henry* with his Nobles lye.
Burg. What wills Lord *Talbot*, pleaſeth *Burgonie*.
Talb. But yet before we goe, let's not forget
The Noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But fee his Exequies fulfill'd in Roan.
A brauer Souldier neuer couched Launce,
A gentler Heart did neuer ſway in Court.
But Kings and mightieſt Potentates muſt die,
For that's the end of humane miſerie. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Baſtard, Alanſon, Pucell.

Pucell. Diſmay not (Princes) at this accident,
Nor grieue that Roan is ſo recouered:
Care is no cure, but rather corroſiue,
For things that are not to be remedy'd.
Let frantike *Talbot* triumph for a while,
And like a Peacock ſweepe along his tayle,
Wee'le pull his Plumes, and take away his Trayne,
If Dolphin and the reſt will be but rul'd.
Charles. We haue been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy Cunning had no diffidence,
One ſudden Foyle ſhall neuer breed diſtruſt.
Baſtard. Search out thy wit for ſecret pollicies,
And we will make thee famous through the World.
Alanſ. Wee'le ſet thy Statue in ſome holy place,
And haue thee reuerenc't like a bleſſed Saint.
Employ thee then, ſweet Virgin, for our good.
Pucell. Then thus it muſt be, this doth *Ioane* deuiſe:
By faire perſwaſions, mixt with ſugred words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgonie
To leaue the *Talbot*, and to follow vs.
Charles. I marry Sweeting, if we could doe that,
France were no place for *Henryes* Warriors,
Nor ſhould that Nation boaſt it ſo with vs,
But be extirped from our Prouinces.
Alanſ. For euer ſhould they be expuls'd from France,
And not haue Title of an Earledome here.
Pucell. Your Honors ſhall perceiue how I will worke,
To bring this matter to the wiſhed end.
Drumme ſounds a farre off.
Hearke, by the ſound of Drumme you may perceiue
Their Powers are marching vnto Paris-ward.
Here ſound an Engliſh March.
There goes the *Talbot*, with his Colours ſpred,
And all the Troupes of Engliſh after him.

French

French March.

Now in the Rereward comes the Duke and his:
Fortune in fauor makes him lagge behinde.
Summon a Parley, we will talke with him.

Trumpets ſound a Parley.

Charles. A Parley with the Duke of Burgonie.

Burg. Who craues a Parley with the Burgonie?

Pucell. The Princely *Charles* of France, thy Countrey-man.

Burg. What ſay'ſt thou *Charles?* for I am marching hence.

Charles. Speake *Pucell*, and enchaunt him with thy words.

Pucell. Braue *Burgonie*, vndoubted hope of France,
Stay, let thy humble Hand-maid ſpeake to thee.

Burg. Speake on, but be not ouer-tedious.

Pucell. Looke on thy Country, look on fertile France,
And ſee the Cities and the Townes defac't,
By waſting Ruine of the cruell Foe,
As lookes the Mother on her lowly Babe,
When Death doth cloſe his tender-dying Eyes.
See, ſee the pining Maladie of France:
Behold the Wounds, the moſt vnnaturall Wounds,
Which thou thy ſelfe haſt giuen her wofull Breſt.
Oh turne thy edged Sword another way,
Strike thoſe that hurt, and hurt not thoſe that helpe:
One drop of Blood drawne from thy Countries Boſome,
Should grieue thee more then ſtreames of forraine gore.
Returne thee therefore with a flood of Teares,
And waſh away thy Countries ſtayned Spots.

Burg. Either ſhe hath bewitcht me with her words,
Or Nature makes me ſuddenly relent.

Pucell. Beſides, all French and France exclaimes on thee,
Doubting thy Birth and lawfull Progenie.
Who ioyn'ſt thou with, but with a Lordly Nation,
That will not truſt thee, but for profits ſake?
When *Talbot* hath ſet footing once in France,
And faſhion'd thee that Inſtrument of Ill,
Who then, but Engliſh *Henry*, will be Lord,
And thou be thruſt out, like a Fugitiue?
Call we to minde, and marke but this for proofe:
Was not the Duke of Orleance thy Foe?
And was he not in England Priſoner?
But when they heard he was thine Enemie,
They ſet him free, without his Ranſome pay'd,
In ſpight of *Burgonie* and all his friends.
See then, thou fight'ſt againſt thy Countreymen,
And ioyn'ſt with them will be thy ſlaughter-men.
Come, come, returne; returne thou wandering Lord,
Charles and the reſt will take thee in their armes.

Burg. I am vanquiſhed:
Theſe haughtie wordes of hers
Haue batt'red me like roaring Cannon-ſhot,
And made me almoſt yeeld vpon my knees.
Forgiue me Countrey, and ſweet Countreymen:
And Lords accept this heartie kind embrace.
My Forces and my Power of Men are yours.
So farwell *Talbot*, Ile no longer truſt thee.

Pucell. Done like a Frenchman: turne and turne a-gaine.

Charles. Welcome braue Duke, thy friendſhip makes vs freſh.

Baſtard. And doth beget new Courage in our Breaſts.

Alanſ. *Pucell* hath brauely play'd her part in this,
And doth deſerue a Coronet of Gold.

Charles. Now let vs on, my Lords,
And ioyne our Powers,
And ſeeke how we may preiudice the Foe. *Exeunt.*

Scœna Quarta.

Enter the King, Glouceſter, Wincheſter, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Exeter: To them, with his Souldiors, Talbot.

Talb. My gracious Prince, and honorable Peeres,
Hearing of your arriuall in this Realme,
I haue a while giuen Truce vnto my Warres,
To doe my dutie to my Soueraigne.
In ſigne whereof, this Arme, that hath reclaym'd
To your obedience, fiftie Fortreſſes,
Twelue Cities, and ſeuen walled Townes of ſtrength,
Beſide fiue hundred Priſoners of eſteeme;
Lets fall his Sword before your Highneſſe feet:
And with ſubmiſſiue loyaltie of heart
Aſcribes the Glory of his Conqueſt got,
Firſt to my God, and next vnto your Grace.

King. Is this the Lord *Talbot*, Vncle *Glouceſter*,
That hath ſo long beene reſident in France?

Glost. Yes, if it pleaſe your Maieſtie, my Liege.

King. Welcome braue Captaine, and victorious Lord.
When I was young (as yet I am not old)
I doe remember how my Father ſaid,
A ſtouter Champion neuer handled Sword.
Long ſince we were reſolued of your truth,
Your faithfull ſeruice, and your toyle in Warre:
Yet neuer haue you taſted our Reward,
Or beene reguerdon'd with ſo much as Thanks,
Becauſe till now, we neuer ſaw your face.
Therefore ſtand vp, and for theſe good deſerts,
We here create you Earle of Shrewsbury,
And in our Coronation take your place.

Sonet. *Flouriſh.* *Exeunt.*

Manet Vernon and Baſſet.

Vern. Now Sir, to you that were ſo hot at Sea,
Diſgracing of theſe Colours that I weare,
In honor of my Noble Lord of Yorke,
Dar'ſt thou maintaine the former words thou ſpak'ſt?

Baſſ. Yes Sir, as well as you dare patronage
The enuious barking of your ſawcie Tongue,
Againſt my Lord the Duke of Somerſet.

Vern. Sirrha, thy Lord I honour as he is.

Baſſ. Why, what is he? as good a man as *Yorke*.

Vern. Hearke ye: not ſo: in witneſſe take ye that.

Strikes him.

Baſſ. Villaine, thou knoweſt
The Law of Armes is ſuch,
That who ſo drawes a Sword, 'tis preſent death,
Or elſe this Blow ſhould broach thy deareſt Bloud.
But Ile vnto his Maieſtie, and craue,
I may haue libertie to venge this Wrong,
When thou ſhalt ſee, Ile meet thee to thy coſt.

Vern. Well miſcreant, Ile be there as ſoone as you,
And after meete you, ſooner then you would.

Exeunt.

Enter

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter King, Gloceſter, Wincheſter, Yorke, Suffolke, Somerſet, Warwicke, Talbot, and Gouernor Exeter.

Glo. Lord Biſhop ſet the Crowne vpon his head.

Win. God ſaue King *Henry* of that name the ſixt.

Glo. Now Gouernour of Paris take your oath,
That you elect no other King but him;
Eſteeme none Friends, but ſuch as are his Friends,
And none your Foes, but ſuch as ſhall pretend
Malicious practiſes againſt his State:
This ſhall ye do, ſo helpe you righteous God.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Fal. My gracious Soueraigne, as I rode from Calice,
To haſte vnto your Coronation:
A Letter was deliuer'd to my hands,
Writ to your Grace, from th'Duke of Burgundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and thee:
I vow'd (baſe Knight) when I did meete the next,
To teare the Garter from thy Crauens legge,
Which I haue done, becauſe (vnworthily)
Thou was't inſtalled in that High Degree.
Pardon me Princely *Henry*, and the reſt:
This Daſtard, at the battell of *Poictiers*,
When (but in all) I was ſixe thouſand ſtrong,
And that the French were almoſt ten to one,
Before we met, or that a ſtroke was giuen,
Like to a truſtie Squire, did run away.
In which aſſault, we loſt twelue hundred men.
My ſelfe, and diuers Gentlemen beſide,
Were there ſurpriz'd, and taken priſoners.
Then iudge (great Lords) if I haue done amiſſe:
Or whether that ſuch Cowards ought to weare
This Ornament of Knighthood, yea or no?

Glo. To ſay the truth, this fact was infamous,
And ill beſeeming any common man;
Much more a Knight, a Captaine, and a Leader.

Tal. When firſt this Order was ordain'd my Lords,
Knights of the Garter were of Noble birth;
Valiant, and Vertuous, full of haughtie Courage,
Such as were growne to credit by the warres:
Not fearing Death, nor ſhrinking for Diſtreſſe,
But alwayes reſolute, in moſt extreames.
He then, that is not furniſh'd in this ſort,
Doth but vſurpe the Sacred name of Knight,
Prophaning this moſt Honourable Order,
And ſhould (if I were worthy to be Iudge)
Be quite degraded, like a Hedge-borne Swaine,
That doth preſume to boaſt of Gentle blood.

K. Staine to thy Countrymen, thou hear'ſt thy doom:
Be packing therefore, thou that was't a knight:
Henceforth we baniſh thee on paine of death.
And now Lord Protector, view the Letter
Sent from our Vnckle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What meanes his Grace, that he hath chaung'd his Stile?
No more but plaine and bluntly? (*To the King.*)
Hath he forgot he is his Soueraigne?
Or doth this churliſh Superſcription
Pretend ſome alteration in good will?
What's heere? *I haue vpon eſpeciall cauſe,*
Mou'd with compaſſion of my Countries wracke,
Together with the pittifull complaints
Of ſuch as your oppreſſion feedes vpon,
Forſaken your pernitious Faction,
And ioyn'd with Charles, the rightfull king of France.
O monſtrous Treachery: Can this be ſo?
That in alliance, amity, and oathes,
There ſhould be found ſuch falſe diſſembling guile?

King. What? doth my Vnckle Burgundy reuolt?

Glo. He doth my Lord, and is become your foe.

King. Is that the worſt this Letter doth containe?

Glo. It is the worſt, and all (my Lord) he writes.

King. Why then Lord *Talbot* there ſhal talk with him,
And giue him chaſticement for this abuſe.
How ſay you (my Lord) are you not content?

Tal. Content, my Liege? Yes: But ỹ I am preuented,
I ſhould haue begg'd I might haue bene employd.

King. Then gather ſtrength, and march vnto him ſtraight:
Let him perceiue how ill we brooke his Treaſon,
And what offence it is to flout his Friends.

Tal. I go my Lord, in heart deſiring ſtill
You may behold confuſion of your foes.

Enter Vernon and Baſſit.

Ver. Grant me the Combate, gracious Soueraigne.

Baſ. And me (my Lord) grant me the Combate too.

Yorke. This is my Seruant, heare him Noble Prince.

Som. And this is mine (ſweet *Henry*) fauour him.

King. Be patient Lords, and giue them leaue to ſpeak.
Say Gentlemen, what makes you thus exclaime,
And wherefore craue you Combate? Or with whom?

Ver. With him (my Lord) for he hath done me wrong.

Baſ. And I with him, for he hath done me wrong.

King. What is that wrong, wherof you both complain
Firſt let me know, and then Ile anſwer you.

Baſ. Croſſing the Sea, from England into France,
This Fellow beere with enuious carping tongue,
Vpbraided me about the Roſe I weare,
Saying, the ſanguine colour of the Leaues
Did repreſent my Maſters bluſhing cheekes:
When ſtubbornly he did repugne the truth,
About a certaine queſtion in the Law,
Argu'd betwixt the Duke of Yorke, and him.
With other vile and ignominious tearmes.
In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my Lords worthineſſe,
I craue the benefit of Law of Armes.

Ver. And that is my petition (Noble Lord:)
For though he ſeeme with forged queint conceite
To ſet a gloſſe vpon his bold intent,
Yet know (my Lord) I was prouok'd by him,
And he firſt tooke exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing that the paleneſſe of this Flower,
Bewray'd the faintneſſe of my Maſters heart.

Yorke. Will not this malice Somerſet be left?

Som. Your priuate grudge my Lord of York, wil out,
Though ne're ſo cunningly you ſmother it.

King. Good Lord, what madneſſe rules in braine-ſicke men,
When for ſo ſlight and friuolous a cauſe,
Such factious æmulations ſhall ariſe?
Good Coſins both of Yorke and Somerſet,
Quiet your ſelues (I pray) and be at peace.

Yorke. Let this diſſention firſt be tried by fight,
And then your Highneſſe ſhall command a Peace.

Som. The quarrell toucheth none but vs alone,
Betwixt our ſelues let vs decide it then.

Yorke. There is my pledge, accept it Somerſet.

Ver. Nay, let it reſt where it began at firſt.

Baſſ.

Baſſ. Confirme it ſo, mine honourable Lord.
Glo. Confirme it ſo? Confounded be your ſtrife,
And periſh ye with your audacious prate,
Preſumptuous vaſſals, are you not aſham'd
With this immodeſt clamorous outrage,
To trouble and diſturbe the King, and Vs?
And you my Lords, me thinkes you do not well
To beare with their peruerſe Obiections:
Much leſſe to take occaſion from their mouthes,
To raiſe a mutiny betwixt your ſelues.
Let me perſwade you take a better courſe.
Exet. It greeues his Highneſſe,
Good my Lords, be Friends.
King. Come hither you that would be Combatants:
Henceforth I charge you, as you loue our ſauour,
Quite to forget this Quarrell, and the cauſe.
And you my Lords: Remember where we are,
In France, amongſt a fickle wauering Nation:
If they perceyue diſſention in our lookes,
And that within our ſelues we diſagree;
How will their grudging ſtomackes be prouok'd
To wilfull Diſobedience, and Rebell?
Beſide, What Infamy will there ariſe,
When Forraigne Princes ſhall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King *Henries* Peeres, and cheefe Nobility,
Deſtroy'd themſelues, and loſt the Realme of France?
Oh thinke vpon the Conqueſt of my Father,
My tender yeares, and let vs not forgoe
That for a trifle, that was bought with blood.
Let me be Vmper in this doubtfull ſtrife:
I ſee no reaſon if I weare this Roſe,
That any one ſhould therefore be ſuſpitious
I more incline to Somerſet, than Yorke:
Both are my kinſmen, and I loue them both.
As well they may vpbray'd me with my Crowne,
Becauſe (forſooth) the King of Scots is Crown'd.
But your diſcretions better can perſwade,
Then I am able to inſtruct or teach;
And therefore, as we hither came in peace,
So let vs ſtill continue peace, and loue.
Coſin of Yorke, we inſtitute your Grace
To be our Regent in theſe parts of France:
And good my Lord of Somerſet, vnite
Your Troopes of horſemen, with his Bands of foote,
And like true Subiects, ſonnes of your Progenitors,
Go cheerefully together, and digeſt
Your angry Choller on your Enemies.
Our Selfe, my Lord Protector, and the reſt,
After ſome reſpit, will returne to Calice;
From thence to England, where I hope ere long
To be preſented by your Victories,
With *Charles*, *Alanſon*, and that Traiterous rout.
Exeunt. Manet Yorke, Warwick, Exeter, Vernon.
War. My Lord of Yorke, I promiſe you the King
Prettily (me thought) did play the Orator.)
Yorke. And ſo he did, but yet I like it not,
In that he weares the badge of Somerſet.
War. Tuſh, that was but his fancie, blame him not,
I dare preſume (ſweet Prince) he thought no harme.
York. And if I wiſh he did. But let it reſt,
Other affayres muſt now be managed. *Exeunt.*
Flouriſh. Manet Exeter.
Exet. Well didſt thou *Richard* to ſuppreſſe thy voyce:
For had the paſſions of thy heart burſt out,
I feare we ſhould haue ſeene decipher'd there
More rancorous ſpight, more furious raging broyles,
Then yet can be imagin'd or ſuppos'd:
But howſoere, no ſimple man that ſees
This iarring diſcord of Nobilitie,
This ſhouldering of each other in the Court,
This factious bandying of their Fauourites,
But that it doth perſage ſome ill euent.
'Tis much, when Scepters are in Childrens hands:
But more, when Enuy breeds vnkinde deuiſion,
There comes the ruine, there begins confuſion. *Exit.*

Enter Talbot with Trumpe and Drumme, before Burdeaux.

Talb. Go to the Gates of Burdeaux Trumpeter,
Summon their Generall vnto the Wall. *Sounds.*
Enter Generall aloft.
Engliſh *John Talbot* (Captaines) call you forth,
Seruant in Armes to *Harry* King of England,
And thus he would. Open your Citie Gates,
Be humble to vs, call my Soueraigne yours,
And do him homage as obedient Subiects,
And Ile withdraw me, and my bloody power.
But if you frowne vpon this proffer'd Peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants,
Leane Famine, quartering Steele, and climbing Fire,
Who in a moment, eeuen with the earth,
Shall lay your ſtately, and ayre-brauing Towers,
If you forſake the offer of their loue.
Cap. Thou ominous and fearefull Owle of death,
Our Nations terror, and their bloody ſcourge,
The period of thy Tyranny approacheth,
On vs thou canſt not enter but by death:
For I proteſt we are well fortified,
And ſtrong enough to iſſue out and fight.
If thou retire, the Dolphin well appointed,
Stands with the ſnares of Warre to tangle thee.
On either hand thee, there are ſquadrons pitcht,
To wall thee from the liberty of Flight;
And no way canſt thou turne thee for redreſſe,
But death doth front thee with apparant ſpoyle,
And pale deſtruction meets thee in the face:
Ten thouſand French haue tane the Sacrament,
To ryue their dangerous Artillerie
Vpon no Chriſtian ſoule but Engliſh *Talbot:*
Loe, there thou ſtandſt a breathing valiant man
Of an inuincible vnconquer'd ſpirit:
This is the lateſt Glorie of thy praiſe,
That I thy enemy dew thee withall:
For ere the Glaſſe that now begins to runne,
Finiſh the proceſſe of his ſandy houre,
Theſe eyes that ſee thee now well coloured,
Shall ſee thee withered, bloody, pale, and dead.
Drum afarre off.
Harke, harke, the Dolphins drumme, a warning bell,
Sings heauy Muſicke to thy timorous ſoule,
And mine ſhall ring thy dire departure out. *Exit.*
Tal. He Fables not, I heare the enemie:
Out ſome light Horſemen, and peruſe their Wings.
O negligent and heedleſſe Diſcipline,
How are we park'd and bounded in a pale?
A little Heard of Englands timorous Deere,
Maz'd with a yelping kennell of French Curres.
If we be Engliſh Deere, be then in blood,
Not Raſcall-like to fall downe with a pinch,
But rather moodie mad: And deſperate Stagges,

Turne

Turne on the bloody Hounds with heads of Steele,
And make the Cowards ſtand aloofe at bay:
Sell euery man his life as deere as mine,
And they ſhall finde deere Deere of vs my Friends.
God, and S. *George*, *Talbot* and Englands right,
Profper our Colours in this dangerous fight.

Enter a Meſſenger that meets Yorke. Enter Yorke with Trumpet, and many Soldiers.

Yorke. Are not the ſpeedy ſcouts return'd againe,
That dog'd the mighty Army of the Dolphin?
Meſſ. They are return'd my Lord, and giue it out,
That he is march'd to Burdeaux with his power
To fight with *Talbot* as he march'd along.
By your eſpyals were diſcouered
Two mightier Troopes then that the Dolphin led,
Which ioyn'd with him, and made their march for (Burdeaux
Yorke. A plague vpon that Villaine Somerſet,
That thus delayes my promiſed ſupply
Of horſemen, that were leuied for this ſiege.
Renowned *Talbot* doth expect my ayde,
And I am lowted by a Traitor Villaine,
And cannot helpe the noble Cheualier:
God comfort him in this neceſſity:
If he miſcarry, farewell Warres in France.

Enter another Meſſenger.

2.*Meſ.* Thou Princely Leader of our Engliſh ſtrength,
Neuer ſo needfull on the earth of France,
Spurre to the reſcue of the Noble *Talbot*,
Who now is girdled with a waſte of Iron,
And hem'd about with grim deſtruction:
To Burdeaux warlike Duke, to Burdeaux Yorke,
Elſe farwell *Talbot*, France, and Englands honor.
Yorke. O God, that Somerſet who in proud heart
Doth ſtop my Cornets, were in *Talbots* place,
So ſhould wee ſaue a valiant Gentleman,
By forfeyting a Traitor, and a Coward:
Mad ire, and wrathfull fury makes me weepe,
That thus we dye, while remiſſe Traitors ſleepe.
Meſ. O ſend ſome ſuccour to the diſtreſt Lord.
Yorke. He dies, we looſe: I breake my warlike word:
We mourne, France ſmiles: We looſe, they dayly get,
All long of this vile Traitor Somerſet.
Meſ. Then God take mercy on braue *Talbots* ſoule,
And on his Sonne yong *Iohn*, who two houres ſince,
I met in trauaile toward his warlike Father;
This ſeuen yeeres did not *Talbot* ſee his ſonne,
And now they meet where both their liues are done.
Yorke. Alas, what ioy ſhall noble *Talbot* haue,
To bid his yong ſonne welcome to his Graue:
Away, vexation almoſt ſtoppes my breath,
That fundred friends greete in the houre of death,
Lucie farewell, no more my fortune can,
But curſe the cauſe I cannot ayde the man.
Maine, *Bloys*, *Poytiers*, and *Toures*, are wonne away,
Long all of Somerſet, and his delay. *Exit*
Meſ. Thus while the Vulture of ſedition,
Feedes in the boſome of ſuch great Commanders,
Sleeping neglection doth betray to loſſe:
The Conqueſt of our ſcarſe-cold Conqueror,
That euer-liuing man of Memorie,
Henrie the fift: Whiles they each other croſſe,
Liues, Honours, Lands, and all, hurrie to loſſe.

Enter Somerſet with his Armie.

Som. It is too late, I cannot ſend them now:
This expedition was by *Yorke* and *Talbot*,
Too raſhly plotted. All our generall force,
Might with a ſally of the very Towne
Be buckled with: the ouer-daring *Talbot*
Hath ſullied all his gloſſe of former Honor
By this vnheedfull, deſperate, wilde aduenture:
Yorke ſet him on to fight, and dye in ſhame,
That *Talbot* dead, great *Yorke* might beare the name.
Cap. Heere is Sir *William Lucie*, who with me
Set from our ore-matcht forces forth for ayde.
Som. How now Sir *William*, whether were you ſent?
Lu. Whether my Lord, from bought & ſold L. *Talbot*,
Who ring'd about with bold aduerſitie,
Cries out for noble Yorke and Somerſet,
To beate aſſayling death from his weake Regions,
And whiles the honourable Captaine there
Drops bloody ſwet from his warre-wearied limbes,
And in aduantage lingring lookes for reſcue,
You his falſe hopes, the truſt of Englands honor,
Keepe off aloofe with worthleſſe emulation:
Let not your priuate diſcord keepe away
The leuied ſuccours that ſhould lend him ayde,
While he renowned Noble Gentleman
Yeeld vp his life vnto a world of oddes.
Orleance the Baſtard, *Charles*, *Burgundie*,
Alanſon, *Reignard*, compaſſe him about,
And *Talbot* periſheth by your default.
Som. Yorke ſet him on, Yorke ſhould haue ſent him ayde.
Luc. And Yorke as faſt vpon your Grace exclaimes,
Swearing that you with-hold his leuied hoaſt,
Collected for this expidition.
Som. York lyes: He might haue ſent, & had the Horſe:
I owe him little Dutie, and leſſe Loue,
And take foule ſcorne to fawne on him by ſending.
Lu. The fraud of England, not the force of France,
Hath now intrapt the Noble-minded *Talbot*:
Neuer to England ſhall he beare his life,
But dies betraid to fortune by your ſtrife.
Som. Come go, I will diſpatch the Horſemen ſtrait:
Within ſix houres, they will be at his ayde.
Lu. Too late comes reſcue, he is tane or ſlaine,
For flye he could not, if he would haue fled:
And flye would *Talbot* neuer though he might.
Som. If he be dead, braue *Talbot* then adieu.
Lu. His Fame liues in the world. His Shame in you.
Exeunt.

Enter Talbot and his Sonne.

Tal. O yong *Iohn Talbot*, I did ſend for thee
To tutor thee in ſtratagems of Warre,
That *Talbots* name might be in thee reuiu'd,
When fapleſſe Age, and weake vnable limbes
Should bring thy Father to his drooping Chaire.
But O malignant and ill-boading Starres,
Now thou art come vnto a Feaſt of death,
A terrible and vnauoyded danger:
Therefore deere Boy, mount on my ſwifteſt horſe,
And Ile direct thee how thou ſhalt eſcape
By ſodaine flight. Come, dally not, be gone.
Iohn. Is my name *Talbot*? and am I your Sonne?

Shall

And ſhall I flye? O, if you loue my Mother,
Diſhonor not her Honorable Name,
To make a Baſtard, and a Slaue of me:
The World will ſay, he is not *Talbots* blood,
That baſely fled, when Noble *Talbot* ſtood.
Talb. Flye, to reuenge my death, if I be ſlaine.
Iohn. He that flyes ſo, will ne're returne againe.
Talb. If we both ſtay, we both are ſure to dye.
Iohn. Then let me ſtay, and Father doe you flye:
Your loſſe is great, ſo your regard ſhould be;
My worth vnknowne, no loſſe is knowne in me.
Vpon my death, the French can little boaſt;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are loſt.
Flight cannot ſtayne the Honor you haue wonne,
But mine it will, that no Exploit haue done.
You fled for Vantage, euery one will ſweare:
But if I bow, they'le ſay it was for feare.
There is no hope that euer I will ſtay,
If the firſt howre I ſhrinke and run away:
Here on my knee I begge Mortalitie,
Rather then Life, preſeru'd with Infamie.
Talb. Shall all thy Mothers hopes lye in one Tombe?
Iohn. I rather then Ile ſhame my Mothers Wombe.
Talb. Vpon my Bleſſing I command thee goe.
Iohn. To fight I will, but not to flye the Foe.
Talb. Part of thy Father may be ſau'd in thee.
Iohn. No part of him, but will be ſhame in mee.
Talb. Thou neuer hadſt Renowne, nor canſt not loſe it.
Iohn. Yes, your renowned Name: ſhall flight abuſe it?
Talb. Thy Fathers charge ſhal cleare thee from ỳ ſtaine.
Iohn. You cannot witneſſe for me, being ſlaine.
If Death be ſo apparant, then both flye.
Talb. And leaue my followers here to fight and dye?
My Age was neuer tainted with ſuch ſhame.
Iohn. And ſhall my Youth be guiltie of ſuch blame?
No more can I be ſeuered from your ſide,
Then can your ſelfe, your ſelfe in twaine diuide:
Stay, goe, doe what you will, the like doe I;
For liue I will not, if my Father dye.
Talb. Then here I take my leaue of thee, faire Sonne,
Borne to eclipſe thy Life this afternoone:
Come, ſide by ſide, together liue and dye,
And Soule with Soule from France to Heauen flye. *Exit.*

Alarum: Excurſions, wherein Talbots Sonne is hemm'd about, and Talbot reſcues him.

Talb. Saint *George*, and Victory; fight Souldiers, fight:
The Regent hath with *Talbot* broke his word,
And left vs to the rage of France his Sword.
Where is *Iohn Talbot?* pawſe, and take thy breath,
I gaue thee Life, and reſcu'd thee from Death.
Iohn. O twice my Father, twice am I thy Sonne:
The Life thou gau'ſt me firſt, was loſt and done,
Till with thy Warlike Sword, deſpight of Fate,
To my determin'd time thou gau'ſt new date.
Talb. When frõ the *Dolphins* Creſt thy Sword ſtruck fire,
It warm'd thy Fathers heart with prowd deſire
Of bold-fac't Victorie. Then Leaden Age,
Quicken'd with Youthfull Spleene, and Warlike Rage,
Beat downe *Alanſon*, *Orleance*, *Burgundie*,
And from the Pride of Gallia reſcued thee.
The irefull Baſtard *Orleance*, that drew blood
From thee my Boy, and had the Maidenhood
Of thy firſt fight, I ſoone encountred,
And interchanging blowes, I quickly ſhed
Some of his Baſtard blood, and in diſgrace
Beſpoke him thus: Contaminated, baſe,
And mis-begotten blood, I ſpill of thine,
Meane and right poore, for that pure blood of mine,
Which thou didſt force from *Talbot*, my braue Boy.
Here purpoſing the Baſtard to deſtroy,
Came in ſtrong reſcue. Speake thy Fathers care:
Art thou not wearie, *Iohn?* How do'ſt thou fare?
Wilt thou yet leaue the Battaile, Boy, and flie,
Now thou art ſeal'd the Sonne of Chiualrie?
Flye, to reuenge my death when I am dead,
The helpe of one ſtands me in little ſtead.
Oh, too much folly is it, well I wot,
To hazard all our liues in one ſmall Boat.
If I to day dye not with Frenchmens Rage,
To morrow I ſhall dye with mickle Age.
By me they nothing gaine, and if I ſtay,
'Tis but the ſhortning of my Life one day.
In thee thy Mother dyes, our Houſeholds Name,
My Deaths reuenge, thy Youth, and Englands Fame:
All theſe, and more, we hazard by thy ſtay;
All theſe are ſau'd, if thou wilt flye away.
Iohn. The Sword of *Orleance* hath not made me ſmart,
Theſe words of yours draw Life-blood from my Heart.
On that aduantage, bought with ſuch a ſhame,
To ſaue a paltry Life, and ſlay bright Fame,
Before young *Talbot* from old *Talbot* flye,
The Coward Horſe that beares me, fall and dye:
And like me to the peſant Boyes of France,
To be Shames ſcorne, and ſubiect of Miſchance.
Surely, by all the Glorie you haue wonne,
And if I flye, I am not *Talbots* Sonne.
Then talke no more of flight, it is no boot,
If Sonne to *Talbot*, dye at *Talbots* foot.
Talb. Then follow thou thy deſp'rate Syre of Creet,
Thou *Icarus*, thy Life to me is ſweet:
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy Fathers ſide,
And commendable prou'd, let's dye in pride. *Exit.*

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter old Talbot led.

Talb. Where is my other Life? mine owne is gone.
O, where's young *Talbot?* where is valiant *Iohn?*
Triumphant Death, ſmear'd with Captiuitie,
Young *Talbots* valour makes me ſmile at thee.
When he perceiu'd me ſhrinke, and on my Knee,
His bloodie Sword he brandiſht ouer mee,
And like a hungry Lyon did commence
Rough deeds of Rage, and ſterne Impatience:
But when my angry Guardant ſtood alone,
Tendring my ruine, and aſſayl'd of none,
Dizzie-ey'd Furie, and great rage of Heart,
Suddenly made him from my ſide to ſtart
Into the cluſtring Battaile of the French:
And in that Sea of Blood, my Boy did drench
His ouer-mounting Spirit; and there di'de
My *Icarus*, my Bloſſome, in his pride.

Enter with Iohn Talbot, borne.

Seru. O my deare Lord, loe where your Sonne is borne,
Tal. Thou antique Death, which laugh'ſt vs here to ſcorn,
Anon from thy inſulting Tyrannie,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuitie,
Two *Talbots* winged through the lither Skie,
In thy deſpight ſhall ſcape Mortalitie.

O thou whoſe wounds become hard ſauoured death,
Speake to thy father, ere thou yeeld thy breath,
Braue death by ſpeaking, whither he will or no:
Imagine him a Frenchman, and thy Foe.
Poore Boy, he ſmiles, me thinkes, as who ſhould ſay,
Had Death bene French, then Death had dyed to day.
Come, come, and lay him in his Fathers armes,
My ſpirit can no longer beare theſe harmes.
Souldiers adieu: I haue what I would haue,
Now my old armes are yong *Iohn Talbots* graue. *Dyes*

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Burgundie, Baſtard, and Pucell.

Char. Had Yorke and Somerſet brought refcue in,
We ſhould haue found a bloody day of this.
Baſt. How the yong whelpe of *Talbots* raging wood,
Did fleſh his punie-ſword in Frenchmens blood.
Puc. Once I encountred him, and thus I ſaid:
Thou Maiden youth, be vanquiſht by a Maid.
But with a proud Maieſticall high ſcorne
He anſwer'd thus: Yong *Talbot* was not borne
To be the pillage of a Giglot Wench:
So ruſhing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as vnworthy fight.
Bur. Doubtleſſe he would haue made a noble Knight:
See where he lyes inherced in the armes
Of the moſt bloody Nurſſer of his harmes.
Baſt. Hew them to peeces, hack their bones aſſunder,
Whoſe life was Englands glory, Gallia's wonder.
Char. Oh no forbeare: For that which we haue fled
During the life, let vs not wrong it dead.

Enter Lucie.

Lu. Herald, conduct me to the Dolphins Tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.
Char. On what ſubmiſſiue meſſage art thou ſent?
Lucy. Submiſſion Dolphin? Tis a meere French word:
We Engliſh Warriours wot not what it meanes.
I come to know what Priſoners thou haſt tane,
And to furuey the bodies of the dead.
Char. For priſoners askſt thou? Hell our priſon is.
But tell me whom thou ſeek'ſt?
Luc. But where's the great Alcides of the field,
Valiant Lord *Talbot* Earle of Shrewsbury?
Created for his rare ſucceſſe in Armes,
Great Earle of *Waſhford*, *Waterford*, and *Valence*,
Lord *Talbot* of *Goodrig* and *Vrchinfield*,
Lord *Strange* of *Blackmere*, Lord *Verdon* of *Alton*,
Lord *Cromwell* of *Wingefield*, Lord *Furniuall* of *Sheffeild*,
The thrice victorious Lord of *Falconbridge*,
Knight of the Noble Order of *S. George*,
Worthy S. *Michael*, and the *Golden Fleece*,
Great Marſhall to *Henry* the ſixt,
Of all his Warres within the Realme of France.
Puc. Heere's a ſilly ſtately ſtile indeede:
The Turke that two and fiftie Kingdomes hath,
Writes not ſo tedious a Stile as this.
Him that thou magnifi'ſt with all theſe Titles,
Stinking and fly-blowne lyes heere at our feete.
Lucy. Is *Talbot* ſlaine, the Frenchmens only Scourge,
Your Kingdomes terror, and blacke *Nemeſis?*
Oh were mine eye-balles into Bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might ſhoot them at your faces.
Oh, that I could but call theſe dead to life,
It were enough to fright the Realme of France.
Were but his Picture left amongſt you here,
It would amaze the prowdeſt of you all.
Giue me their Bodyes, that I may beare them hence,
And giue them Buriall, as beſeemes their worth.
Pucel. I thinke this vpſtart is old *Talbots* Ghoſt,
He ſpeakes with ſuch a proud commanding ſpirit:
For Gods ſake let him haue him, to keepe them here,
They would but ſtinke, and putrifie the ayre.
Char. Go take their bodies hence.
Lucy. Ile beare them hence: but from their aſhes ſhal be reard
A Phœnix that ſhall make all France affear'd.
Char. So we be rid of them, do with him what ỹ wilt.
And now to Paris in this conquering vaine,
All will be ours, now bloody *Talbots* ſlaine. *Exit.*

Scena ſecunda.

SENNET.

Enter King, Glocester, and Exeter.

King. Haue you perus'd the Letters from the Pope,
The Emperor, and the Earle of Arminack?
Glo. I haue my Lord, and their intent is this,
They humbly ſue vnto your Excellence,
To haue a godly peace concluded of,
Betweene the Realmes of England, and of France.
King. How doth your Grace affect their motion?
Glo. Well (my good Lord) and as the only meanes
To ſtop effuſion of our Chriſtian blood,
And ſtabliſh quietneſſe on euery ſide.
King. I marry Vncle, for I alwayes thought
It was both impious and vnnaturall,
That ſuch immanity and bloody ſtrife
Should reigne among Profeſſors of one Faith.
Glo. Beſide my Lord, the ſooner to effect,
And furer binde this knot of amitie,
The Earle of Arminacke neere knit to *Charles*,
A man of great Authoritie in France,
Proffers his onely daughter to your Grace,
In marriage, with a large and ſumptuous Dowrie.
King. Marriage Vncle? Alas my yeares are yong:
And fitter is my ſtudie, and my Bookes,
Than wanton dalliance with a Paramour.
Yet call th'Embaſſadors, and as you pleaſe,
So let them haue their anſweres euery one:
I ſhall be well content with any choyce
Tends to Gods glory, and my Countries weale.

Enter Wincheſter, and three Ambaſſadors.

Exet. What, is my Lord of *Wincheſter* inſtall'd,
And call'd vnto a Cardinalls degree?
Then I perceiue, that will be verified
Henry the Fift did ſometime propheſie.
If once he come to be a Cardinall,
Hee'l make his cap coequall with the Crowne.
King. My Lords Ambaſſadors, your feuerall ſuites
Haue bin conſider'd and debated on,
Your purpoſe is both good and reaſonable:
And therefore are we certainly reſolu'd,
To draw conditions of a friendly peace,

Which

Which by my Lord of Winchester we meane
Shall be tranſported preſently to France.
Glo. And for the proffer of my Lord your Maſter,
I haue inform'd his Highneſſe ſo at large,
As liking of the Ladies vertuous gifts,
Her Beauty, and the valew of her Dower,
He doth intend ſhe ſhall be Englands Queene.
King. In argument and proofe of which contract,
Beare her this Iewell, pledge of my affection.
And ſo my Lord Protector ſee them guarded,
And ſafely brought to *Douer*, wherein ſhip'd
Commit them to the fortune of the ſea. *Exeunt.*
Win. Stay my Lord Legate, you ſhall firſt receiue
The ſumme of money which I promiſed
Should be deliuered to his Holineſſe,
For cloathing me in theſe graue Ornaments.
Legat. I will attend vpon your Lordſhips leyſure.
Win. Now Winchester will not ſubmit, I trow,
Or be inferiour to the proudeſt Peere;
Humfrey of Gloſter, thou ſhalt well perceiue,
That neither in birth, or for authoritie,
The Biſhop will be ouer-borne by thee:
Ile either make thee ſtoope, and bend thy knee,
Or ſacke this Country with a mutiny. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter Charles, Burgundy, Alanſon, Baſtard, Reignier, and Ione.

Char. Theſe newes (my Lords) may cheere our drooping ſpirits:
'Tis ſaid, the ſtout Pariſians do reuolt,
And turne againe vnto the warlike French.
Alan. Then march to Paris Royall *Charles* of France,
And keepe not backe your powers in dalliance.
Pucel. Peace be amongſt them if they turne to vs,
Elſe ruine combate with their Pallaces.
Enter Scout.
Scout. Succeſſe vnto our valiant Generall,
And happineſſe to his accomplices.
Char. What tidings ſend our Scouts? I prethee ſpeak.
Scout. The Engliſh Army that diuided was
Into two parties, is now conioyn'd in one,
And meanes to giue you battell preſently.
Char. Somewhat too ſodaine Sirs, the warning is,
But we will preſently prouide for them.
Bur. I truſt the Ghoſt of *Talbot* is not there:
Now he is gone my Lord, you needs not feare.
Pucel. Of all baſe paſſions, Feare is moſt accurſt.
Command the Conqueſt *Charles*, it ſhall be thine:
Let *Henry* fret, and all the world repine.
Char. Then on my Lords, and France be fortunate.
Exeunt. Alarum. Excurſions.

Enter Ione de Pucell.

Puc. The Regent conquers, and the Frenchmen flye.
Now helpe ye charming Spelles and Periapts,
And ye choiſe ſpirits that admoniſh me,
And giue me ſignes of future accidents. *Thunder.*
You ſpeedy helpers, that are ſubſtitutes
Vnder the Lordly Monarch of the North,
Appeare, and ayde me in this enterprize.
Enter Fiends.
This ſpeedy and quicke appearance argues proofe
Of your accuſtom'd diligence to me.
Now ye Familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerfull Regions vnder earth,
Helpe me this once, that France may get the field.
They walke, and ſpeake not.
Oh hold me not with ſilence ouer-long:
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
Ile lop a member off, and giue it you,
In earneſt of a further benefit:
So you do condiſcend to helpe me now.
They hang their heads.
No hope to haue redreſſe? My body ſhall
Pay recompence, if you will graunt my ſuite.
They ſhake their heads.
Cannot my body, nor blood-ſacrifice,
Intreate you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my ſoule; my body, ſoule, and all,
Before that England giue the French the foyle.
They depart.
See, they forſake me. Now the time is come,
That France muſt vale her lofty plumed Creſt,
And let her head fall into Englands lappe.
My ancient Incantations are too weake,
And hell too ſtrong for me to buckle with:
Now France, thy glory droopeth to the duſt. *Exit.*

Excurſions. Burgundie and Yorke fight hand to hand. French flye.

Yorke. Damſell of France, I thinke I haue you faſt,
Vnchaine your ſpirits now with ſpelling Charmes,
And try if they can gaine your liberty.
A goodly prize, fit for the diuels grace.
See how the vgly Witch doth bend her browes,
As if with *Circe*, ſhe would change my ſhape.
Puc. Chang'd to a worſer ſhape thou canſt not be:
Yor. Oh, *Charles* the Dolphin is a proper man,
No ſhape but his can pleaſe your dainty eye.
Puc. A plaguing miſcheefe light on *Charles*, and thee,
And may ye both be ſodainly ſurpriz'd
By bloudy hands, in ſleeping on your beds.
Yorke. Fell banning Hagge, Inchantreſſe hold thy tongue.
Puc. I prethee giue me leaue to curſe awhile.
Yorke. Curſe Miſcreant, when thou comſt to the ſtake
Exeunt.

Alarum. Enter Suffolke with Margaret in his hand.

Suff. Be what thou wilt, thou art my priſoner.
Gazes on her.
Oh Faireſt Beautie, do not feare, nor flye:
For I will touch thee but with reuerend hands,
I kiſſe theſe fingers for eternall peace,
And lay them gently on thy tender ſide.
Who art thou, ſay? that I may honor thee.
Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a King,
The King of Naples, who ſo ere thou art.
Suff. An Earle I am, and Suffolke am I call'd
Be not offended Natures myracle,
Thou art alotted to be tane by me:
So doth the Swan her downie Signets ſaue,
Oh ſtay:

Keeping them priſoner vnderneath his wings:
Yet if this ſeruile vſage once offend,
Go, and be free againe, as Suffolkes friend. *She is going*
Oh ſtay: I haue no power to let her paſſe,
My hand would free her, but my heart ſayes no.
As playes the Sunne vpon the glaſſie ſtreames,
Twinkling another counterfetted beame,
So ſeemes this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.
Faine would I woe her, yet I dare not ſpeake:
Ile call for Pen and Inke, and write my minde:
Fye *De la Pole*, diſable not thy ſelfe:
Haſt not a Tongue? Is ſhe not heere?
Wilt thou be daunted at a Womans ſight?
I: Beauties Princely Maieſty is ſuch,
'Confounds the tongue, and makes the ſenſes rough.
Mar. Say Earle of Suffolke, if thy name be ſo,
What ranſome muſt I pay before I paſſe?
For I perceiue I am thy priſoner.
Suf. How canſt thou tell ſhe will deny thy ſuite,
Before thou make a triall of her loue?
M. Why ſpeak'ſt thou not? What ranſom muſt I pay?
Suf. She's beautifull; and therefore to be Wooed:
She is a Woman; therefore to be Wonne.
Mar. Wilt thou accept of ranſome, yea or no?
Suf. Fond man, remember that thou haſt a wife,
Then how can *Margaret* be thy Paramour?
Mar. I were beſt to leaue him, for he will not heare.
Suf. There all is marr'd: there lies a cooling card.
Mar. He talkes at randon: ſure the man is mad.
Suf. And yet a diſpenſation may bee had.
Mar. And yet I would that you would anſwer me:
Suf. Ile win this Lady *Margaret*. For whom?
Why for my King: Tuſh, that's a woodden thing.
Mar. He talkes of wood: It is ſome Carpenter.
Suf. Yet ſo my fancy may be ſatisfied,
And peace eſtabliſhed betweene theſe Realmes.
But there remaines a ſcruple in that too:
For though her Father be the King of *Naples*,
Duke of *Aniou* and *Mayne*, yet is he poore,
And our Nobility will ſcorne the match.
Mar. Heare ye Captaine? Are you not at leyſure?
Suf. It ſhall be ſo, diſdaine they ne're ſo much:
Henry is youthfull, and will quickly yeeld.
Madam, I haue a ſecret to reueale.
Mar. What though I be inthral'd, he ſeems a knight
And will not any way diſhonor me.
Suf. Lady, vouchſafe to liſten what I ſay.
Mar. Perhaps I ſhall be reſcu'd by the French,
And then I need not craue his curteſie.
Suf. Sweet Madam, giue me hearing in a cauſe.
Mar. Tuſh, women haue bene captiuate ere now.
Suf. Lady, wherefore talke you ſo?
Mar. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *Quid* for *Quo*.
Suf. Say gentle Princeſſe, would you not ſuppoſe
Your bondage happy, to be made a Queene?
Mar. To be a Queene in bondage, is more vile,
Than is a ſlaue, in baſe ſeruility:
For Princes ſhould be free.
Suf. And ſo ſhall you,
If happy Englands Royall King be free.
Mar. Why what concernes his freedome vnto mee?
Suf. Ile vndertake to make thee *Henries* Queene,
To put a Golden Scepter in thy hand,
And ſet a precious Crowne vpon thy head,
If thou wilt condiſcend to be my———
Mar. What?
Suf. His loue.
Mar. I am vnworthy to be *Henries* wife.
Suf. No gentle Madam, I vnworthy am
To woe ſo faire a Dame to be his wife,
And haue no portion in the choice my ſelfe.
How ſay you Madam, are ye ſo content?
Mar. And if my Father pleaſe, I am content.
Suf. Then call our Captaines and our Colours forth,
And Madam, at your Fathers Caſtle walles,
Wee'l craue a parley, to conferre with him.
Sound. *Enter Reignier on the Walles.*
See *Reignier* ſee, thy daughter priſoner.
Reig. To whom?
Suf. To me.
Reig. Suffolke, what remedy?
I am a Souldier, and vnapt to weepe,
Or to exclaime on Fortunes fickleneſſe.
Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough my Lord,
Conſent, and for thy Honor giue conſent,
Thy daughter ſhall be wedded to my King,
Whom I with paine haue wooed and wonne thereto:
And this her eaſie held impriſonment,
Hath gain'd thy daughter Princely libertie.
Reig. Speakes Suffolke as he thinkes?
Suf. Faire *Margaret* knowes,
That Suffolke doth not flatter, face, or faine.
Reig. Vpon thy Princely warrant, I deſcend,
To giue thee anſwer of thy iuſt demand.
Suf. And heere I will expect thy comming.

Trumpets ſound. *Enter Reignier.*

Reig. Welcome braue Earle into our Territories,
Command in *Aniou* what your Honor pleaſes.
Suf. Thankes *Reignier*, happy for ſo ſweet a Childe,
Fit to be made companion with a King:
What anſwer makes your Grace vnto my ſuite?
Reig. Since thou doſt daigne to woe her little worth,
To be the Princely Bride of ſuch a Lord:
Vpon condition I may quietly
Enioy mine owne, the Country *Maine* and *Aniou*,
Free from oppreſſion, or the ſtroke of Warre,
My daughter ſhall be *Henries*, if he pleaſe.
Suf. That is her ranſome, I deliuer her,
And thoſe two Counties I will vndertake
Your Grace ſhall well and quietly enioy.
Reig. And I againe in *Henries* Royall name,
As Deputy vnto that gracious King,
Giue thee her hand for ſigne of plighted faith.
Suf. *Reignier* of France, I giue thee Kingly thankes,
Becauſe this is in Trafficke of a King.
And yet me thinkes I could be well content
To be mine owne Atturney in this caſe.
Ile ouer then to England with this newes.
And make this marriage to be ſolemniz'd:
So farewell *Reignier*, ſet this Diamond ſafe
In Golden Pallaces as it becomes.
Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Chriſtian Prince King *Henrie* were he heere.
Mar. Farewell my Lord, good wiſhes, praiſe, & prayers,
Shall Suffolke euer haue of *Margaret*. *She is going.*
Suf. Farwell ſweet Madam: but hearke you *Margaret*,
No Princely commendations to my King?
Mar. Such commendations as becomes a Maide,
A Virgin, and his Seruant, ſay to him.
Suf. Words ſweetly plac'd, and modeſtie directed,

But

But Madame, I muſt trouble you againe,
No louing Token to his Maieſtie?
Mar. Yes, my good Lord, a pure vnſpotted heart,
Neuer yet taint with loue, I ſend the King.
Suf. And this withall. *Kiſſe her.*
Mar. That for thy ſelfe, I will not ſo preſume,
To ſend ſuch peeuiſh tokens to a King.
Suf. Oh wert thou for my ſelfe: but *Suffolke* ſtay,
Thou mayeſt not wander in that Labyrinth,
There Minotaurs and vgly Treaſons lurke,
Solicite *Henry* with her wonderous praiſe.
Bethinke thee on her Vertues that ſurmount,
Mad naturall Graces that extinguiſh Art,
Repeate their ſemblance often on the Seas,
That when thou com'ſt to kneele at *Henries* feete,
Thou mayeſt bereaue him of his wits with wonder. *Exit*

Enter Yorke, Warwicke, Shepheard, Pucell.

Yor. Bring forth that Sorcereſſe condemn'd to burne.
Shep. Ah *Ione*, this kils thy Fathers heart out-right,
Haue I fought euery Country farre and neere,
And now it is my chance to finde thee out,
Muſt I behold thy timeleſſe cruell death:
Ah *Ione*, ſweet daughter *Ione*, Ile die with thee.
Pucel. Decrepit Miſer, baſe ignoble Wretch,
I am deſcended of a gentler blood.
Thou art no Father, nor no Friend of mine.
Shep. Out, out: My Lords, and pleaſe you, 'tis not ſo
I did beget her, all the Pariſh knowes:
Her Mother liueth yet, can teſtifie
She was the firſt fruite of my Bach'ler-ſhip.
War. Graceleſſe, wilt thou deny thy Parentage?
Yorke. This argues what her kinde of life hath beene,
Wicked and vile, and ſo her death concludes.
Shep. Fye *Ione*, that thou wilt be ſo obſtacle:
God knowes, thou art a collop of my fleſh,
And for thy ſake haue I ſhed many a teare:
Deny me not, I prythee, gentle *Ione*.
Pucell. Pezant auant. You haue ſuborn'd this man
Of purpoſe, to obſcure my Noble birth.
Shep. 'Tis true, I gaue a Noble to the Prieſt,
The morne that I was wedded to her mother.
Kneele downe and take my bleſſing, good my Gyrle.
Wilt thou not ſtoope? Now curſed be the time
Of thy natiuitie: I would the Milke
Thy mother gaue thee when thou ſuck'ſt her breſt,
Had bin a little Rats-bane for thy ſake.
Or elſe, when thou didſt keepe my Lambes a-field,
I wiſh ſome rauenous Wolfe had eaten thee.
Doeſt thou deny thy Father, curſed Drab?
O burne her, burne her, hanging is too good. *Exit.*
Yorke. Take her away, for ſhe hath liu'd too long,
To fill the world with vicious qualities.
Puc. Firſt let me tell you whom you haue condemn'd;
Not me, begotten of a Shepheard Swaine,
But iſſued from the Progeny of Kings.
Vertuous and Holy, choſen from aboue,
By inſpiration of Celeſtiall Grace,
To worke exceeding myracles on earth.
I neuer had to do with wicked Spirits.
But you that are polluted with your luſtes,
Stain'd with the guiltleſſe blood of Innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thouſand Vices:
Becauſe you want the grace that others haue,
You iudge it ſtraight a thing impoſsible
To compaſſe Wonders, but by helpe of diuels.
No miſconceyued, *Ione* of *Aire* hath beene
A Virgin from her tender infancie,
Chaſte, and immaculate in very thought,
Whoſe Maiden-blood thus rigorouſly effus'd,
Will cry for Vengeance, at the Gates of Heauen.
Yorke. I, I: away with her to execution.
War. And hearke ye ſirs: becauſe ſhe is a Maide,
Spare for no Faggots, let there be enow:
Place barrelles of pitch vpon the fatall ſtake,
That ſo her torture may be ſhortned.
Puc. Will nothing turne your vnrelenting hearts?
Then *Ione* diſcouer thine infirmity,
That warranteth by Law, to be thy priuiledge.
I am with childe ye bloody Homicides:
Murther not then the Fruite within my Wombe,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.
Yor. Now heauen forfend, the holy Maid with child?
War. The greateſt miracle that ere ye wrought.
Is all your ſtrict preciſeneſſe come to this?
Yorke. She and the Dolphin haue bin iugling,
I did imagine what would be her refuge.
War. Well go too, we'll haue no Baſtards liue,
Eſpecially ſince *Charles* muſt Father it.
Puc. You are deceyu'd, my childe is none of his,
It was *Alanſon* that inioy'd my loue.
Yorke. *Alanſon* that notorious Macheuile?
It dyes, and if it had a thouſand liues.
Puc. O giue me leaue, I haue deluded you,
'Twas neyther *Charles*, nor yet the Duke I nam'd,
But *Reignier* King of *Naples* that preuayl'd.
War. A married man, that's moſt intollerable.
Yor. Why here's a Gyrle: I think ſhe knowes not wel
(There were ſo many) whom ſhe may accuſe.
War. It's ſigne ſhe hath beene liberall and free.
Yor. And yet forſooth ſhe is a Virgin pure.
Strumpet, thy words condemne thy Brat, and thee.
Vſe no intreaty, for it is in vaine.
Pu. Then lead me hence: with whom I leaue my curſe.
May neuer glorious Sunne reflex his beames
Vpon the Countrey where you make abode:
But darkneſſe, and the gloomy ſhade of death
Inuiron you, till Miſcheefe and Diſpaire,
Driue you to break your necks, or hang your ſelues. *Exit*

Enter Cardinall.

Yorke. Breake thou in peeces, and conſume to aſhes,
Thou fowle accurſed miniſter of Hell.
Car. Lord Regent, I do greet your Excellence
With Letters of Commiſſion from the King.
For know my Lords, the States of Chriſtendome,
Mou'd with remorſe of theſe out-ragious broyles,
Haue earneſtly implor'd a generall peace,
Betwixt our Nation, and the aſpyring French;
And heere at hand, the Dolphin and his Traine
Approacheth, to conferre about ſome matter.
Yorke. Is all our trauell turn'd to this effect,
After the ſlaughter of ſo many Peeres,
So many Captaines, Gentlemen, and Soldiers,
That in this quarrell haue beene ouerthrowne,
And ſold their bodyes for their Countryes benefit,
Shall we at laſt conclude effeminate peace?
Haue we not loſt moſt part of all the Townes,
By Treaſon, Falſhood, and by Treacherie,
Our great Progenitors had conquered?
Oh Warwicke, Warwicke, I foreſee with greefe
The vtter loſſe of all the Realme of France.
War. Be patient Yorke, if we conclude a Peace

It ſhall be with ſuch ſtrict and ſeuere Couenants,
As little ſhall the Frenchmen gaine thereby.

Enter Charles, Alanſon, Baſtard, Reignier.

Char. Since Lords of England, it is thus agreed,
That peacefull truce ſhall be proclaim'd in France,
We come to be informed by your ſelues,
What the conditions of that league muſt be.
Yorke. Speake Wincheſter, for boyling choller chokes
The hollow paſſage of my poyſon'd voyce,
By ſight of theſe our balefull enemies.
Win. Charles, and the reſt, it is enacted thus:
That in regard King *Henry* giues conſent,
Of meere compaſſion, and of lenity,
To eaſe your Countrie of diſtreſſefull Warre,
And ſuffer you to breath in fruitfull peace,
You ſhall become true Liegemen to his Crowne.
And *Charles*, vpon condition thou wilt ſweare
To pay him tribute, and ſubmit thy ſelfe,
Thou ſhalt be plac'd as Viceroy vnder him,
And ſtill enioy thy Regall dignity.
Alan. Muſt he be then as ſhadow of himſelfe?
Adorne his Temples with a Coronet,
And yet in ſubſtance and authority,
Retaine but priuiledge of a priuate man?
This proffer is absurd, and reaſonleſſe.
Char. 'Tis knowne already that I am poſſeſt
With more then halfe the Gallian Territories,
And therein reuerene'd for their lawfull King.
Shall I for lucre of the reſt vn-vanquiſht,
Detract ſo much from that prerogatiue,
As to be call'd but Viceroy of the whole?
No Lord Ambaſſador, Ile rather keepe
That which I haue, than coueting for more
Be caſt from poſſibility of all.
Yorke. Inſulting *Charles*, haſt thou by ſecret meanes
Vs'd interceſſion to obtaine a league,
And now the matter growes to compremize,
Stand'ſt thou aloofe vpon Compariſon.
Either accept the Title thou vſurp'ſt,
Of benefit proceeding from our King,
And not of any challenge of Deſert,
Or we will plague thee with inceſſant Warres.
Reig. My Lord, you do not well in obſtinacy,
To cauill in the courſe of this Contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one
We ſhall not finde like opportunity.
Alan. To ſay the truth, it is your policie,
To ſaue your Subiects from ſuch maſſacre
And ruthleſſe ſlaughters as are dayly ſeene
By our proceeding in Hoſtility,
And therefore take this compact of a Truce,
Although you breake it, when your pleaſure ſerues.
War. How ſayſt thou *Charles?*
Shall our Condition ſtand?
Char. It Shall:
Onely reſeru'd, you claime no intereſt
In any of our Townes of Garriſon.
Yor. Then ſweare Allegeance to his Maieſty,
As thou art Knight, neuer to diſobey,
Nor be Rebellious to the Crowne of England,
Thou nor thy Nobles, to the Crowne of England.
So, now diſmiſſe your Army when ye pleaſe:
Hang vp your Enſignes, let your Drummes be ſtill,
For heere we entertaine a ſolemne peace. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus.

Enter Suffolke in conference with the King, Gloceſter, and Exeter.

King. Your wondrous rare deſcription (noble Earle)
Of beauteous *Margaret* hath aſtoniſh'd me:
Her vertues graced with externall gifts,
Do breed Loues ſetled paſſions in my heart,
And like as rigour of tempeſtuous guſtes
Prouokes the mightieſt Hulke againſt the tide,
So am I driuen by breath of her Renowne,
Either to ſuffer Shipwracke, or arriue
Where I may haue fruition of her Loue.
Suf. Tuſh my good Lord, this ſuperficiall tale,
Is but a preface of her worthy praiſe:
The cheefe perfections of that louely Dame,
(Had I ſufficient skill to vtter them)
Would make a volume of inticing lines,
Able to rauiſh any dull conceit.
And which is more, ſhe is not ſo Diuine,
So full repleate with choice of all delights,
But with as humble lowlineſſe of minde,
She is content to be at your command:
Command I meane, of Vertuous chaſte intents,
To Loue, and Honor *Henry* as her Lord.
King. And otherwiſe, will *Henry* ne're preſume:
Therefore my Lord Protector, giue conſent,
That *Marg'ret* may be Englands Royall Queene.
Glo. So ſhould I giue conſent to flatter ſinne,
You know (my Lord) your Highneſſe is betroath'd
Vnto another Lady of eſteeme,
How ſhall we then diſpenſe with that contract,
And not deface your Honor with reproach?
Suf. As doth a Ruler with vnlawfull Oathes,
Or one that at a Triumph, hauing vow'd
To try his ſtrength, forſaketh yet the Liſtes
By reaſon of his Aduerſaries oddes.
A poore Earles daughter is vnequall oddes,
And therefore may be broke without offence.
Glouceſter. Why what (I pray) is *Margaret* more then that?
Her Father is no better than an Earle,
Although in glorious Titles he excell.
Suf. Yes my Lord, her Father is a King,
The King of Naples, and Ieruſalem,
And of ſuch great Authoritie in France,
As his alliance will confirme our peace,
And keepe the Frenchmen in Allegeance.
Glo. And ſo the Earle of Armynacke may doe,
Becauſe he is neere Kinſman vnto *Charles*.
Exet Beſide, his wealth doth warrant a liberal dower,
Where *Reignier* ſooner will receyue, than giue.
Suf. A Dowre my Lords? Diſgrace not ſo your King,
That he ſhould be ſo abiect, baſe, and poore,
To chooſe for wealth, and not for perfect Loue.
Henry is able to enrich his Queene,
And not to ſeeke a Queene to make him rich,
So worthleſſe Pezants bargaine for their Wiues,
As Market men for Oxen, Sheepe, or Horſe.
Marriage is a matter of more worth,
Then to be dealt in by Atturney-ſhip:
Not whom we will, but whom his Grace affects,

Muſt

Muſt be companion of his Nuptiall bed.
And therefore Lords, ſince he affects her moſt,
Moſt of all theſe reaſons bindeth vs,
In our opinions ſhe ſhould be preferr'd.
For what is wedlocke forced? but a Hell,
An Age of diſcord and continuall ſtrife,
Whereas the contrarie bringeth bliſſe,
And is a patterne of Celeſtiall peace.
Whom ſhould we match with *Henry* being a King,
But *Margaret*, that is daughter to a King:
Her peereleſſe feature, ioyned with her birth,
Approues her fit for none, but for a King.
Her valiant courage, and vndaunted ſpirit,
(More then in women commonly is ſeene)
Will anſwer our hope in iſſue of a King.
For *Henry*, ſonne vnto a Conqueror,
Is likely to beget more Conquerors,
If with a Lady of ſo high reſolue,
(As is faire *Margaret*) he be link'd in loue.
Then yeeld my Lords, and heere conclude with mee,
That *Margaret* ſhall be Queene, and none but ſhee.

King. Whether it be through force of your report,
My Noble Lord of Suffolke: Or for that
My tender youth was neuer yet attaint
With any paſſion of inflaming loue,
I cannot tell: but this I am aſſur'd,
I feele ſuch ſharpe diſſention in my breaſt,
Such fierce alarums both of Hope and Feare,
As I am ſicke with working of my thoughts.
Take therefore ſhipping, poſte my Lord to France,
Agree to any couenants, and procure
That Lady *Margaret* do vouchſafe to come
To croſſe the Seas to England, and be crown'd
King *Henries* faithfull and annointed Queene.
For your expences and ſufficient charge,
Among the people gather vp a tenth.
Be gone I ſay, for till you do returne,
I reſt perplexed with a thouſand Cares.
And you (good Vncle) baniſh all offence:
If you do cenſure me, by what you were,
Not what you are, I know it will excuſe
This ſodaine execution of my will.
And ſo conduct me, where from company,
I may reuolue and ruminate my greefe. *Exit.*

Glo. I greeſe I feare me, both at firſt and laſt.
Exit Glocester.

Suf. Thus Suffolke hath preuail'd, and thus he goes
As did the youthfull *Paris* once to Greece,
With hope to finde the like euent in loue,
But proſper better than the Troian did:
Margaret ſhall now be Queene, and rule the King:
But I will rule both her, the King, and Realme. *Exit.*

FINIS.

The ſecond Part of Henry the Sixt,

with the death of the Good Duke HVMFREY.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Flouriſh of Trumpets: Then Hoboyes.

Enter King, Duke Humfrey, Salisbury, Warwicke, and Beauford on the one ſide. The Queene, Suffolke, Yorke, Somerſet, and Buckingham, on the other.

Suffolke.

AS by your high Imperiall Maieſty,
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As Procurator to your Excellence,
To marry Princes *Margaret* for your Grace;
So in the Famous Ancient City, *Toures*,
In preſence of the Kings of *France*, and *Sicill*,
The Dukes of *Orleance*, *Calaber*, *Britaigne*, and *Alanſon*,
Seuen Earles, twelue Barons, & twenty reuerend Biſhops
I haue perform'd my Taske, and was eſpous'd,
And humbly now vpon my bended knee,
In ſight of England, and her Lordly Peeres,
Deliuer vp my Title in the Queene
To your moſt gracious hands, that are the Subſtance
Of that great Shadow I did repreſent:
The happieſt Gift, that euer Marqueſſe gaue,
The Faireſt Queene, that euer King receiu'd.

King. Suffolke arife. Welcome Queene *Margaret*,
I can expreſſe no kinder ſigne of Loue
Then this kinde kiſſe: O Lord, that lends me life,
Lend me a heart repleate with thankfulneſſe:
For thou haſt giuen me in this beauteous Face
A world of earthly bleſſings to my ſoule,
If Simpathy of Loue vnite our thoughts.

Queen. Great King of England, & my gracious Lord,
The mutuall conference that my minde hath had,
By day, by night; waking, and in my dreames,
In Courtly company, or at my Beades,
With you mine *Alder liefeſt* Soueraigne,
Makes me the bolder to ſalute my King,
With ruder termes, ſuch as my wit affoords,
And ouer ioy of heart doth miniſter.

King. Her ſight did rauiſh, but her grace in Speech,
Her words yclad with wiſedomes Maieſty,
Makes me from Wondring, fall to Weeping ioyes,
Such is the Fulneſſe of my hearts content.
Lords, with one cheerefull voice, Welcome my Loue.

All kneel. Long liue Qu. *Margaret*, Englands happines.

Queene. We thanke you all. *Floriſh*

Suf. My Lord Protector, ſo it pleaſe your Grace,
Heere are the Articles of contracted peace,
Betweene our Soueraigne, and the French King *Charles*,
For eighteene moneths concluded by confent.

Glo. Reads. Inprimis, *It is agreed betweene the French K. Charles, and William de la Pole Marqueſſe of Suffolke, Ambaſſador for Henry King of England, That the ſaid Henry ſhal eſpouſe the Lady Margaret, daughter vnto Reignier King of Naples, Sicillia, and Ieruſalem, and Crowne her Queene of England, ere the thirtieth of May next enſuing.*

Item, *That the Dutchy of Aniou, and the County of Main, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered to the King her father.*

King. Vnkle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me gracious Lord,
Some ſodaine qualme hath ſtrucke me at the heart,
And dim'd mine eyes, that I can reade no further.

King. Vnckle of Wincheſter, I pray read on.

Win. Item, *It is further agreed betweene them, That the Dutcheſſe of Aniou and Maine, ſhall be releaſed and deliuered ouer to the King her Father, and ſhee ſent ouer of the King of Englands owne proper Coſt and Charges, without hauing any Dowry.*

King. They pleaſe vs well. Lord Marques kneel down,
We heere create thee the firſt Duke of Suffolke,
And girt thee with the Sword. Coſin of Yorke,
We heere diſcharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th parts of France, till terme of eighteene Moneths
Be full expyr'd. Thankes Vncle Wincheſter,
Gloſter, Yorke, Buckingham, Somerſet,
Salisburie, and Warwicke.
We thanke you all for this great fauour done,
In entertainment to my Princely Queene.
Come, let vs in, and with all ſpeede prouide
To ſee her Coronation be perform'd.

Exit King, Queene, and Suffolke.

Manet the reſt.

Glo. Braue Peeres of England, Pillars of the State,
To you Duke *Humfrey* muſt vnload his greefe:
Your greefe, the common greefe of all the Land.
What? did my brother *Henry* ſpend his youth,
His valour, coine, and people in the warres?
Did he ſo often lodge in open field:
In Winters cold, and Summers parching heate,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother *Bedford* toyle his wits,

To

To keepe by policy what *Henrie* got:
Haue you your selues, *Somerset*, *Buckingham*,
Braue *Yorke*, *Salisbury*, and victorious *Warwicke*,
Receiud deepe scarres in France and Normandie:
Or hath mine Vncle *Beauford*, and my selfe,
With all the Learned Counsell of the Realme,
Studied so long, sat in the Councell house,
Early and late, debating too and fro
How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe,
And hath his Highnesse in his infancie,
Crowned in Paris in despight of foes,
And shall these Labours, and these Honours dye?
Shall *Henries* Conquest, *Bedfords* vigilance,
Your Deeds of Warre, and all our Counsell dye?
O Peeres of England, shamefull is this League,
Fatall this Marriage, cancelling your Fame,
Blotting your names from Bookes of memory,
Racing the Charracters of your Renowne,
Defacing Monuments of Conquer'd France,
Vndoing all as all had neuer bin.

Car. Nephew, what meanes this passionate discourse?
This preroration with such circumstance:
For France, 'tis ours; and we will keepe it still.

Glo. I Vncle, we will keepe it, if we can:
But now it is impossible we should.
Suffolke, the new made Duke that rules the roast,
Hath giuen the Dutchy of *Aniou* and *Mayne*,
Vnto the poore King *Reignier*, whose large style
Agrees not with the leanesse of his purse.

Sal. Now by the death of him that dyed for all,
These Counties were the Keyes of *Normandie:*
But wherefore weepes *Warwicke*, my valiant sonne?

War. For greefe that they are past recouerie.
For were there hope to conquer them againe,
My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no teares.
Aniou and *Maine?* My selfe did win them both:
Those Prouinces, these Armes of mine did conquer,
And are the Cities that I got with wounds,
Deliuer'd vp againe with peacefull words?
Mort Dieu.

Yorke. For Suffolkes Duke, may he be suffocate,
That dims the Honor of this Warlike Isle:
France should haue torne and rent my very hart,
Before I would haue yeelded to this League.
I neuer read but Englands Kings haue had
Large summes of Gold, and Dowries with their wiues,
And our King *Henry* giues away his owne,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Hum. A proper iest, and neuer heard before,
That Suffolke should demand a whole Fifteenth,
For Costs and Charges in tranporting her:
She should haue staid in France, and steru'd in France
Before———

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now ye grow too hot,
It was the pleasure of my Lord the King.

Hum. My Lord of Winchester I know your minde.
Tis not my speeches that you do mislike:
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye,
Rancour will out, proud Prelate, in thy face
I see thy furie: If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings:
Lordings farewell, and say when I am gone,
I propheside, France will be lost ere long. *Exit Humfrey.*

Car. So, there goes our Protector in a rage:
'Tis knowne to you he is mine enemy:
Nay more, an enemy vnto you all,
And no great friend, I feare me to the King;
Consider Lords, he is the next of blood,
And heyre apparant to the English Crowne:
Had *Henrie* got an Empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy Kingdomes of the West,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it:
Looke to it Lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts, be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people fauour him,
Calling him, *Humfrey the good Duke of Gloster*,
Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voyce,
Iesu maintaine your Royall Excellence,
With God preserue the good Duke *Humfrey:*
I feare me Lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous Protector.

Buc. Why should he then protect our Soueraigne?
He being of age to gouerne of himselfe.
Cosin of Somerset, ioyne you with me,
And altogether with the Duke of Suffolke,
Wee'l quickly hoyse Duke *Humfrey* from his seat.

Car. This weighty businesse will not brooke delay,
Ile to the Duke of Suffolke presently. *Exit Cardinall.*

Som. Cosin of Buckingham, though *Humfries* pride
And greatnesse of his place be greefe to vs,
Yet let vs watch the haughtie Cardinall,
His insolence is more intollerable
Then all the Princes in the Land beside,
If Gloster be displac'd, hee'l be Protector.

Buc. Or thou, or I Somerset will be Protectors,
Despite Duke *Humfrey*, or the Cardinall.
Exit Buckingham, and Somerset.

Sal. Pride went before, Ambition followes him.
While these do labour for their owne preferment,
Behooues it vs to labor for the Realme.
I neuer saw but Humfrey Duke of Gloster,
Did beare him like a Noble Gentleman:
Oft haue I seene the haughty Cardinall.
More like a Souldier then a man o'th'Church,
As stout and proud as he were Lord of all,
Sweare like a Ruffian, and demeane himselfe
Vnlike the Ruler of a Common-weale.
Warwicke my sonne, the comfort of my age,
Thy deeds, thy plainnesse, and thy house-keeping,
Hath wonne the greatest fauour of the Commons,
Excepting none but good Duke Humfrey.
And Brother Yorke, thy Acts in Ireland,
In bringing them to ciuill Discipline:
Thy late exploits done in the heart of France,
When thou wert Regent for our Soueraigne,
Haue made thee fear'd and honor'd of the people,
Ioyne we together for the publike good,
In what we can, to bridle and suppresse
The pride of Suffolke, and the Cardinall,
With Somersets and Buckinghams Ambition,
And as we may, cherish Duke Humfries deeds,
While they do tend the profit of the Land.

War. So God helpe Warwicke, as he loues the Land,
And common profit of his Countrey.

Yor. And so sayes Yorke,
For he hath greatest cause.

Salisbury. Then lets make haste away,
And looke vnto the maine.

Warwicke. Vnto the maine?
Oh Father, *Maine* is lost,
That *Maine*, which by maine force Warwicke did winne,
And would haue kept, so long as breath did last:

Main-chance father you meant, but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from France, or elſe be ſlaine.
Exit Warwicke, and Salisbury. *Manet Yorke.*
Yorke. *Aniou* and *Maine* are giuen to the French,
Paris is loſt, the ſtate of *Normandie*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone:
Suffolke concluded on the Articles,
The Peeres agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd,
To change two Dukedomes for a Dukes faire daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them?
'Tis thine they giue away, and not their owne.
Pirates may make cheape penyworths of their pillage,
And purchaſe Friends, and giue to Curtezans,
Still reuelling like Lords till all be gone,
While as the ſilly Owner of the goods
Weepes ouer them, and wrings his hapleſſe hands,
And ſhakes his head, and trembling ſtands aloofe,
While all is ſhar'd, and all is borne away,
Ready to ſterue, and dare not touch his owne.
So Yorke muſt ſit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his owne Lands are bargain'd for, and ſold:
Me thinkes the Realmes of England, France, & Ireland,
Beare that proportion to my fleſh and blood,
As did the fatall brand *Althæa* burnt,
Vnto the Princes heart of *Calidon:*
Anion and *Maine* both giuen vnto the French?
Cold newes for me: for I had hope of France,
Euen as I haue of fertile Englands ſoile.
A day will come, when Yorke ſhall claime his owne,
And therefore I will take the *Neuils* parts,
And make a ſhew of loue to proud Duke *Humfrey*,
And when I ſpy aduantage, claime the Crowne,
For that's the Golden marke I ſeeke to hit:
Nor ſhall proud Lancaſter vſurpe my right,
Nor hold the Scepter in his childiſh Fiſt,
Nor weare the Diadem vpon his head,
Whoſe Church-like humors fits not for a Crowne.
Then Yorke be ſtill a-while, till time do ſerue:
Watch thou, and wake when others be aſleepe,
To prie into the ſecrets of the State,
Till *Henrie* ſurfetting in ioyes of loue,
With his new Bride, & Englands deere bought Queen,
And *Humfrey* with the Peeres be falne at iarres:
Then will I raiſe aloft the Milke-white-Roſe,
With whoſe ſweet ſmell the Ayre ſhall be perfum'd,
And in in my Standard beare the Armes of Yorke,
To grapple with the houſe of Lancaſter,
And force perforce Ile make him yeeld the Crowne,
Whoſe bookiſh Rule, hath pull'd faire England downe.
Exit Yorke.

Enter Duke Humfrey and his wife Elianor.

Elia. Why droopes my Lord like ouer-ripen'd Corn,
Hanging the head at Ceres plenteous load?
Why doth the Great Duke *Humfrey* knit his browes,
As frowning at the Fauours of the world?
Why are thine eyes fixt to the fullen earth,
Gazing on that which ſeemes to dimme thy ſight?
What ſeeſt thou there? King *Henries* Diadem,
Inchac'd with all the Honors of the world?
If ſo, Gaze on, and grouell on thy face,
Vntill thy head be circled with the fame.
Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold.
What, is't too ſhort? Ile lengthen it with mine,
And hauing both together heau'd it vp,
Wee'l both together lift our heads to heauen,
And neuer more abaſe our ſight ſo low,
As to vouchſafe one glance vnto the ground.
Hum. O *Nell*, ſweet *Nell*, if thou doſt loue thy Lord,
Baniſh the Canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine ill
Againſt my King and Nephew, vertuous *Henry*,
Be my laſt breathing in this mortall world.
My troublous dreames this night, doth make me ſad.
Eli. What dream'd my Lord, tell me, and Ile requite it
With ſweet rehearſall of my mornings dreame?
Hum. Me thought this ſtaffe mine Office-badge in Court
Was broke in twaine: by whom, I haue forgot,
But as I thinke, it was by'th Cardinall,
And on the peeces of the broken Wand
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmond* Duke of Somerſet,
And *William de la Pole* firſt Duke of Suffolke.
This was my dreame, what it doth bode God knowes.
Eli. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he that breakes a ſticke of Gloſters groue,
Shall looſe his head for his preſumption.
But liſt to me my *Humfrey*, my ſweete Duke:
Me thought I ſate in Seate of Maieſty,
In the Cathedrall Church of Weſtminſter,
And in that Chaire where Kings & Queens wer crownd,
Where *Henrie* and Dame *Margaret* kneel'd to me,
And on my head did ſet the Diadem.
Hum. Nay *Elinor*, then muſt I chide outright:
Preſumptuous Dame, ill-nurter'd *Elianor*,
Art thou not ſecond Woman in the Realme?
And the Protectors wife belou'd of him?
Haſt thou not worldly pleaſure at command,
Aboue the reach or compaſſe of thy thought?
And wilt thou ſtill be hammering Treachery,
To tumble downe thy husband, and thy ſelfe,
From top of Honor, to Diſgraces feete?
Away from me, and let me heare no more.
Elia. What, what, my Lord? Are you ſo chollericke
With *Elianor*, for telling but her dreame?
Next time Ile keepe my dreames vnto my ſelfe,
And not be check'd.
Hum. Nay be not angry, I am pleas'd againe.

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord Protector, 'tis his Highnes pleaſure,
You do prepare to ride vnto S. *Albons*,
Where as the King and Queene do meane to Hawke.
Hu. I go. Come *Nel* thou wilt ride with vs? *Ex. Hum*
Eli. Yes my good Lord, Ile follow prefently.
Follow I muſt, I cannot go before,
While Gloſter beares this baſe and humble minde.
Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
I would remoue thoſe tedious ſtumbling blockes,
And ſmooth my way vpon their headleſſe neckes.
And being a woman, I will not be ſlacke
To play my part in Fortunes Pageant.
Where are you there? Sir *Iohn*; nay feare not man,
We are alone, here's none but thee, & I. *Enter Hume.*
Hume. Ieſus preſerue your Royall Maieſty.
Elia. What faiſt thou? Maieſty: I am but Grace.
Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Humes* aduice,
Your Graces Title ſhall be multiplied.
Elia. What faiſt thou man? Haſt thou as yet conferr'd
With *Margerie Iordane* the cunning Witch,
With *Roger Bollingbrooke* the Coniurer?
And will they vndertake to do me good?
Hume. This they haue promiſed to ſhew your Highnes
A Spirit rais'd from depth of vnder ground,

That

That ſhall make anſwere to ſuch Queſtions,
As by your Grace ſhall be propounded him.
Elianor. It is enough, Ile thinke vpon the Queſtions:
When from Saint *Albones* we doe make returne,
Wee'le ſee theſe things effected to the full.
Here *Hume*, take this reward, make merry man
With thy Confederates in this weightie cauſe.
Exit Elianor.
Hume. *Hume* muſt make merry with the Ducheſſe Gold:
Marry and ſhall: but how now, Sir *Iohn Hume?*
Seale vp your Lips, and giue no words but Mum,
The buſineſſe asketh ſilent ſecrecie.
Dame *Elianor* giues Gold, to bring the Witch:
Gold cannot come amiſſe, were ſhe a Deuill.
Yet haue I Gold flyes from another Coaſt:
I dare not ſay, from the rich Cardinall,
And from the great and new-made Duke of Suffolke;
Yet I doe finde it ſo: for to be plaine,
They (knowing Dame *Elianors* aſpiring humor)
Haue hyred me to vnder-mine the Ducheſſe,
And buzze theſe Coniurations in her brayne.
They ſay, A craftie Knaue do's need no Broker,
Yet am I *Suffolke* and the Cardinalls Broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you ſhall goe neere
To call them both a payre of craftie Knaues.
Well, ſo it ſtands: and thus I feare at laſt,
Humes Knauerie will be the Ducheſſe Wracke,
And her Attainture, will be *Humphreyes* fall:
Sort how it will, I ſhall haue Gold for all. *Exit.*

Enter three or foure Petitioners, the Armorers Man being one.

1.*Pet.* My Maſters, let's ſtand cloſe, my Lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then wee may deliuer our Supplications in the Quill.
2.*Pet.* Marry the Lord protect him, for hee's a good man, Ieſu bleſſe him.

Enter Suffolke, and Queene.

Peter. Here a comes me thinkes, and the Queene with him: Ile be the firſt ſure.
2.*Pet.* Come backe foole, this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my Lord Protector.
Suff. How now fellow: would'ſt any thing with me?
1.*Pet.* I pray my Lord pardon me, I tooke ye for my Lord Protector.
Queene. To my Lord Protector? Are your Supplications to his Lordſhip? Let me ſee them: what is thine?
1.*Pet.* Mine is, and't pleaſe your Grace, againſt *Iohn Goodman*, my Lord Cardinals Man, for keeping my Houſe, and Lands, and Wife and all, from me.
Suff. Thy Wife too? that's ſome Wrong indeede. What's yours? What's heere? Againſt the Duke of Suffolke, for encloſing the Commons of Melforde. How now, Sir Knaue?
2.*Pet.* Alas Sir, I am but a poore Petitioner of our whole Towneſhip.
Peter. Againſt my Maſter *Thomas Horner*, for ſaying, That the Duke of Yorke was rightfull Heire to the Crowne.
Queene. What ſay'ſt thou? Did the Duke of Yorke ſay, hee was rightfull Heire to the Crowne?
Peter. That my Miſtreſſe was? No forſooth: my Maſter ſaid, That he was, and that the King was an Vſurper.
Suff. Who is there?
Enter Seruant.
Take this fellow in, and ſend for his Maſter with a Purſeuant preſently: wee'le heare more of your matter before the King. *Exit.*
Queene. And as for you that loue to be protected
Vnder the Wings of our Protectors Grace,
Begin your Suites anew, and ſue to him.
Teare the Supplication.
Away, baſe Cullions: *Suffolke* let them goe.
All. Come, let's be gone. *Exit.*
Queene. My Lord of Suffolke, ſay, is this the guiſe?
Is this the Faſhions in the Court of England?
Is this the Gouernment of Britaines Ile?
And this the Royaltie of *Albions* King?
What, ſhall King *Henry* be a Pupill ſtill,
Vnder the furly *Gloſters* Gouernance?
Am I a Queene in Title and in Stile,
And muſt be made a Subiect to a Duke?
I tell thee *Poole*, when in the Citie *Tours*
Thou ran'ſt a-tilt in honor of my Loue,
And ſtol'ſt away the Ladies hearts of France;
I thought King *Henry* had reſembled thee,
In Courage, Courtſhip, and Proportion:
But all his minde is bent to Holineſſe,
To number *Aue-Maries* on his Beades:
His Champions, are the Prophets and Apoſtles,
His Weapons, holy Sawes of facred Writ,
His Studie is his Tilt-yard, and his Loues
Are brazen Images of Canonized Saints.
I would the Colledge of the Cardinalls
Would chuſe him Pope, and carry him to Rome,
And ſet the Triple Crowne vpon his Head;
That were a State fit for his Holineſſe.
Suff. Madame be patient: as I was cauſe
Your Highneſſe came to England, ſo will I
In England worke your Graces full content.
Queene. Beſide the haughtie Protector, haue we *Beauford*
The imperious Churchman; *Somerſet*, *Buckingham*,
And grumbling *Yorke:* and not the leaſt of theſe,
But can doe more in England then the King.
Suff. And he of theſe, that can doe moſt of all,
Cannot doe more in England then the *Neuils:*
Salisbury and *Warwick* are no ſimple Peeres.
Queene. Not all theſe Lords do vex me halfe ſo much,
As that prowd Dame, the Lord Protectors Wife:
She ſweepes it through the Court with troups of Ladies,
More like an Empreſſe, then Duke *Humphreyes* Wife:
Strangers in Court, doe take her for the Queene:
She beares a Dukes Reuenewes on her backe,
And in her heart ſhe ſcornes our Pouertie:
Shall I not liue to be aueng'd on her?
Contemptuous baſe-borne Callot as ſhe is,
She vaunted 'mongſt her Minions t'other day,
The very trayne of her worſt wearing Gowne,
Was better worth then all my Fathers Lands,
Till *Suffolke* gaue two Dukedomes for his Daughter.
Suff. Madame, my ſelfe haue lym'd a Buſh for her,
And plac't a Quier of ſuch enticing Birds,
That ſhe will light to liſten to the Layes,
And neuer mount to trouble you againe.
So let her reſt: and Madame liſt to me,
For I am bold to counſaile you in this;
Although we fancie not the Cardinall,
Yet muſt we ioyne with him and with the Lords,
Till we haue brought Duke *Humphrey* in diſgrace.

As

As for the Duke of Yorke, this late Complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So one by one wee'le weed them all at laſt,
And you your ſelfe ſhall ſteere the happy Helme. *Exit.*

Sound a Sennet.

Enter the King, Duke Humfrey, Cardinall, Buckingham, Yorke, Salisbury, Warwicke, and the Ducheſſe.

King. For my part, Noble Lords, I care not which,
Or *Somerſet*, or *Yorke*, all's one to me.
Yorke. If *Yorke* haue ill demean'd himſelfe in France,
Then let him be denay'd the Regent-ſhip.
Som. If *Somerſet* be vnworthy of the Place,
Let *Yorke* be Regent, I will yeeld to him.
Warw. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
Diſpute not that, *Yorke* is the worthyer.
Card. Ambitious *Warwicke*, let thy betters ſpeake.
Warw. The Cardinall's not my better in the field.
Buck. All in this prefence are thy betters, *Warwicke.*
Warw. *Warwicke* may liue to be the beſt of all.
Salisb. Peace Sonne, and ſhew ſome reaſon *Buckingham*
Why *Somerſet* ſhould be preferr'd in this?
Queene. Becauſe the King forſooth will haue it ſo.
Humf. Madame, the King is old enough himſelfe
To giue his Cenſure: Theſe are no Womens matters.
Queene. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
To be Protector of his Excellence?
Humf. Madame, I am Protector of the Realme,
And at his pleaſure will reſigne my Place.
Suff. Reſigne it then, and leaue thine inſolence.
Since thou wert King; as who is King, but thou?
The Common-wealth hath dayly run to wrack,
The Dolphin hath preuayl'd beyond the Seas,
And all the Peeres and Nobles of the Realme
Haue beene as Bond-men to thy Soueraigntie.
Card. The Commons haſt thou rackt, the Clergies Bags
Are lanke and leane with thy Extortions.
Som. Thy ſumptuous Buildings, and thy Wiues Attyre
Haue coſt a maſſe of publique Treaſurie.
Buck. Thy Crueltie in execution
Vpon Offendors, hath exceeded Law,
And left thee to the mercy of the Law.
Queene. Thy ſale of Offices and Townes in France,
If they were knowne, as the ſuſpect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy Head.
Exit Humfrey.
Giue me my Fanne: what, Mynion, can ye not?
She giues the Ducheſſe a box on the eare.
I cry you mercy, Madame: was it you?
Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, prowd French-woman:
Could I come neere your Beautie with my Nayles,
I could ſet my ten Commandements in your face.
King. Sweet Aunt be quiet, 'twas againſt her will.
Duch. Againſt her will, good King? looke to't in time,
Shee'le hamper thee, and dandle thee like a Baby:
Though in this place moſt Maſter weare no Breeches,
She ſhall not ſtrike Dame *Elianor* vnreueng'd.
Exit Elianor.
Buck. Lord Cardinall, I will follow *Elianor*,
And liſten after *Humfrey*, how he proceedes:
Shee's tickled now, her Fume needs no ſpurres,
Shee'le gallop farre enough to her deſtruction.
Exit Buckingham.

Enter Humfrey.

Humf. Now Lords, my Choller being ouer-blowne,
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talke of Common-wealth Affayres.
As for your ſpightfull falſe Obiections,
Proue them, and I lye open to the Law:
But God in mercie ſo deale with my Soule,
As I in dutie loue my King and Countrey.
But to the matter that we haue in hand:
I ſay, my Soueraigne, *Yorke* is meeteſt man
To be your Regent in the Realme of France.
Suff. Before we make election, giue me leaue
To ſhew ſome reaſon, of no little force,
That *Yorke* is moſt vnmeet of any man.
Yorke. Ile tell thee, *Suffolke*, why I am vnmeet.
Firſt, for I cannot flatter thee in Pride:
Next, if I be appointed for the Place,
My Lord of Somerſet will keepe me here,
Without Diſcharge, Money, or Furniture,
Till France be wonne into the Dolphins hands:
Laſt time I danc't attendance on his will,
Till Paris was beſieg'd, famiſht, and loſt.
Warw. That can I witneſſe, and a fouler fact
Did neuer Traytor in the Land commit.
Suff. Peace head-ſtrong *Warwicke.*
Warw. Image of Pride, why ſhould I hold my peace?

Enter Armorer and his Man.

Suff. Becauſe here is a man accuſed of Treaſon,
Pray God the Duke of Yorke excuſe himſelfe.
Yorke. Doth any one accuſe *Yorke* for a Traytor?
King. What mean'ſt thou, *Suffolke?* tell me, what are theſe?
Suff. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie, this is the man
That doth accuſe his Maſter of High Treaſon;
His words were theſe: That *Richard*, Duke of Yorke,
Was rightfull Heire vnto the Engliſh Crowne,
And that your Maieſtie was an Vſurper.
King. Say man, were theſe thy words?
Armorer. And't ſhall pleaſe your Maieſtie, I neuer fayd
nor thought any ſuch matter: God is my witneſſe, I am falſely accus'd by the Villaine.
Peter. By theſe tenne bones, my Lords, hee did ſpeake them to me in the Garret one Night, as wee were ſcowring my Lord of Yorkes Armor.
Yorke. Bafe Dunghill Villaine, and Mechanicall,
Ile haue thy Head for this thy Traytors ſpeech:
I doe beſeech your Royall Maieſtie,
Let him haue all the rigor of the Law.
Armorer. Alas, my Lord, hang me if euer I ſpake the words: my accuſer is my Prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow vpon his knees he would be euen with me: I haue good witneſſe of this; therefore I beſeech your Maieſtie, doe not caſt away an honeſt man for a Villaines accuſation.
King. Vncle, what ſhall we ſay to this in law?
Humf. This doome, my Lord, if I may iudge:
Let *Somerſet* be Regent o're the French,
Becauſe in *Yorke* this breedes ſuſpition;
And let theſe haue a day appointed them
For ſingle Combat, in conuenient place,
For he hath witneſſe of his ſeruants malice:
This is the Law, and this Duke *Humfreyes* doome.

Som. I humbly thanke your Royall Maieſtie.
Armorer. And I accept the Combat willingly.
Peter. Alas, my Lord, I cannot fight; for Gods ſake pitty my caſe: the ſpight of man preuayleth againſt me. O Lord haue mercy vpon me, I ſhall neuer be able to fight a blow: O Lord my heart.
Humf. Sirrha, or you muſt fight, or elſe be hang'd.
King. Away with them to Priſon: and the day of Combat, ſhall be the laſt of the next moneth. Come *Somerſet*, wee'le ſee thee ſent away.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter the Witch, the two Prieſts, and Bullingbrooke.

Hume. Come my Maſters, the Ducheſſe I tell you expects performance of your promiſes.
Bulling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore prouided: will her Ladyſhip behold and heare our Exorciſmes?
Hume. I, what elſe? feare you not her courage.
Bulling. I haue heard her reported to be a Woman of an inuincible ſpirit: but it ſhall be conuenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while wee be buſie below; and ſo I pray you goe in Gods Name, and leaue vs.
Exit Hume.
Mother *Iordan*, be you proſtrate, and grouell on the Earth; *Iohn Southwell* reade you, and let vs to our worke.

Enter Elianor aloft.

Elianor. Well ſaid my Maſters, and welcome all: To this geere, the ſooner the better.
Bullin. Patience, good Lady, Wizards know their times: Deepe Night, darke Night, the ſilent of the Night, The time of Night when Troy was ſet on fire, The time when Screech-owles cry, and Bandogs howle, And Spirits walke, and Ghoſts breake vp their Graues; That time beſt fits the worke we haue in hand. Madame, ſit you, and feare not: whom wee rayſe, Wee will make faſt within a hallow'd Verge.

Here doe the Ceremonies belonging, and make the Circle, Bullingbrooke or Southwell reades, Coniuro te, &c. *It Thunders and Lightens terribly: then the Spirit riſeth.*

Spirit. Ad ſum.
Witch. Aſmath, by the eternall God, Whoſe name and power thou trembleſt at, Anſwere that I ſhall aske: for till thou ſpeake, Thou ſhalt not paſſe from hence.
Spirit. Aske what thou wilt; that I had ſayd, and done.
Bulling. Firſt of the King: What ſhall of him become?
Spirit. The Duke yet liues, that *Henry* ſhall depoſe: But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.
Bulling. What ſates await the Duke of Suffolke?
Spirit. By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
Bulling. What ſhall befall the Duke of Somerſet?
Spirit. Let him ſhun Caſtles, Saſer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines, Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand. Haue done, for more I hardly can endure.
Bulling. Diſcend to Darkneſſe, and the burning Lake: Falſe Fiend auoide.
Thunder and Lightning. Exit Spirit.

Enter the Duke of Yorke and the Duke of Buckingham with their Guard, and breake in.

Yorke. Lay hands vpon theſe Traytors, and their traſh: Beldam I thinke we watcht you at an ynch. What Madame, are you there? the King & Commonweale Are deepely indebted for this peece of paines; My Lord Protector will, I doubt it not, See you well guerdon'd for theſe good deſerts.
Elianor. Not halfe ſo bad as thine to Englands King, Iniurious Duke, that threateſt where's no cauſe.
Buck. True Madame, none at all: what call you this: Away with them, let them be clapt vp cloſe, And kept aſunder: you Madame ſhall with vs. *Stafford* take her to thee.
Wee'le ſee your Trinkets here all forth-comming.
All away. *Exit.*
Yorke. Lord *Buckingham*, me thinks you watcht her well: A pretty Plot, well choſen to build vpon. Now pray my Lord, let's ſee the Deuils Writ. What haue we here? *Reades.*
The Duke yet liues, that Henry *ſhall depoſe: But him out-liue, and dye a violent death.*
Why this is iuſt *Aio Æacida Romanos vincero poſſo.* Well, to the reſt:
Tell me what fate awaits the Duke of Suffolke?
By Water ſhall he dye, and take his end.
What ſhall betide the Duke of Somerſet?
Let him ſhunne Castles, Safer ſhall he be vpon the ſandie Plaines, Then where Caſtles mounted ſtand.
Come, come, my Lords, Theſe Oracles are hardly attain'd, And hardly vnderſtood. The King is now in progreſſe towards Saint *Albones*, With him, the Husband of this louely Lady: Thither goes theſe Newes, As faſt as Horſe can carry them: A ſorry Breakfaſt for my Lord Protector.
Buck. Your Grace ſhal giue me leaue, my Lord of York, To be the Poſte, in hope of his reward.
Yorke. At your pleaſure, my good Lord. Who's within there, hoe?
Enter a Seruingman.
Inuite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick To ſuppe with me to morrow Night. Away.
Exeunt.

Enter the King, Queene, Protector, Cardinall, and Suffolke, with Faulkners hallowing.

Queene. Beleeue me Lords, for flying at the Brooke, I ſaw not better ſport theſe ſeuen yeeres day: Yet by your leaue, the Winde was very high, And ten to one, old *Ioane* had not gone out.
King. But what a point, my Lord, your Faulcon made, And what a pytch ſhe flew aboue the reſt: To ſee how God in all his Creatures workes, Yea Man and Birds are fayne of climbing high.
Suff. No maruell, and it like your Maieſtie, My Lord Protectors Hawkes doe towre ſo well, They know their Maſter loues to be aloft, And beares his thoughts aboue his Faulcons Pitch.
Gloſt. My Lord, 'tis but a baſe ignoble minde, That mounts no higher then a Bird can ſore.

Card. I thought as much, hee would be aboue the Clouds.

Gloſt. I my Lord Cardinall, how thinke you by that? Were it not good your Grace could flye to Heauen?

King. The Treaſurie of euerlaſting Ioy.

Card. Thy Heauen is on Earth, thine Eyes & Thoughts Beat on a Crowne, the Treaſure of thy Heart, Pernitious Protector, dangerous Peere, That ſmooth'ſt it ſo with King and Common-weale.

Gloſt. What, Cardinall? Is your Prieſt-hood growne peremptorie? *Tantæne animis Cœleſtibus iræ*, Church-men ſo hot? Good Vnckle hide ſuch mallice: With ſuch Holyneſſe can you doe it?

Suff. No mallice Sir, no more then well becomes So good a Quarrell, and ſo bad a Peere.

Gloſt. As who, my Lord?

Suff. Why, as you, my Lord, An't like your Lordly Lords Protectorſhip.

Gloſt. Why *Suffolke*, England knowes thine inſolence.

Queene. And thy Ambition, *Gloſter*.

King. I prythee peace, good Queene, And whet not on theſe furious Peeres, For bleſſed are the Peace-makers on Earth.

Card. Let me be bleſſed for the Peace I make Againſt this prowd Protector with my Sword.

Gloſt. Faith holy Vnckle, would't were come to that.

Card. Marry, when thou dar'ſt.

Gloſt. Make vp no factious numbers for the matter, In thine owne perſon anſwere thy abuſe.

Card. I, where thou dar'ſt not peepe: And if thou dar'ſt, this Euening, On the Eaſt ſide of the Groue.

King. How now, my Lords?

Card. Beleeue me, Couſin *Gloſter*, Had not your man put vp the Fowle ſo ſuddenly, We had had more ſport. Come with thy two-hand Sword.

Gloſt. True Vnckle, are ye aduis'd? The Eaſt ſide of the Groue: Cardinall, I am with you.

King. Why how now, Vnckle *Gloſter?*

Gloſt. Talking of Hawking; nothing elſe, my Lord. Now by Gods Mother, Prieſt, Ile ſhaue your Crowne for this, Or all my Fence ſhall fayle.

Card. Medice teipſum, Protector ſee to't well, protect your ſelfe.

King. The Windes grow high, So doe your Stomacks, Lords: How irkeſome is this Muſick to my heart? When ſuch Strings iarre, what hope of Harmony? I pray my Lords let me compound this ſtrife.

Enter one crying a Miracle.

Gloſt. What meanes this noyſe? Fellow, what Miracle do'ſt thou proclayme?

One. A Miracle, a Miracle.

Suffolke. Come to the King, and tell him what Miracle.

One. Forſooth, a blinde man at Saint *Albones* Shrine, Within this halfe houre hath receiu'd his ſight, A man that ne're ſaw in his life before.

King. Now God be prays'd, that to beleeuing Soules Giues Light in Darkneſſe, Comfort in Deſpaire.

Enter the Maior of Saint Albones, and his Brethren, bearing the man betweene two in a Chayre.

Card. Here comes the Towneſ-men, on Proceſſion, To preſent your Highneſſe with the man.

King. Great is his comfort in this Earthly Vale, Although by his ſight his ſinne be multiplyed.

Gloſt. Stand by, my Maſters, bring him neere the King, His Highneſſe pleaſure is to talke with him.

King. Good-fellow, tell vs here the circumſtance, That we for thee may glorifie the Lord. What, haſt thou beene long blinde, and now reſtor'd?

Simpc. Borne blinde, and't pleaſe your Grace.

Wife. I indeede was he.

Suff. What Woman is this?

Wife. His Wife, and't like your Worſhip.

Gloſt. Hadſt thou been his Mother, thou could'ſt haue better told.

King. Where wert thou borne?

Simpc. At Barwick in the North, and't like your Grace.

King. Poore Soule, Gods goodneſſe hath beene great to thee: Let neuer Day nor Night vnhallowed paſſe, But ſtill remember what the Lord hath done.

Queene. Tell me, good-fellow, Cam'ſt thou here by Chance, or of Deuotion, To this holy Shrine?

Simpc. God knowes of pure Deuotion, Being call'd a hundred times, and oftner, In my ſleepe, by good Saint *Albon:* Who ſaid; *Symon*, come; come offer at my Shrine, And I will helpe thee.

Wife. Moſt true, forſooth: And many time and oft my ſelfe haue heard a Voyce, To call him ſo.

Card. What, art thou lame?

Simpc. I, God Almightie helpe me.

Suff. How cam'ſt thou ſo?

Simpc. A fall off of a Tree.

Wife. A Plum-tree, Maſter.

Gloſt. How long haſt thou beene blinde?

Simpc. O borne ſo, Maſter.

Gloſt. What, and would'ſt climbe a Tree?

Simpc. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very deare.

Gloſt. 'Maſſe, thou lou'dſt Plummes well, that would'ſt venture ſo.

Simpc. Alas, good Maſter, my Wife deſired ſome Damſons, and made me climbe, with danger of my Life.

Gloſt. A ſubtill Knaue, but yet it ſhall not ſerue: Let me ſee thine Eyes; winck now, now open them, In my opinion, yet thou ſeeſt not well.

Simpc. Yes Maſter, cleare as day, I thanke God and Saint *Albones*.

Gloſt. Say'ſt thou me ſo: what Colour is this Cloake of?

Simpc. Red Maſter, Red as Blood.

Gloſt. Why that's well ſaid: What Colour is my Gowne of?

Simpc. Black forſooth, Coale-Black, as Iet.

King. Why then, thou know'ſt what Colour Iet is of?

Suff. And yet I thinke, Iet did he neuer ſee.

Gloſt. But

Glo. But Cloakes and Gownes, before this day, a many.
Wife. Neuer before this day, in all his life.
Glo. Tell me Sirrha, what's my Name?
Simpc. Alas Maſter, I know not.
Glo. What's his Name?
Simpc. I know not.
Glo. Nor his?
Simpc. No indeede, Maſter.
Glo. What's thine owne Name?
Simpc. Saunder Simpcoxe, and if it pleaſe you, Maſter.
Glo. Then *Saunder*, ſit there,
The lying'ſt Knaue in Chriſtendome.
If thou hadſt beene borne blinde,
Thou might'ſt as well haue knowne all our Names,
As thus to name the ſeuerall Colours we doe weare.
Sight may diſtinguiſh of Colours:
But ſuddenly to nominate them all,
It is impoſſible.
My Lords, Saint *Albone* here hath done a Miracle:
And would ye not thinke it, Cunning to be great,
That could reſtore this Cripple to his Legges againe.
Simpc. O Maſter, that you could?
Glo. My Maſters of Saint *Albones*,
Haue you not Beadles in your Towne,
And Things call'd Whippes?
Maior. Yes, my Lord, if it pleaſe your Grace.
Glo. Then ſend for one preſently.
Maior. Sirrha, goe fetch the Beadle hither ſtraight.
Exit.
Glo. Now fetch me a Stoole hither by and by.
Now Sirrha, if you meane to ſaue your ſelfe from Whipping, leape me ouer this Stoole, and runne away.
Simpc. Alas Maſter, I am not able to ſtand alone:
You goe about to torture me in vaine.

Enter a Beadle with Whippes.

Glo. Well Sir, we muſt haue you finde your Legges.
Sirrha Beadle, whippe him till he leape ouer that ſame Stoole.
Beadle. I will, my Lord.
Come on Sirrha, off with your Doublet, quickly.
Simpc. Alas Maſter, what ſhall I doe? I am not able to ſtand.
After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leapes ouer the Stoole, and runnes away: and they follow, and cry, A Miracle.
King. O God, ſeeſt thou this, and beareſt ſo long?
Queene. It made me laugh, to ſee the Villaine runne.
Glo. Follow the Knaue, and take this Drab away.
Wife. Alas Sir, we did it for pure need.
Glo. Let thē be whipt through euery Market Towne,
Till they come to Barwick, from whence they came.
Exit.
Card. Duke *Humfrey* ha's done a Miracle to day.
Suff. True: made the Lame to leape and flye away.
Glo. But you haue done more Miracles then I:
You made in a day, my Lord, whole Townes to flye.

Enter Buckingham.

King. What Tidings with our Couſin *Buckingham?*
Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to vnfold:
A ſort of naughtie perſons, lewdly bent,
Vnder the Countenance and Confederacie
Of Lady *Elianor*, the Protectors Wife,
The Ring-leader and Head of all this Rout,
Haue practis'd dangerouſly againſt your State,
Dealing with Witches and with Coniurers,
Whom we haue apprehended in the Fact,
Rayſing vp wicked Spirits from vnder ground,
Demanding of King *Henries* Life and Death,
And other of your Highneſſe Priuie Councell,
As more at large your Grace ſhall vnderſtand.
Card. And ſo my Lord Protector, by this meanes
Your Lady is forth-comming, yet at London.
This Newes I thinke hath turn'd your Weapons edge;
'Tis like, my Lord, you will not keepe your houre.
Glo. Ambitious Church-man, leaue to afflict my heart:
Sorrow and griefe haue vanquiſht all my powers;
And vanquiſht as I am, I yeeld to thee,
Or to the meaneſt Groome.
King. O God, what miſchiefes work the wicked ones?
Heaping confuſion on their owne heads thereby.
Queene. Gloſter, ſee here the Tainture of thy Neſt,
And looke thy ſelfe be faultleſſe, thou wert beſt.
Glo. Madame, for my ſelfe, to Heauen I doe appeale,
How I haue lou'd my King, and Common-weale:
And for my Wife, I know not how it ſtands,
Sorry I am to heare what I haue heard.
Noble ſhee is: but if ſhee haue forgot
Honor and Vertue, and conuers't with ſuch,
As like to Pytch, defile Nobilitie;
I baniſh her my Bed, and Companie,
And giue her as a Prey to Law and Shame,
That hath dis-honored *Gloſters* honeſt Name.
King. Well, for this Night we will repoſe vs here:
To morrow toward London, back againe,
To looke into this Buſineſſe thorowly,
And call theſe foule Offendors to their Anſweres;
And poyſe the Cauſe in Iuſtice equall Scales,
Whoſe Beame ſtands ſure, whoſe rightful cauſe preuailes.
Flouriſh. Exeunt.

Enter Yorke, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Yorke. Now my good Lords of Salisbury & Warwick,
Our ſimple Supper ended, giue me leaue,
In this cloſe Walke, to ſatisfie my ſelfe,
In crauing your opinion of my Title,
Which is infallible, to Englands Crowne.
Salisb. My Lord, I long to heare it at full.
Warw. Sweet *Yorke* begin: and if thy clayme be good,
The *Neuills* are thy Subiects to command.
Yorke. Then thus:
Edward the third, my Lords, had ſeuen Sonnes?
The firſt, *Edward* the Black-Prince, Prince of Wales;
The ſecond, *William* of Hatfield; and the third,
Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom,
Was *Iohn* of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaſter;
The fift, was *Edmond Langley*, Duke of Yorke;
The ſixt, was *Thomas* of Woodſtock, Duke of Gloſter;
William of Windſor was the ſeuenth, and laſt.
Edward the Black-Prince dyed before his Father,
And left behinde him *Richard*, his onely Sonne,
Who after *Edward* the third's death, raign'd as King,
Till *Henry Bullingbrooke*, Duke of Lancaſter,
The eldeſt Sonne and Heire of *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the Name of *Henry* the fourth,
Seiz'd on the Realme, depos'd the rightfull King,
Sent his poore Queene to France, from whence ſhe came,
And

And him to Pumfret; where, as all you know,
Harmeleſſe *Richard* was murthered traiterouſly.
Warw. Father, the Duke hath told the truth;
Thus got the Houſe of *Lancaster* the Crowne.
Yorke. Which now they hold by force, and not by right:
For *Richard*, the firſt Sonnes Heire, being dead,
The Iſſue of the next Sonne ſhould haue reign'd.
Salisb. But *William* of Hatfield dyed without an Heire.
Yorke. The third Sonne, Duke of Clarence,
From whoſe Line I clayme the Crowne,
Had Iſſue *Phillip*, a Daughter,
Who marryed *Edmond Mortimer*, Earle of March:
Edmond had Iſſue, *Roger*, Earle of March;
Roger had Iſſue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Elianor*.
Salisb. This *Edmond*, in the Reigne of *Bullingbrooke*,
As I haue read, layd clayme vnto the Crowne,
And but for *Owen Glendour*, had beene King;
Who kept him in Captiuitie, till he dyed.
But, to the reſt.
Yorke. His eldeſt Siſter, *Anne*,
My Mother, being Heire vnto the Crowne,
Marryed *Richard*, Earle of Cambridge,
Who was to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the thirds fift Sonnes Sonne;
By her I clayme the Kingdome:
She was Heire to *Roger*, Earle of March,
Who was the Sonne of *Edmond Mortimer*,
Who marryed *Phillip*, ſole Daughter
Vnto *Lionel*, Duke of Clarence.
So, if the Iſſue of the elder Sonne
Succeed before the younger, I am King.
Warw. What plaine proceedings is more plain then this?
Henry doth clayme the Crowne from *Iohn* of Gaunt,
The fourth Sonne, *Yorke* claymes it from the third:
Till *Lionels* Iſſue fayles, his ſhould not reigne.
It fayles not yet, but flouriſhes in thee,
And in thy Sonnes, faire ſlippes of ſuch a Stock.
Then Father *Salisbury*, kneele we together,
And in this priuate Plot be we the firſt,
That ſhall ſalute our rightfull Soueraigne
With honor of his Birth-right to the Crowne.
Both. Long liue our Soueraigne *Richard*, Englands King.
Yorke. We thanke you Lords:
But I am not your King, till I be Crown'd,
And that my Sword be ſtayn'd
With heart-blood of the Houſe of *Lancaſter:*
And that's not ſuddenly to be perform'd,
But with aduice and ſilent ſecrecie.
Doe you as I doe in theſe dangerous dayes,
Winke at the Duke of Suffolkes insolence,
At *Beauſords* Pride, at *Somerſets* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the Crew of them,
Till they haue ſnar'd the Shepheard of the Flock,
That vertuous Prince, the good Duke *Humfrey:*
'Tis that they ſeeke; and they, in ſeeking that,
Shall finde their deaths, if *Yorke* can prophecie.
Salisb. My Lord, breake we off; we know your minde at full.
Warw. My heart aſſures me, that the Earle of Warwick
Shall one day make the Duke of Yorke a King.
Yorke. And *Neuill*, this I doe aſſure my ſelfe,
Richard ſhall liue to make the Earle of Warwick
The greateſt man in England, but the King.
Exeunt.

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King and State, with Guard, to baniſh the Dutcheſſe.

King. Stand forth Dame *Elianor Cobham*,
Glosters Wife:
In ſight of God, and vs, your guilt is great,
Receiue the Sentence of the Law for ſinne,
Such as by Gods Booke are adiudg'd to death.
You foure from hence to Priſon, back againe;
From thence, vnto the place of Execution:
The Witch in Smithfield ſhall be burnt to aſhes,
And you three ſhall be ſtrangled on the Gallowes.
You Madame, for you are more Nobly borne,
Deſpoyled of your Honor in your Life,
Shall, after three dayes open Penance done,
Liue in your Countrey here, in Baniſhment,
With Sir *Iohn Stanly*, in the Ile of Man.
Elianor. Welcome is Baniſhment, welcome were my Death.
Gloſt. Elianor, the Law thou ſeeſt hath iudged thee,
I cannot iuſtifie whom the Law condemnes:
Mine eyes are full of teares, my heart of griefe.
Ah *Humfrey*, this diſhonor in thine age,
Will bring thy head with ſorrow to the ground.
I beſeech your Maieſtie giue me leaue to goe;
Sorrow would ſollace, and mine Age would eaſe.
King. Stay *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloſter,
Ere thou goe, giue vp thy Staffe,
Henry will to himſelfe Protector be,
And God ſhall be my hope, my ſtay, my guide,
And Lanthorne to my feete:
And goe in peace, *Humfrey*, no leſſe belou'd,
Then when thou wert Protector to thy King.
Queene. I ſee no reaſon, why a King of yeeres
Should be to be protected like a Child,
God and King *Henry* gouerne Englands Realme:
Giue vp your Staffe, Sir, and the King his Realme.
Gloſt. My Staffe? Here, Noble *Henry*, is my Staffe:
As willingly doe I the ſame reſigne,
As ere thy Father *Henry* made it mine;
And euen as willingly at thy feete I leaue it,
As others would ambitiouſly receiue it.
Farewell good King: when I am dead, and gone,
May honorable Peace attend thy Throne.
Exit Gloſter.
Queene. Why now is *Henry* King, and *Margaret* Queen,
And *Humfrey*, Duke of Gloſter, ſcarce himſelfe,
That beares ſo ſhrewd a mayme: two Pulls at once;
His Lady baniſht, and a Limbe lopt off.
This Staffe of Honor raught, there let it ſtand,
Where it beſt fits to be, in *Henries* hand.
Suff. Thus droupes this loſtie Pyne, & hangs bis ſprayes,
Thus *Elianors* Pride dyes in her youngeſt dayes.
Yorke. Lords, let him goe. Pleaſe it your Maieſtie,
This is the day appointed for the Combat,
And ready are the Appellant and Defendant,
The Armorer and his Man, to enter the Liſts,
So pleaſe your Highneſſe to behold the fight.
Queene. I, good my Lord: for purpoſely therefore
Left I the Court, to ſee this Quarrell try'de.
King. A Gods Name ſee the Lyſts and all things fit,
Here let them end it, and God defend the right.
Yorke. I neuer ſaw a fellow worſe beſtead,
Or more afraid to fight, then is the Appellant,
The ſeruant of this Armorer, my Lords.

Enter

Enter at one Doore the Armorer and his Neighbors, drinking to him ſo much, that hee is drunke; and he enters with a Drumme before him, and his Staffe, with a Sand-bagge faſtened to it: and at the other Doore his Man, with a Drumme and Sand-bagge, and Prentices drinking to him.

1. *Neighbor.* Here Neighbour *Horner*, I drinke to you in a Cup of Sack; and feare not Neighbor, you ſhall doe well enough.

2. *Neighbor.* And here Neighbour, here's a Cuppe of Charneco.

3. *Neighbor.* And here's a Pot of good Double-Beere Neighbor: drinke, and feare not your Man.

Armorer. Let it come yfaith, and Ile pledge you all, and a figge for *Peter*.

1. *Prent.* Here *Peter*, I drinke to thee, and be not afraid.

2. *Prent.* Be merry *Peter*, and feare not thy Maſter, Fight for credit of the Prentices.

Peter. I thanke you all: drinke, and pray for me, I pray you, for I thinke I haue taken my laſt Draught in this World. Here *Robin*, and if I dye, I giue thee my Aporne; and *Will*, thou ſhalt haue my Hammer: and here *Tom*, take all the Money that I haue. O Lord bleſſe me, I pray God, for I am neuer able to deale with my Maſter, hee hath learnt ſo much fence already.

Salisb. Come, leaue your drinking, and fall to blowes. Sirrha, what's thy Name?

Peter. Peter forſooth.

Salisb. Peter? what more?

Peter. Thumpe.

Salisb. Thumpe? Then ſee thou thumpe thy Maſter well.

Armorer. Maſters, I am come hither as it were vpon my Mans inſtigation, to proue him a Knaue, and my ſelfe an honeſt man: and touching the Duke of Yorke, I will take my death, I neuer meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queene: and therefore *Peter* haue at thee with a downe-right blow.

Yorke. Diſpatch, this Knaues tongue begins to double. Sound Trumpets, Alarum to the Combattants.

They fight, and Peter ſtrikes him downe.

Armorer. Hold *Peter*, hold, I confeſſe, I confeſſe Treaſon.

Yorke. Take away his Weapon: Fellow thanke God, and the good Wine in thy Maſters way.

Peter. O God, haue I ouercome mine Enemies in this preſence? O *Peter*, thou haſt preuayl'd in right.

King. Goe, take hence that Traytor from our ſight,
For by his death we doe perceiue his guilt,
And God in Iuſtice hath reueal'd to vs
The truth and innocence of this poore fellow,
Which he had thought to haue murther'd wrongfully.
Come fellow, follow vs for thy Reward.
Sound a flouriſh. *Exeunt*

Enter Duke Humfrey and his Men in Mourning Cloakes.

Gloſt. Thus ſometimes hath the brighteſt day a Cloud:
And after Summer, euermore ſucceedes
Barren Winter, with his wrathfull nipping Cold;
So Cares and Ioyes abound, as Seaſons fleet.
Sirs, what's a Clock?

Seru. Tenne, my Lord.

Gloſt. Tenne is the houre that was appointed me,
To watch the comming of my puniſht Ducheſſe:
Vnneath may ſhee endure the Flintie Streets,
To treade them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy Noble Minde abrooke
The abiect People, gazing on thy face,
With enuious Lookes laughing at thy ſhame,
That erſt did follow thy prowd Chariot-Wheeles,
When thou didſt ride in triumph through the ſtreets.
But ſoft, I thinke ſhe comes, and Ile prepare
My teare-ſtayn'd eyes, to ſee her Miſeries.

Enter the Ducheſſe in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand with the Sherife and Officers.

Seru. So pleaſe your Grace, wee'le take her from the Sherife.

Gloſter. No, ſtirre not for your liues, let her paſſe by.

Elianor. Come you, my Lord, to ſee my open ſhame?
Now thou do'ſt Penance too. Looke how they gaze,
See how the giddy multitude doe point,
And nodde their heads, and throw their eyes on thee.
Ah *Gloſter*, hide thee from their hatefull lookes,
And in thy Cloſet pent vp, rue my ſhame,
And banne thine Enemies, both mine and thine.

Gloſt. Be patient, gentle *Nell*, forget this griefe.

Elianor. Ah *Gloster*, teach me to forget my ſelfe:
For whileſt I thinke I am thy married Wife,
And thou a Prince, Protector of this Land;
Me thinkes I ſhould not thus be led along,
Mayl'd vp in ſhame, with Papers on my back,
And follow'd with a Rabble, that reioyce
To ſee my teares, and heare my deepe-fet groanes.
The ruthleſſe Flint doth cut my tender feet,
And when I ſtart, the enuious people laugh,
And bid me be aduiſed how I treade.
Ah *Humfrey*, can I beare this ſhamefull yoake?
Troweſt thou, that ere Ile looke vpon the World,
Or count them happy, that enioyes the Sunne?
No: Darke ſhall be my Light, and Night my Day.
To thinke vpon my Pompe, ſhall be my Hell.
Sometime Ile ſay, I am Duke *Humfreyes* Wife,
And he a Prince, and Ruler of the Land:
Yet ſo he rul'd, and ſuch a Prince he was,
As he ſtood by, whileſt I, his forlorne Ducheſſe,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing ſtock
To euery idle Rafcall follower.
But be thou milde, and bluſh not at my ſhame,
Nor ſtirre at nothing, till the Axe of Death
Hang ouer thee, as ſure it ſhortly will.
For *Suffolke*, he that can doe all in all
With her, that hateth thee and hates vs all,
And *Yorke*, and impious *Beauford*, that falſe Prieſt,
Haue all lym'd Buſhes to betray thy Wings,
And flye thou how thou canſt, they'le tangle thee.
But feare not thou, vntill thy foot be ſnar'd,
Nor neuer ſeeke preuention of thy foes.

Gloſt. Ah *Nell*, forbeare: thou aymeſt all awry,
I muſt offend, before I be attainted:
And had I twentie times ſo many foes,
And each of them had twentie times their power,
All theſe could not procure me any ſcathe,
So long as I am loyall, true, and crimeleſſe.
Would'ſt haue me refcue thee from this reproach?

Why yet thy ſcandall were not wipt away,
But I in danger for the breach of Law.
Thy greateſt helpe is quiet, gentle *Nell:*
I pray thee ſort thy heart to patience,
Theſe few dayes wonder will be quickly worne.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I ſummon your Grace to his Maieſties Parliament,
Holden at Bury, the firſt of this next Moneth.

Gloſt. And my conſent ne're ask'd herein before?
This is cloſe dealing. Well, I will be there.
My *Nell*, I take my leaue: and Maſter Sheriſe,
Let not her Penance exceede the Kings Commiſſion.

Sh. And't pleaſe your Grace, here my Commiſſion ſtayes:
And Sir *Iohn Stanly* is appointed now,
To take her with him to the Ile of Man.

Gloſt. Muſt you, Sir *Iohn*, protect my Lady here?

Stanly. So am I giuen in charge, may't pleaſe your Grace.

Gloſt. Entreat her not the worſe, in that I pray
You vſe her well: the World may laugh againe,
And I may liue to doe you kindneſſe, if you doe it her.
And ſo Sir *Iohn*, farewell.

Elianor. What, gone my Lord, and bid me not farewell?

Gloſt. Witneſſe my teares, I cannot ſtay to ſpeake.

Exit Gloſter.

Elianor. Art thou gone to? all comfort goe with thee,
For none abides with me: my Ioy, is Death;
Death, at whoſe Name I oft haue beene aſear'd,
Becauſe I wiſh'd this Worlds eternitie.
Stanley, I prethee goe, and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I begge no fauor;
Onely conuey me where thou art commanded.

Stanley. Why, Madame, that is to the Ile of Man,
There to be vs'd according to your State.

Elianor. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:
And ſhall I then be vs'd reproachfully?

Stanley. Like to a Ducheſſe, and Duke *Humfreyes* Lady,
According to that State you ſhall be vs'd.

Elianor. Sherife farewell, and better then I fare,
Although thou haſt beene Conduct of my ſhame.

Sheriſe. It is my Office, and Madame pardon me.

Elianor. I, I, farewell, thy Office is diſcharg'd:
Come *Stanley*, ſhall we goe?

Stanley. Madame, your Penance done,
Throw off this Sheet,
And goe we to attyre you for our Iourney.

Elianor. My ſhame will not be ſhifted with my Sheet:
No, it will hang vpon my richeſt Robes,
And ſhew it ſelfe, attyre me how I can.
Goe, leade the way, I long to ſee my Priſon. *Exeunt*

Sound a Senet. Enter King, Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Yorke, Buckingham, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Parliament.

King. I muſe my Lord of Gloſter is not come:
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmoſt man,
What e're occaſion keepes him from vs now.

Queene. Can you not ſee? or will ye not obſerue
The ſtrangeneſſe of his alter'd Countenance?
With what a Maieſtie he beares himſelfe,
How inſolent of late he is become,
How prowd, how peremptorie, and vnlike himſelfe.
We know the time ſince he was milde and affable,
And if we did but glance a farre-off Looke,
Immediately he was vpon his Knee,
That all the Court admir'd him for ſubmiſſion.
But meet him now, and be it in the Morne,
When euery one will giue the time of day,
He knits his Brow, and ſhewes an angry Eye,
And paſſeth by with ſtiffe vnbowed Knee,
Diſdaining dutie that to vs belongs.
Small Curres are not regarded when they grynne,
But great men tremble when the Lyon rores,
And *Humfrey* is no little Man in England.
Firſt note, that he is neere you in diſcent,
And ſhould you fall, he is the next will mount.
Me ſeemeth then, it is no Pollicie,
Reſpecting what a rancorous minde he beares,
And his aduantage following your deceaſe,
That he ſhould come about your Royall Perſon,
Or be admitted to your Highneſſe Counceil.
By flatterie hath he wonne the Commons hearts:
And when he pleaſe to make Commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him.
Now 'tis the Spring, and Weeds are ſhallow-rooted,
Suffer them now, and they'le o're-grow the Garden,
And choake the Herbes for want of Husbandry.
The reuerent care I beare vnto my Lord,
Made me collect theſe dangers in the Duke.
If it be fond, call it a Womans feare:
Which feare, if better Reaſons can ſupplant,
I will ſubſcribe, and ſay I wrong'd the Duke.
My Lord of Suffolke, Buckingham, and Yorke,
Reproue my allegation, if you can,
Or elſe conclude my words effectuall.

Suff. Well hath your Highneſſe ſeene into this Duke:
And had I firſt beene put to ſpeake my minde,
I thinke I ſhould haue told your Graces Tale.
The Ducheſſe, by his ſubornation,
Vpon my Life began her diuelliſh practiſes:
Or if he were not priuie to thoſe Faults,
Yet by reputing of his high diſcent,
As next the King, he was ſucceſſiue Heire,
And ſuch high vaunts of his Nobilitie,
Did inſtigate the Bedlam braine-ſick Ducheſſe,
By wicked meanes to frame our Soueraignes fall.
Smooth runnes the Water, where the Brooke is deepe,
And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours Treaſon.
The Fox barkes not, when he would ſteale the Lambe.
No, no, my Soueraigne, *Gloueſter* is a man
Vnſounded yet, and full of deepe deceit.

Card. Did he not, contrary to forme of Law,
Deuiſe ſtrange deaths, for ſmall offences done?

Yorke. And did he not, in his Protectorſhip,
Leuie great ſummes of Money through the Realme,
For Souldiers pay in France, and neuer ſent it?
By meanes whereof, the Townes each day reuolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults vnknowne,
Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humfrey.*

King. My Lords at once: the care you haue of vs,
To mowe downe Thornes that would annoy our Foot,
Is worthy prayſe: but ſhall I ſpeake my conſcience,
Our Kinſman *Gloſter* is as innocent,
From meaning Treaſon to our Royall Perſon,
As is the ſucking Lambe, or harmeleſſe Doue:
The Duke is vertuous, milde, and too well giuen,
To dreame on euill, or to worke my downefall.

Qu. Ah what's more dangerous, then this fond affiance?
Seemes he a Doue? his feathers are but borrow'd,
For hee's diſpoſed as the hatefull Rauen.
Is he a Lambe? his Skinne is ſurely lent him,

For

For hee's enclin'd as is the rauenous Wolues.
Who cannot ſteale a ſhape, that meanes deceit?
Take heed, my Lord, the welfare of vs all,
Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudfull man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health vnto my gracious Soueraigne.

King. Welcome Lord *Somerſet:* What Newes from France?

Som. That all your Intereſt in thoſe Territories,
Is vtterly bereft you: all is loſt.

King. Cold Newes, Lord *Somerſet:* but Gods will be done.

Yorke. Cold Newes for me: for I had hope of France,
As firmely as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my Bloſſomes blaſted in the Bud,
And Caterpillers eate my Leaues away:
But I will remedie this geare ere long,
Or ſell my Title for a glorious Graue.

Enter Glouceſter.

Gloſt. All happineſſe vnto my Lord the King:
Pardon, my Liege, that I haue ſtay'd ſo long.

Suff. Nay *Gloſter*, know that thou art come too ſoone,
Vnleſſe thou wert more loyall then thou art:
I doe arreſt thee of High Treaſon here.

Gloſt. Well *Suffolke*, thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh,
Nor change my Countenance for this Arreſt:
A Heart vnſpotted, is not eaſily daunted.
The pureſt Spring is not ſo free from mudde,
As I am cleare from Treaſon to my Soueraigne.
Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guiltie?

Yorke. 'Tis thought, my Lord,
That you tooke Bribes of France,
And being Protector, ſtay'd the Souldiers pay,
By meanes whereof, his Highneſſe hath loſt France.

Gloſt. Is it but thought ſo?
What are they that thinke it?
I neuer rob'd the Souldiers of their pay,
Nor euer had one penny Bribe from France.
So helpe me God, as I haue watcht the Night,
I, Night by Night, in ſtudying good for England.
That Doyt that ere I wreſted from the King,
Or any Groat I hoorded to my vſe,
Be brought againſt me at my Tryall day.
No: many a Pound of mine owne proper ſtore,
Becauſe I would not taxe the needie Commons,
Haue I diſ-purſed to the Garriſons,
And neuer ask'd for reſtitution.

Card. It ferues you well, my Lord, to ſay ſo much.

Gloſt. I ſay no more then truth, ſo helpe me God.

Yorke. In your Protectorſhip, you did deuiſe
Strange Tortures for Offendors, neuer heard of,
That England was defam'd by Tyrannie.

Gloſt. Why 'tis well known, that whiles I was Protector,
Pittie was all the fault that was in me:
For I ſhould melt at an Offendors teares,
And lowly words were Ranſome for their fault:
Vnleſſe it were a bloody Murtherer,
Or foule felonious Theefe, that fleec'd poore paſſengers,
I neuer gaue them condigne puniſhment.
Murther indeede, that bloodie ſinne, I tortur'd
Aboue the Felon, or what Treſpas elſe.

Suff. My Lord, theſe faults are eaſie, quickly anſwer'd:
But mightier Crimes are lay'd vnto your charge,
Whereof you cannot eaſily purge your ſelfe.
I doe arreſt you in his Highneſſe Name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinall
To keepe, vntill your further time of Tryall.

King. My Lord of Gloſter, 'tis my ſpeciall hope,
That you will cleare your ſelfe from all ſuſpence,
My Conſcience tells me you are innocent.

Gloſt. Ah gracious Lord, theſe dayes are dangerous:
Vertue is choakt with foule Ambition,
And Charitie chas'd hence by Rancours hand;
Foule Subornation is predominant,
And Equitie exil'd your Highneſſe Land.
I know, their Complot is to haue my Life:
And if my death might make this Iland happy,
And proue the Period of their Tyrannie,
I would expend it with all willingneſſe.
But mine is made the Prologue to their Play:
For thouſands more, that yet ſuſpect no perill,
Will not conclude their plotted Tragedie.
Beauford's red ſparkling eyes blab his hearts mallice,
And *Suffolks* cloudie Brow his ſtormie hate;
Sharpe *Buckingham* vnburthens with his tongue,
The enuious Load that lyes vpon his heart:
And dogged *Yorke*, that reaches at the Moone,
Whoſe ouer-weening Arme I haue pluckt back,
By falſe accuſe doth leuell at my Life.
And you, my Soueraigne Lady, with the reſt,
Cauſeleſſe haue lay'd diſgraces on my head,
And with your beſt endeuour haue ſtirr'd vp
My lieſeſt Liege to be mine Enemie:
I, all of you haue lay'd your heads together,
My ſelfe had notice of your Conuenticles,
And all to make away my guiltleſſe Life.
I ſhall not want falſe Witneſſe, to condemne me,
Nor ſtore of Treaſons, to augment my guilt:
The ancient Prouerbe will be well effected,
A Staffe is quickly found to beat a Dogge.

Card. My Liege, his rayling is intollerable.
If thoſe that care to keepe your Royall Perſon
From Treaſons fecret Knife, and Traytors Rage,
Be thus vpbrayded, chid, and rated at,
And the Offendor graunted ſcope of ſpeech,
'Twill make them coole in zeale vnto your Grace.

Suff. Hath he not twit our Soueraigne Lady here
With ignominious words, though Clarkely coucht?
As if ſhe had ſuborned ſome to ſweare
Falſe allegations, to o'rethrow his ſtate.

Qu. But I can giue the loſer leaue to chide.

Gloſt. Farre truer ſpoke then meant: I loſe indeede,
Beſhrew the winners, for they play'd me falſe,
And well ſuch loſers may haue leaue to ſpeake.

Buck. Hee'le wreſt the fence, and hold vs here all day.
Lord Cardinall, he is your Priſoner.

Card. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him ſure.

Gloſt. Ah, thus King *Henry* throwes away his Crutch,
Before his Legges be firme to beare his Body.
Thus is the Shepheard beaten from thy ſide,
And Wolues are gnarling, who ſhall gnaw thee firſt.
Ah that my feare were falſe, ah that it were;
For good King *Henry*, thy decay I feare. *Exit Gloſter.*

King. My Lords, what to your wiſdomes ſeemeth beſt,
Doe, or vndoe, as if our ſelfe were here.

Queene. What, will your Highneſſe leaue the Parliament?

King. I *Margaret:* my heart is drown'd with griefe,
Whoſe flood begins to flowe within mine eyes;
My Body round engyrt with miſerie:

For

For what's more miſerable then Diſcontent?
Ah Vnckle *Humfrey*, in thy face I ſee
The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie:
And yet, good *Humfrey*, is the houre to come,
That ere I prou'd thee falſe, or fear'd thy faith.
What lowring Starre now enuies thy eſtate?
That theſe great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,
Doe ſeeke ſubuerſion of thy harmeleſſe Life.
Thou neuer didſt them wrong, nor no man wrong:
And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,
And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it ſtrayes,
Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houſe;
Euen ſo remorſeleſſe haue they borne him hence:
And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,
Looking the way her harmeleſſe young one went,
And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings loſſe;
Euen ſo my ſelfe bewayles good *Gloſters* caſe
With ſad vnhelpefull teares, and with dimn'd eyes;
Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:
So mightie are his vowed Enemies.
His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,
Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none. *Exit.*

Queene. Free Lords:
Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:
Henry, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,
Too full of fooliſh pittie: and *Gloſters* ſhew
Beguiles him, as the mourneſull Crocodile
With ſorrow ſnares relenting paſſengers;
Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,
With ſhining checker'd ſlough doth ſting a Child,
That for the beautie thinkes it excellent.
Beleeue me Lords, were none more wiſe then I,
And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;
This *Gloſter* ſhould be quickly rid the World,
To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.

Card. That he ſhould dye, is worthie pollicie,
But yet we want a Colour for his death:
'Tis meet he be condemn'd by courſe of Law.

Suff. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:
The King will labour ſtill to ſaue his Life,
The Commons haply riſe, to ſaue his Life;
And yet we haue but triuiall argument,
More then miſtruſt, that ſhewes him worthy death.

Yorke. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.

Suff. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, ſo faine as I.

Yorke. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reaſon for his death.
But my Lord Cardinall, and you my Lord of Suffolke,
Say as you thinke, and ſpeake it from your Soules:
Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were ſet,
To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kyte,
As place Duke *Humfrey* for the Kings Protector?

Queene. So the poore Chicken ſhould be ſure of death.

Suff. Madame 'tis true: and wer't not madneſſe then,
To make the Fox ſurueyor of the Fold?
Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,
His guilt ſhould be but idly poſted ouer,
Becauſe his purpoſe is not executed.
No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,
By nature prou'd an Enemie to the Flock,
Before his Chaps be ſtayn'd with Crimſon blood,
As *Humfrey* prou'd by Reaſons to my Liege.
And doe not ſtand on Quillets how to ſlay him:
Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Subtletie,
Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit,
Which mates him firſt, that firſt intends deceit.

Queene. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis reſolutely ſpoke.

Suff. Not reſolute, except ſo much were done,
For things are often ſpoke, and ſeldome meant,
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,
Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preſerue my Soueraigne from his Foe,
Say but the word, and I will be his Prieſt.

Card. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of Suffolke,
Ere you can take due Orders for a Prieſt:
Say you conſent, and cenſure well the deed,
And Ile prouide his Executioner,
I tender ſo the ſafetie of my Liege.

Suff. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Queene. And ſo ſay I.

Yorke. And I: and now we three haue ſpoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Poſte.

Poſt. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come amaine,
To ſignifie, that Rebels there are vp,
And put the Engliſhmen vnto the Sword.
Send Succours (Lords) and ſtop the Rage betime,
Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;
For being greene, there is great hope of helpe.

Card. A Breach that craues a quick expedient ſtoppe.
What counſaile giue you in this weightie cauſe?

Yorke. That *Somerſet* be ſent as Regent thither:
'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be imploy'd,
Witneſſe the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-ſet pollicie,
Had beene the Regent there, in ſtead of me,
He neuer would haue ſtay'd in France ſo long.

Yorke. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done.
I rather would haue loſt my Life betimes,
Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſkarre, character'd on thy Skinne,
Mens fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, doe ſeldome winne.

Qu. Nay then, this ſparke will proue a raging fire,
If Wind and Fuell be brought, to ſeed it with:
No more, good *Yorke;* ſweet *Somerſet* be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadſt thou beene Regent there,
Might happily haue prou'd farre worſe then his.

Yorke. What, worſe then naught? nay, then a ſhame take all.

Somerſet. And in the number, thee, that wiſheſt ſhame.

Card. My Lord of Yorke, trie what your fortune is:
Th'vnciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,
And temper Clay with blood of Engliſhmen.
To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,
Collected choycely, from each Countie ſome,
And trie your hap againſt the Iriſhmen?

Yorke. I will, my Lord, ſo pleaſe his Maieſtie.

Suff. Why, our Authoritie is his conſent,
And what we doe eſtabliſh, he confirmes:
Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.

Yorke. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,
Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.

Suff. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will ſee perform'd.
But now returne we to the falſe Duke *Humfrey*.

Card. No more of him: for I will deale with him,
That henceforth he ſhall trouble vs no more:
And ſo breake off, the day is almoſt ſpent,
Lord *Suffolke*, you and I muſt talke of that euent.

Yorke. My

Yorke. My Lord of Suffolke, within foureteene dayes
At Briſtow I expect my Souldiers,
For there Ile ſhippe them all for Ireland.
Suff. Ile ſee it truly done, my Lord of Yorke. *Exeunt.*

Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, ſteele thy fearfull thoughts,
And change miſdoubt to reſolution;
Be that thou hop'ſt to be, or what thou art;
Reſigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:
Let pale-fac't feare keepe with the meane-borne man,
And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.
Faſter thē Spring-time ſhowres, comes thoght on thoght,
And not a thought, but thinkes on Dignitie.
My Brayne, more buſie then the laboring Spider,
Weaues tedious Snares to trap mine Enemies.
Well Nobles, well: 'tis politikely done,
To ſend me packing with an Hoaſt of men:
I feare me, you but warme the ſtarued Snake,
Who cheriſht in your breaſts, will ſting your hearts.
'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;
I take it kindly: yet be well aſſur'd,
You put ſharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.
Whiles I in Ireland nouriſh a mightie Band,
I will ſtirre vp in England ſome black Storme,
Shall blowe ten thouſand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:
And this fell Tempeſt ſhall not ceaſe to rage,
Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,
Like to the glorious Sunnes tranſparant Beames,
Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.
And for a miniſter of my intent,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
Iohn Cade of Aſhford,
To make Commotion, as full well he can,
Vnder the Title of *Iohn Mortimer*.
In Ireland haue I ſeene this ſtubborne *Cade*
Oppoſe himſelfe againſt a Troupe of Kernes,
And fought ſo long, till that his thighes with Darts
Were almoſt like a ſharpe-quill'd Porpentine:
And in the end being reſcued, I haue ſeene
Him capre vpright, like a wilde Moriſco,
Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.
Full often, like a ſhag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,
Hath he conuerſed with the Enemie,
And vndiſcouer'd, come to me againe,
And giuen me notice of their Villanies.
This Deuill here ſhall be my ſubſtitute;
For that *Iohn Mortimer*, which now is dead,
In face, in gate, in ſpeech he doth reſemble.
By this, I ſhall perceiue the Commons minde,
How they affect the Houſe and Clayme of *Yorke*.
Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;
I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,
Will make him ſay, I mou'd him to thoſe Armes.
Say that he thriue, as 'tis great like he will,
Why then from Ireland come I with my ſtrength,
And reape the Harueſt which that Raſcall ſow'd.
For *Humfrey*; being dead, as he ſhall be,
And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit.*

Enter two or three running ouer the Stage, from the Murther of Duke Humfrey.

1. Runne to my Lord of Suffolke: let him know
We haue diſpatcht the Duke, as he commanded.
2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?
Didſt euer heare a man ſo penitent? *Enter Suffolke.*
1. Here comes my Lord.
Suff. Now Sirs, haue you diſpatcht this thing?
1. I, my good Lord, hee's dead.
Suff. Why that's well ſaid. Goe, get you to my Houſe,
I will reward you for this venturous deed:
The King and all the Peeres are here at hand.
Haue you layd faire the Bed? Is all things well,
According as I gaue directions?
1. 'Tis, my good Lord.
Suff. Away, be gone. *Exeunt.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter the King, the Queene, Cardinall, Suffolke, Somerſet, with Attendants.

King. Goe call our Vnckle to our preſence ſtraight:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guiltie, as 'tis publiſhed.
Suff. Ile call him preſently, my Noble Lord. *Exit.*
King. Lords take your places: and I pray you all
Proceed no ſtraiter 'gainſt our Vnckle *Gloſter*,
Then from true euidence, of good eſteeme,
He be approu'd in practiſe culpable.
Queene. God forbid any Malice ſhould preuayle,
That faultleſſe may condemne a Noble man:
Pray God he may acquit him of ſuſpition.
King. I thanke thee *Nell*, theſe wordes content mee much.

Enter Suffolke.

How now? why look'ſt thou pale? why trembleſt thou?
Where is our Vnckle? what's the matter, *Suffolke*?
Suff. Dead in his Bed, my Lord: *Gloſter* is dead.
Queene. Marry God forfend.
Card. Gods ſecret Iudgement: I did dreame to Night,
The Duke was dumbe, and could not ſpeake a word.
King ſounds.
Qu. How fares my Lord? Helpe Lords, the King is dead.
Som. Rere vp his Body, wring him by the Noſe.
Qu. Runne, goe, helpe, helpe: Oh *Henry* ope thine eyes.
Suff. He doth reuiue againe, Madame be patient.
King. Oh Heauenly God.
Qu. How fares my gracious Lord?
Suff. Comfort my Soueraigne, gracious *Henry* comfort.
King. What, doth my Lord of Suffolke comfort me?
Came he right now to ſing a Rauens Note,
Whoſe diſmall tune bereft my Vitall powres:
And thinkes he, that the chirping of a Wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breaſt,
Can chaſe away the firſt-conceiued ſound?
Hide not thy poyſon with ſuch ſugred words,
Lay not thy hands on me: forbeare I ſay,
Their touch affrights me as a Serpents ſting.
Thou baleſull Meſſenger, out of my ſight:
Vpon thy eye-balls, murderous Tyrannie
Sits in grim Maieſtie, to fright the World.
Looke not vpon me, for thine eyes are wounding;
Yet doe not goe away: come Baſiliske,
And kill the innocent gazer with thy ſight:
For in the ſhade of death, I ſhall finde ioy;
In liſe, but double death, now *Gloſter's* dead.
Queene. Why do you rate my Lord of Suffolke thus?
Although the Duke was enemie to him,
Yet he moſt Chriſtian-like laments his death:
And for my ſelfe, Foe as he was to me,
Might liquid teares, or heart-offending groanes,
Or blood-conſuming ſighes recall his Liſe;

I would be blinde with weeping, ſicke with grones,
Looke pale as Prim-roſe with blood-drinking ſighes,
And all to haue the Noble Duke aliue.
What know I how the world may deeme of me?
For it is knowne we were but hollow Friends:
It may be iudg'd I made the Duke away,
So ſhall my name with Slanders tongue be wounded,
And Princes Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: Aye me vnhappie,
To be a Queene, and Crown'd with infamie.

King. Ah woe is me for Gloſter, wretched man.

Queen. Be woe for me, more wretched then he is.
What, Doſt thou turne away, and hide thy face?
I am no loathſome Leaper, looke on me.
What? Art thou like the Adder waxen deafe?
Be poyſonous too, and kill thy forlorne Queene.
Is all thy comfort ſhut in Gloſters Tombe?
Why then Dame *Elianor* was neere thy ioy.
Erect his Statue, and worſhip it,
And make my Image but an Ale-houſe ſigne.
Was I for this nye wrack'd vpon the Sea,
And twice by aukward winde from Englands banke
Droue backe againe vnto my Natiue Clime.
What boaded this? but well fore-warning winde
Did ſeeme to ſay, ſeeke not a Scorpions Neſt,
Nor ſet no footing on this vnkinde Shore.
What did I then? But curſt the gentle guſts,
And he that loos'd them forth their Brazen Caues,
And bid them blow towards Englands bleſſed ſhore,
Or turne our Sterne vpon a dreadfull Rocke:
Yet Æolus would not be a murtherer,
But left that hateſull office vnto thee.
The pretty vaulting Sea refus'd to drowne me,
Knowing that thou wouldſt haue me drown'd on ſhore
With teares as ſalt as Sea, through thy vnkindneſſe.
The ſplitting Rockes cowr'd in the ſinking ſands,
And would not daſh me with their ragged ſides,
Becauſe thy flinty heart more hard then they,
Might in thy Pallace, periſh *Elianor*.
As farre as I could ken thy Chalky Cliffes,
When from thy Shore, the Tempeſt beate vs backe,
I ſtood vpon the Hatches in the ſtorme:
And when the duskie sky, began to rob
My earneſt-gaping-ſight of thy Lands view,
I tooke a coſtly Iewell from my necke,
A Hart it was bound in with Diamonds,
And threw it towards thy Land: The Sea receiu'd it,
And ſo I wiſh'd thy body might my Heart:
And euen with this, I loſt faire Englands view,
And bid mine eyes be packing with my Heart,
And call'd them blinde and duskie Spectacles,
For looſing ken of *Albions* wiſhed Coaſt.
How often haue I tempted Suffolkes tongue
(The agent of thy foule inconſtancie)
To ſit and watch me as *Aſcanius* did,
When he to madding *Dido* would vnfold
His Fathers Acts, commenc'd in burning Troy.
Am I not witcht like her? Or thou not falſe like him?
Aye me, I can no more: Dye *Elinor*,
For *Henry* weepes, that thou doſt liue ſo long.

Noyſe within. Enter Warwicke, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Soueraigne,
That good Duke *Humfrey* Traiterouſly is murdred
By Suffolke, and the Cardinall *Beauſords* meanes:
The Commons like an angry Hiue of Bees
That want their Leader, ſcatter vp and downe.
And care not who they ſting in his reuenge.
My ſelfe haue calm'd their ſpleenfull mutinie,
Vntill they heare the order of his death.

King. That he is dead good Warwick, 'tis too true,
But how he dyed, God knowes, not *Henry:*
Enter his Chamber, view his breathleſſe Corpes,
And comment then vpon his ſodaine death.

War. That ſhall I do my Liege: Stay Salsburie
With the rude multitude, till I returne.

King. O thou that iudgeſt all things, ſtay my thoghts:
My thoughts, that labour to perſwade my ſoule,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humfries* life:
If my ſuſpect be falſe, forgiue me God,
For iudgement onely doth belong to thee:
Faine would I go to chafe his palie lips,
With twenty thouſand kiſſes, and to draine
Vpon his face an Ocean of ſalt teares,
To tell my loue vnto his dumbe deafe trunke,
And with my fingers feele his hand, vnfeeling:
But all in vaine are theſe meane Obſequies,

Bed put forth.

And to ſurucy his dead and earthy Image:
What were it but to make my ſorrow greater?

Warw. Come hither gracious Soueraigne, view this body.

King. That is to ſee how deepe my graue is made,
For with his ſoule fled all my worldly ſolace:
For ſeeing him, I ſee my life in death.

War. As ſurely as my ſoule intends to liue
With that dread King that tooke our ſtate vpon him,
To free vs from his Fathers wrathfull curſe,
I do beleeue that violent hands were laid
Vpon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadfull Oath, ſworne with a ſolemn tongue:
What inſtance giues Lord Warwicke for his vow.

War. See how the blood is ſetled in his face.
Oft haue I ſeene a timely-parted Ghoſt,
Of aſhy ſemblance, meager, pale, and bloodleſſe,
Being all deſcended to the labouring heart,
Who in the Conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the ſame for aydance 'gainſt the enemy,
Which with the heart there cooles, and ne're returneth,
To bluſh and beautifie the Cheeke againe.
But ſee, his face is blacke, and full of blood:
His eye-balles further out, than when he liued,
Staring full gaſtly, like a ſtrangled man:
His hayre vp rear'd, his noſtrils ſtretcht with ſtrugling:
His hands abroad diſplay'd, as one that graſpt
And tugg'd for Life, and was by ſtrength ſubdude.
Looke on the ſheets his haire (you ſee) is ſticking,
His well proportion'd Beard, made ruffe and rugged,
Like to the Summers Corne by Tempeſt lodged:
It cannot be but he was murdred heere,
The leaſt of all theſe ſignes were probable.

Suf. Why Warwicke, who ſhould do the D. to death?
My ſelfe and *Beauford* had him in protection,
And we I hope ſir, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you were vowed D. Humfries foes,
And you (forſooth) had the good Duke to keepe:
Tis like you would not feaſt him like a friend,
And 'tis well ſeene, he found an enemy.

Queen. Than you belike ſuſpect theſe Noblemen,
As guilty of Duke *Humfries* timeleſſe death.

War.

Warw. Who finds the Heyfer dead, and bleeding freſh,
And ſees faſt-by, a Butcher with an Axe,
But will ſuſpect, 'twas he that made the ſlaughter?
Who finds the Partridge in the Puttocks Neſt,
But may imagine how the Bird was dead,
Although the Kyte ſoare with vnbloudied Beake?
Euen ſo ſuſpitious is this Tragedie.

Qu. Are you the Butcher, *Suffolk?* where's your Knife?
Is *Beauford* tearm'd a Kyte? where are his Tallons?

Suff. I weare no Knife, to ſlaughter ſleeping men,
But here's a vengefull Sword, ruſted with eaſe,
That ſhall be ſcowred in his rancorous heart,
That ſlanders me with Murthers Crimſon Badge.
Say, if thou dar'ſt, prowd Lord of Warwickſhire,
That I am faultie in Duke *Humfreyes* death.

Warw. What dares not *Warwick*, if falſe *Suffolke* dare him?

Qu. He dares not calme his contumelious Spirit,
Nor ceaſe to be an arrogant Controller,
Though *Suffolke* dare him twentie thouſand times.

Warw. Madame be ſtill: with reuerence may I ſay,
For euery word you ſpeake in his behalfe,
Is ſlander to your Royall Dignitie.

Suff. Blunt-witted Lord, ignoble in demeanor,
If euer Lady wrong'd her Lord ſo much,
Thy Mother tooke into her blameſull Bed
Some ſterne vntutur'd Churle; and Noble Stock
Was graft with Crab-tree ſlippe, whoſe Fruit thou art,
And neuer of the *Neuils* Noble Race.

Warw. But that the guilt of Murther bucklers thee,
And I ſhould rob the Deaths-man of his Fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thouſand ſhames,
And that my Soueraignes preſence makes me milde,
I would, falſe murd'rous Coward, on thy Knee
Make thee begge pardon for thy paſſed ſpeech,
And ſay, it was thy Mother that thou meant'ſt,
That thou thy ſelfe waſt borne in Baſtardie;
And after all this fearefull Homage done,
Giue thee thy hyre, and ſend thy Soule to Hell,
Pernicious blood-ſucker of ſleeping men.

Suff. Thou ſhalt be waking, while I ſhed thy blood,
If from this preſence thou dar'ſt goe with me.

Warw. Away euen now, or I will drag thee hence:
Vnworthy though thou art, Ile cope with thee,
And doe ſome ſeruice to Duke *Humfreyes* Ghoſt.

Exeunt.

King. What ſtronger Breſt-plate then a heart vntainted?
Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his Quarrell iuſt;
And he but naked, though lockt vp in Steele,
Whoſe Conſcience with Iniuſtice is corrupted.

A noyſe within.

Queene. What noyſe is this?

Enter Suffolke and Warwicke, with their Weapons drawne.

King. Why how now Lords?
Your wrathfull Weapons drawne,
Here in our preſence? Dare you be ſo bold?
Why what tumultuous clamor haue we here?

Suff. The trayt'rous *Warwick*, with the men of Bury,
Set all vpon me, mightie Soueraigne.

Enter Salisbury.

Salisb. Sirs ſtand apart, the King ſhall know your minde.
Dread Lord, the Commons ſend you word by me,
Vnleſſe Lord *Suffolke* ſtraight be done to death,
Or baniſhed faire Englands Territories,
They will by violence teare him from your Pallace,
And torture him with grieuous lingring death.
They ſay, by him the good Duke *Humfrey* dy'de:
They ſay, in him they feare your Highneſſe death;
And meere inſtinct of Loue and Loyaltie,
Free from a ſtubborne oppoſite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking,
Makes them thus forward in his Baniſhment.
They ſay, in care of your moſt Royall Perſon,
That if your Highneſſe ſhould intend to ſleepe,
And charge, that no man ſhould diſturbe your reſt,
In paine of your diſlike, or paine of death;
Yet notwithſtanding ſuch a ſtrait Edict,
Were there a Serpent ſeene, with forked Tongue,
That ſlyly glyded towards your Maieſtie,
It were but neceſſarie you were wak't:
Leaſt being ſuffer'd in that harmefull ſlumber,
The mortall Worme might make the ſleepe eternall.
And therefore doe they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, where you will, or no,
From ſuch fell Serpents as falſe *Suffolke* is;
With whoſe inuenomed and fatall ſting,
Your louing Vnckle, twentie times his worth,
They ſay is ſhamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An anſwer from the King, my Lord of Salisbury.

Suff. 'Tis like the Commons, rude vnpoliſht Hindes,
Could ſend ſuch Meſſage to their Soueraigne:
But you, my Lord, were glad to be imploy'd,
To ſhew how queint an Orator you are.
But all the Honor *Salisbury* hath wonne,
Is, that he was the Lord Embaſſador,
Sent from a ſort of Tinkers to the King.

Within. An anſwer from the King, or wee will all breake in.

King. Goe *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me,
I thanke them for their tender louing care;
And had I not beene cited ſo by them,
Yet did I purpoſe as they doe entreat:
For ſure, my thoughts doe hourely prophecie,
Miſchance vnto my State by *Suffolkes* meanes.
And therefore by his Maieſtie I ſweare,
Whoſe farre-vnworthie Deputie I am,
He ſhall not breathe infection in this ayre,
But three dayes longer, on the paine of death.

Qu. Oh *Henry*, let me pleade for gentle *Suffolke.*

King. Vngentle Queene, to call him gentle *Suffolke.*
No more I ſay: if thou do'ſt pleade for him,
Thou wilt but adde encreaſe vnto my Wrath.
Had I but ſayd, I would haue kept my Word;
But when I ſweare, it is irreuocable:
If after three dayes ſpace thou here bee'ſt found,
On any ground that I am Ruler of,
The World ſhall not be Ranſome for thy Life.
Come *Warwicke*, come good *Warwicke*, goe with mee,
I haue great matters to impart to thee. *Exit.*

Qu. Miſchance and Sorrow goe along with you,
Hearts Diſcontent, and ſowre Affliction,
Be play-fellowes to keepe you companie:
There's two of you, the Deuill make a third,
And three-fold Vengeance tend vpon your ſteps.

Suff. Ceaſe, gentle Queene, theſe Execrations,
And let thy *Suffolke* take his heauie leaue.

Queene. Fye

Queen. Fye Coward woman, and ſoft harted wretch,
Haſt thou not ſpirit to curſe thine enemy.
Suf. A plague vpon them: wherefore ſhould I curſſe them?
Would curſes kill, as doth the Mandrakes grone,
I would inuent as bitter ſearching termes,
As curſt, as harſh, and horrible to heare,
Deliuer'd ſtrongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many ſignes of deadly hate,
As leane-fac'd enuy in her loathſome caue.
My tongue ſhould ſtumble in mine earneſt words,
Mine eyes ſhould ſparkle like the beaten Flint,
Mine haire be fixt an end, as one diſtract:
I, euery ioynt ſhould ſeeme to curſe and ban,
And euen now my burthen'd heart would breake
Should I not curſe them. Poyſon be their drinke.
Gall, worſe then Gall, the daintieſt that they taſte:
Their ſweeteſt ſhade, a groue of Cypreſſe Trees:
Their cheefeſt Proſpect, murd'ring Baſiliskes:
Their ſofteſt Touch, as ſmart as Lyzards ſtings:
Their Muſicke, frightfull as the Serpents hiſſe,
And boading Screech-Owles, make the Confort full.
All the foule terrors in the darke ſeated hell———
Q. Enough ſweet Suffolke, thou torment'ſt thy ſelfe,
And theſe dread curſes like the Sunne 'gainſt glaſſe,
Or like an ouer-charged Gun, recoile,
And turnes the force of them vpon thy ſelfe.
Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leaue?
Now by the ground that I am baniſh'd from,
Well could I curſe away a Winters night,
Though ſtanding naked on a Mountaine top,
Where byting cold would neuer let graſſe grow,
And thinke it but a minute ſpent in ſport.
Qu. Oh, let me intreat thee ceaſe, giue me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournfull teares:
Nor let the raine of heauen wet this place,
To waſh away my wofull Monuments.
Oh, could this kiſſe be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'ſt thinke vpon theſe by the Seale,
Through whom a thouſand ſighes are breath'd for thee.
So get thee gone, that I may know my greeſe,
'Tis but ſurmiz'd, whiles thou art ſtanding by,
As one that ſurfets, thinking on a want:
I will repeale thee, or be well aſſur'd,
Aduenture to be baniſhed my ſelfe:
And baniſhed I am, if but from thee.
Go, ſpeake not to me; euen now be gone.
Oh go not yet. Euen thus, two Friends condemn'd,
Embrace, and kiſſe, and take ten thouſand leaues,
Loather a hundred times to part then dye;
Yet now farewell, and farewell Life with thee.
Suf. Thus is poore Suffolke ten times baniſhed,
Once by the King, and three times thrice by thee.
'Tis not the Land I care for, wer't thou thence,
A Wilderneſſe is populous enough,
So Suffolke had thy heauenly company:
For where thou art, there is the World it ſelfe,
With euery ſeuerall pleaſure in the World:
And where thou art not, Deſolation.
I can no more: Liue thou to ioy thy life;
My ſelfe no ioy in nought, but that thou liu'ſt.

Enter Vaux.

Queene. Whether goes *Vaux* ſo faſt? What newes I prethee?
Vaux. To ſignifie vnto his Maieſty,
That Cardinall *Beauford* is at point of death:
For ſodainly a greeuous ſickneſſe tooke him,
That makes him gaſpe, and ſtare, and catch the aire,
Blaſpheming God, and curſing men on earth.
Sometime he talkes, as if Duke *Humfries* Ghoſt
Were by his ſide: Sometime, he calles the King,
And whiſpers to his pillow, as to him,
The ſecrets of his ouer-charged ſoule,
And I am ſent to tell his Maieſtie,
That euen now he cries alowd for him.
Qu. Go tell this heauy Meſſage to the King. *Exit*
Aye me! What is this World? What newes are theſe?
But wherefore greeue I at an houres poore loſſe,
Omitting Suffolkes exile, my ſoules Treaſure?
Why onely Suffolke mourne I not for thee?
And with the Southerne clouds, contend in teares?
Theirs for the earths encreaſe, mine for my ſorrowes.
Now get thee hence, the King thou know'ſt is comming,
If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.
Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot liue,
And in thy ſight to dye, what were it elſe,
But like a pleaſant ſlumber in thy lap?
Heere could I breath my ſoule into the ayre,
As milde and gentle as the Cradle-babe,
Dying with mothers dugge betweene it's lips.
Where from thy ſight, I ſhould be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to cloſe vp mine eyes:
To haue thee with thy lippes to ſtop my mouth:
So ſhould'ſt thou eyther turne my flying ſoule,
Or I ſhould breathe it ſo into thy body,
And then it liu'd in ſweete Elizium.
To dye by thee, were but to dye in ieſt,
From thee to dye, were torture more then death:
Oh let me ſtay, befall what may befall.
Queen. Away: Though parting be a fretfull coroſiue,
It is applyed to a deathfull wound.
To France ſweet Suffolke: Let me heare from thee:
For wherefoere thou art in this worlds Globe,
Ile haue an *Iris* that ſhall finde thee out.
Suf. I go.
Qu. And take my heart with thee.
Suf. A Iewell lockt into the wofulſt Caske,
That euer did containe a thing of worth,
Euen as a ſplitted Barke, ſo ſunder we:
This way fall I to death.
Qu. This way for me. *Exeunt*

Enter the King, Salisbury, and Warwicke, to the Cardinal in bed.

King. How fare's my Lord? Speake *Beauford* to thy Soueraigne.
Ca. If thou beeſt death, Ile giue thee Englands Treaſure,
Enough to purchaſe ſuch another Iſland,
So thou wilt let me liue, and feele no paine.
King. Ah, what a ſigne it is of euill life,
Where death's approach is ſeene ſo terrible.
War. Beauford, it is thy Soueraigne ſpeakes to thee.
Beau. Bring me vnto my Triall when you will.
Dy'de he not in his bed? Where ſhould he dye?
Can I make men liue where they will or no?
Oh torture me no more, I will confeſſe.
Aliue againe? Then ſhew me where he is,
Ile giue a thouſand pound to looke vpon him.
He hath no eyes, the duſt hath blinded them.

Combe

Combe downe his haire; looke, looke, it ſtands vpright,
Like Lime-twigs ſet to catch my winged ſoule:
Giue me ſome drinke, and bid the Apothecarie
Bring the ſtrong poyſon that I bought of him.
King. Oh thou eternall mouer of the heauens,
Looke with a gentle eye vpon this Wretch,
Oh beate away the buſie medling Fiend,
That layes ſtrong ſiege vnto this wretches ſoule,
And from his boſome purge this blacke diſpaire.
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Diſturbe him not, let him paſſe peaceably.
King. Peace to his ſoule, if Gods good pleaſure be.
Lord Card'nall, if thou think'ſt on heauens bliſſe,
Hold vp thy hand, make ſignall of thy hope.
He dies and makes no ſigne: Oh God forgiue him.
War. So bad a death, argues a monſtrous life.
King. Forbeare to iudge, for we are ſinners all.
Cloſe vp his eyes, and draw the Curtaine cloſe,
And let vs all to Meditation. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Fight at Sea. Ordnance goes off.

Enter Lieutenant, Suffolke, and others.

Lieu. The gaudy blabbing and remorſefull day,
Is crept into the boſome of the Sea:
And now loud houling Wolues arouſe the Iades
That dragge the Tragicke melancholy night:
Who with their drowſie, ſlow, and flagging wings
Cleape dead-mens graues, and from their miſty Iawes,
Breath foule contagious darkneſſe in the ayre:
Therefore bring forth the Souldiers of our prize,
For whilſt our Pinnace Anchors in the Downes,
Heere ſhall they make their ranſome on the ſand,
Or with their blood ſtaine this diſcoloured ſhore.
Maiſter, this Priſoner freely giue I thee,
And thou that art his Mate, make boote of this:
The other *Walter Whitmore* is thy ſhare.
1.*Gent.* What is my ranſome Maſter, let me know.
Ma. A thouſand Crownes, or elſe lay down your head
Mate. And ſo much ſhall you giue, or off goes yours.
Lieu. What thinke you much to pay 2000. Crownes,
And beare the name and port of Gentlemen?
Cut both the Villaines throats, for dy you ſhall:
The liues of thoſe which we haue loſt in fight,
Be counter-poys'd with ſuch a pettie ſumme.
1.*Gent.* Ile giue it ſir, and therefore ſpare my life.
2.*Gent.* And ſo will I, and write home for it ſtraight.
Whitm. I loſt mine eye in laying the prize aboord,
And therefore to reuenge it, ſhalt thou dye,
And ſo ſhould theſe, if I might haue my will.
Lieu. Be not ſo raſh, take ranſome, let him liue.
Suf. Looke on my George, I am a Gentleman,
Rate me at what thou wilt, thou ſhalt be payed.
Whit. And ſo am I: my name is *Walter Whitmore.*
How now? why ſtarts thou? What doth death affright?
Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whoſe ſound is death:
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by Water I ſhould dye:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly ſounded.
Whit. Gualtier or *Walter*, which it is I care not,
Neuer yet did baſe diſhonour blurre our name,
But with our ſword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when Merchant-like I ſell reuenge,
Broke be my ſword, my Armes torne and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world.
Suf. Stay *Whitmore*, for thy Priſoner is a Prince,
The Duke of Suffolke, *William de la Pole.*
Whit. The Duke of Suffolke, muffled vp in ragges?
Suf. I, but theſe ragges are no part of the Duke.
Lieu. But Ioue was neuer ſlaine as thou ſhalt be,
Obſcure and lowſie Swaine, King *Henries* blood.
Suf. The honourable blood of Lancaſter
Muſt not be ſhed by ſuch a iaded Groome:
Haſt thou not kiſt thy hand, and held my ſtirrop?
Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth Mule,
And thought thee happy when I ſhooke my head.
How often haſt thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my Trencher, kneel'd downe at the boord,
When I haue feaſted with Queene *Margaret?*
Remember it, and let it make thee Creſt-ſalne,
I, and alay this thy abortiue Pride:
How in our voyding Lobby haſt thou ſtood,
And duly wayted for my comming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalfe,
And therefore ſhall it charme thy riotous tongue.
Whit. Speak Captaine, ſhall I ſtab the forlorn Swain.
Lieu. Firſt let my words ſtab him, as he hath me.
Suf. Baſe ſlaue, thy words are blunt, and ſo art thou.
Lieu. Conuey him hence, and on our long boats ſide,
Strike off his head. *Suf.* Thou dar'ſt not for thy owne.
Lieu. Poole, Sir *Poole?* Lord,
I kennell, puddle, ſinke, whoſe filth and dirt
Troubles the ſiluer Spring, where England drinkes:
Now will I dam vp this thy yawning mouth,
For ſwallowing the Treaſure of the Realme.
Thy lips that kiſt the Queene, ſhall ſweepe the ground:
And thou that ſmil'dſt at good Duke *Humfries* death,
Againſt the ſenſeleſſe windes ſhall grin in vaine,
Who in contempt ſhall hiſſe at thee againe.
And wedded be thou to the Hagges of hell,
For daring to affye a mighty Lord
Vnto the daughter of a worthleſſe King,
Hauing neyther Subiect, Wealth, nor Diadem:
By diuelliſh policy art thou growne great,
And like ambitious Sylla ouer-gorg'd,
With gobbets of thy Mother-bleeding heart.
By thee *Aniou* and *Maine* were ſold to France.
The falſe reuolting Normans thorough thee,
Diſdaine to call vs Lord, and *Piccardie*
Hath ſlaine their Gouernors, ſurpriz'd our Forts,
And ſent the ragged Souldiers wounded home.
The Princely Warwicke, and the *Neuils* all,
Whoſe dreadfull ſwords were neuer drawne in vaine,
As hating thee, and riſing vp in armes.
And now the Houſe of Yorke thruſt from the Crowne,
By ſhameſull murther of a guiltleſſe King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,
Burnes with reuenging fire, whoſe hopefull colours
Aduance our halfe-fac'd Sunne, ſtriuing to ſhine;
Vnder the which is writ, *Inuitis nubibus.*
The Commons heere in Kent are vp in armes,
And to conclude, Reproach and Beggerie,
Is crept into the Pallace of our King,
And all by thee: away, conuey him hence.
Suf. O that I were a God, to ſhoot forth Thunder
Vpon theſe paltry, ſeruile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make baſe men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then *Bargulus* the ſtrong Illyrian Pyrate.
Drones ſucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hiues:
It is impoſſible that I ſhould dye

By ſuch a lowly Vaſſall as thy ſelfe.
Thy words moue Rage, and not remorſe in me:
I go of Meſſage from the Queene to France:
I charge thee waft me ſafely croſſe the Channell.

Lieu. Water: W. Come Suffolke, I muſt waft thee to thy death.

Suf. Pine gelidus timor occupat artus, it is thee I feare.

Wal. Thou ſhalt haue cauſe to feare before I leaue thee. What, are ye danted now? Now will ye ſtoope.

1.*Gent.* My gracious Lord intreat him, ſpeak him fair.

Suf. Suffolkes Imperiall tongue is ſterne and rough: Vs'd to command, vntaught to pleade for fauour. Farre be it, we ſhould honor ſuch as theſe With humble ſuite: no, rather let my head Stoope to the blocke, then theſe knees bow to any, Saue to the God of heauen, and to my King: And ſooner dance vpon a bloody pole, Then ſtand vncouer'd to the Vulgar Groome. True Nobility, is exempt from feare: More can I beare, then you dare execute.

Lieu. Hale him away, and let him talke no more: Come Souldiers, ſhew what cruelty ye can.

Suf. That this my death may neuer be forgot. Great men oft dye by vilde Bezonions. A Romane Sworder, and Bandetto ſlaue Murder'd ſweet *Tully*. *Brutus* Baſtard hand Stab'd *Iulius Cæſar*. Sauage Iſlanders *Pompey* the Great, and *Suffolke* dyes by Pyrats.

Exit Water with Suffolke.

Lieu. And as for theſe whoſe ranſome we haue ſet, It is our pleaſure one of them depart: Therefore come you with vs, and let him go.

Exit Lieutenant, and the reſt.

Manet the firſt Gent. Enter Walter with the body.

Wal. There let his head, and liueleſſe bodie lye, Vntill the Queene his Miſtris bury it. *Exit Walter.*

1.*Gent.* O barbarous and bloudy ſpectacle, His body will I beare vnto the King: If he reuenge it not, yet will his Friends, So will the Queene, that liuing, held him deere.

Enter Beuis, and Iohn Holland.

Beuis. Come and get thee a ſword, though made of a Lath, they haue bene vp theſe two dayes.

Hol. They haue the more neede to ſleepe now then.

Beuis. I tell thee, *Iacke Cade* the Cloathier, meanes to dreſſe the Common-wealth and turne it, and ſet a new nap vpon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thred-bare. Well, I ſay, it was neuer merrie world in England, ſince Gentlemen came vp.

Beuis. O miſerable Age: Vertue is not regarded in Handy-crafts men.

Hol. The Nobilitie thinke ſcorne to goe in Leather Aprons.

Beuis. Nay more, the Kings Councell are no good Workemen.

Hol. True: and yet it is ſaid, Labour in thy Vocation: which is as much to ſay, as let the Magiſtrates be labouring men, and therefore ſhould we be Magiſtrates.

Beuis. Thou haſt hit it: for there's no better ſigne of a braue minde, then a hard hand.

Hol. I ſee them, I ſee them: There's *Beſts* Sonne, the Tanner of Wingham.

Beuis. Hee ſhall haue the skinnes of our enemies, to make Dogges Leather of.

Hol. And Dicke the Butcher.

Beuis. Then is ſin ſtrucke downe like an Oxe, and iniquities throate cut like a Calfe.

Hol. And Smith the Weauer.

Beu. Argo, their thred of life is ſpun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drumme. Enter Cade, Dicke Butcher, Smith the Weauer, and a Sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. Wee *Iohn Cade*, ſo tearm'd of our ſuppoſed Father.

But. Or rather of ſtealing a Cade of Herrings.

Cade. For our enemies ſhall faile before vs, inſpired with the ſpirit of putting down Kings and Princes. Command ſilence.

But. Silence.

Cade. My Father was a *Mortimer*.

But. He was an honeſt man, and a good Bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet*.

Butch. I knew her well, ſhe was a Midwife.

Cade. My wife deſcended of the *Lacies*.

But. She was indeed a Pedlers daughter, & ſold many Laces.

Weauer. But now of late, not able to trauell with her furr'd Packe, ſhe waſhes buckes here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honorable houſe.

But. I by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he borne, vnder a hedge: for his Father had neuer a houſe but the Cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weauer. A muſt needs, for beggery is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

But. No queſtion of that: for I haue ſeene him whipt three Market dayes together.

Cade. I feare neither ſword, nor fire.

Wea. He neede not feare the ſword, for his Coate is of proofe.

But. But me thinks he ſhould ſtand in feare of fire, being burnt i'th hand for ſtealing of Sheepe.

Cade. Be braue then, for your Captaine is Braue, and Vowes Reformation. There ſhall be in England, ſeuen halfe peny Loaues ſold for a peny: the three hoop'd pot, ſhall haue ten hoopes, and I wil make it Fellony to drink ſmall Beere. All the Realme ſhall be in Common, and in Cheapſide ſhall my Palfrey go to graſſe: and when I am King, as King I will be.

All. God ſaue your Maieſty.

Cade. I thanke you good people. There ſhall bee no mony, all ſhall eate and drinke on my ſcore, and I will apparrell them all in one Liuery, that they may agree like Brothers, and worſhip me their Lord.

But. The firſt thing we do, let's kill all the Lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I meane to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent Lambe ſhould be made Parchment; that Parchment being ſcribeld ore, ſhould vndoe a man. Some ſay the Bee ſtings, but I ſay, 'tis the Bees waxe: for I did but ſeale once to a thing, and I was neuer mine owne man ſince. How now? Who's there?

Enter a Clearke.

Weauer. The Clearke of Chartam: hee can write and reade, and caſt accompt.

Cade. O monſtrous.

Wea. We tooke him ſetting of boyes Copies.

Cade.

Cade. Here's a Villaine.

Wea. Ha's a Booke in his pocket with red Letters in't

Cade. Nay then he is a Coniurer.

But. Nay, he can make Obligations, and write Court hand.

Cade. I am ſorry for't: The man is a proper man of mine Honour: vnleſſe I finde him guilty, he ſhall not die. Come hither ſirrah, I muſt examine thee: What is thy name?

Clearke. Emanuell.

But. They vſe to writ it on the top of Letters: 'Twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone: Doſt thou vſe to write thy name? Or haſt thou a marke to thy ſelfe, like a honeſt plain dealing man?

Clearke. Sir I thanke God, I haue bin ſo well brought vp, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confeſt: away with him: he's a Villaine and a Traitor.

Cade. Away with him I ſay: Hang him with his Pen and Inke-horne about his necke.

Exit one with the Clearke

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where's our Generall?

Cade. Heere I am thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly, Sir *Humfrey Stafford* and his brother are hard by, with the Kings Forces.

Cade. Stand villaine, ſtand, or Ile fell thee downe: he ſhall be encountred with a man as good as himſelfe. He is but a Knight, is a?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equall him I will make my ſelfe a knight preſently; Riſe vp Sir *Iohn Mortimer.* Now haue at bim.

Enter Sir Humfrey Stafford, and his Brother, with Drum and Soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious Hinds, the filth and ſcum of Kent,
Mark'd for the Gallowes: Lay your Weapons downe,
Home to your Cottages: forſake this Groome.
The King is merciſull, if you reuolt.

Bro. But angry, wrathfull, and inclin'd to blood,
If you go forward: therefore yeeld, or dye.

Cade. As for theſe ſilken-coated ſlaues I paſſe not,
It is to you good people, that I ſpeake,
Ouer whom (in time to come) I hope to raigne:
For I am rightfull heyre vnto the Crowne.

Staff. Villaine, thy Father was a Playſterer,
And thou thy ſelfe a Sheareman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a Gardiner.

Bro. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this *Edmund Mortimer* Earle of March, married the Duke of *Clarence* daughter, did he not?

Staf. I ſir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Bro. That's falſe.

Cade. I, there's the queſtion; But I ſay, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurſe,
Was by a begger-woman ſtolne away,
And ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a Bricklayer, when he came to age.
His ſonne am I, deny it if you can.

But. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he ſhall be King.

Wea. Sir, he made a Chimney in my Fathers houſe, & the brickes are aliue at this day to teſtifie it: therefore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this baſe Drudges Wordes, that ſpeakes he knowes not what.

All. I marry will we: therefore get ye gone.

Bro. Iacke Cade, the D. of York hath taught you this.

Cade. He lyes, for I inuented it my ſelfe. Go too Sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his Fathers ſake *Henry* the fift, (in whoſe time, boyes went to Span-counter for French Crownes) I am content he ſhall raigne, but Ile be Protector ouer him.

Butcher. And furthermore, wee'l haue the Lord *Sayes* head, for ſelling the Dukedome of *Maine.*

Cade. And good reaſon: for thereby is England main'd
And faine to go with a ſtaffe, but that my puiſſance holds it vp. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the Commonwealth, and made it an Eunuch: & more then that, he can ſpeake French, and therefore hee is a Traitor.

Staf. O groſſe and miſerable ignorance.

Cade. Nay anſwer if you can: The Frenchmen are our enemies: go too then, I ask but this: Can he that ſpeaks with the tongue of an enemy, be a good Councellour, or no?

All. No, no, and therefore wee'l haue his head.

Bro. Well, ſeeing gentle words will not preuayle,
Aſſaile them with the Army of the King.

Staf. Herald away, and throughout euery Towne,
Proclaime them Traitors that are vp with *Cade*,
That thoſe which flye before the battell ends,
May euen in their Wiues and Childrens ſight,
Be hang'd vp for example at their doores:
And you that be the Kings Friends follow me. *Exit.*

Cade. And you that loue the Commons, follow me:
Now ſhew your ſelues men, 'tis for Liberty.
We will not leaue one Lord, one Gentleman:
Spare none, but ſuch as go in clouted ſhooen,
For they are thrifty honeſt men, and ſuch
As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

But. They are all in order, and march toward vs.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are moſt out of order. Come, march forward.

Alarums to the fight, wherein both the Staffords are ſlaine. Enter Cade and the reſt.

Cade. Where's Dicke, the Butcher of Aſhford?

But. Heere ſir.

Cade. They fell before thee like Sheepe and Oxen, & thou behaued'ſt thy ſelfe, as if thou hadſt beene in thine owne Slaughter-houſe: Therfore thus will I reward thee, the Lent ſhall bee as long againe as it is, and thou ſhalt haue a Licenſe to kill for a hundred lacking one.

But. I deſire no more.

Cade. And to ſpeake truth, thou deſeru'ſt no leſſe.
This Monument of the victory will I beare, and the bodies ſhall be dragg'd at my horſe heeles, till I do come to London, where we will haue the Maiors ſword born before vs.

But. If we meane to thriue, and do good, breake open the Gaoles, and let out the Priſoners.

Cade. Feare not that I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards London. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King with a Supplication, and the Queene with Suffolkes head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Queene. Oft baue I beard that greeſe ſoftens the mind,
And

And makes it fearefull and degenerate,
Thinke therefore on reuenge, and ceaſe to weepe.
But who can ceaſe to weepe, and looke on this.
Heere may his head lye on my throbbing breſt:
But where's the body that I ſhould imbrace?

Buc. What anſwer makes your Grace to the Rebells Supplication?

King. Ile ſend ſome holy Biſhop to intreat:
For God forbid, ſo many ſimple ſoules
Should periſh by the Sword. And I my ſelfe,
Rather then bloody Warre ſhall cut them ſhort,
Will parley with *Iacke Cade* their Generall.
But ſtay, Ile read it ouer once againe.

Qu. Ah barbarous villaines: Hath this louely face,
Rul'd like a wandering Plannet ouer me,
And could it not inforce them to relent,
That were vnworthy to behold the ſame.

King. Lord *Say*, *Iacke Cade* hath ſworne to haue thy head.

Say. I, but I hope your Highneſſe ſhall haue his.

King. How now Madam?
Still lamenting and mourning for Suffolkes death?
I feare me (Loue) if that I had beene dead,
Thou would'ſt not haue mourn'd ſo much for me.

Qu. No my Loue, I ſhould not mourne, but dye for thee.

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. How now? What newes? Why com'ſt thou in ſuch haſte?

Meſ. The Rebels are in Southwarke: Fly my Lord: *Iacke Cade* proclaimes himſelfe Lord *Mortimer*, Deſcended from the Duke of *Clarence* houſe,
And calles your Grace Vſurper, openly,
And vowes to Crowne himſelfe in Weſtminſter.
His Army is a ragged multitude
Of Hindes and Pezants, rude and mercileſſe:
Sir *Humfrey Stafford*, and his Brothers death,
Hath giuen them heart and courage to proceede:
All Schollers, Lawyers, Courtiers, Gentlemen,
They call falſe Catterpillers, and intend their death.

Kin. Oh graceleſſe men: they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to Killingworth,
Vntill a power be rais'd to put them downe.

Qu. Ah were the Duke of Suffolke now aliue,
Theſe Kentiſh Rebels would be ſoone appeas'd.

King. Lord *Say*, the Traitors hateth thee,
Therefore away with vs to Killingworth.

Say. So might your Graces perſon be in danger:
The ſight of me is odious in their eyes:
And therefore in this Citty will I ſtay,
And liue alone as ſecret as I may.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Iacke Cade hath gotten London-bridge.
The Citizens flye and forſake their houſes:
The Raſcall people, thirſting after prey,
Ioyne with the Traitor, and they ioyntly ſweare
To ſpoyle the City, and your Royall Court.

Buc. Then linger not my Lord, away, take horſe.

King. Come *Margaret*, God our hope will ſuccor vs.

Qu. My hope is gone, now Suffolke is deceaſt.

King. Farewell my Lord, truſt not the Kentiſh Rebels

Buc. Truſt no body for feare you betraid.

Say. The truſt I haue, is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and reſolute. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lord Scales vpon the Tower walking. Then enters two or three Citizens below.

Scales. How now? Is *Iacke Cade* ſlaine?

1.*Cit.* No my Lord, nor likely to be ſlaine:
For they haue wonne the Bridge,
Killing all thoſe that withſtand them:
The L.Maior craues ayd of your Honor from the Tower
To defend the City from the Rebels.

Scales. Such ayd as I can ſpare you ſhall command,
But I am troubled heere with them my ſelfe,
The Rebels haue aſſay'd to win the Tower.
But get you to Smithfield, and gather head,
And thither I will ſend you *Mathew Goffe*.
Fight for your King, your Countrey, and your Liues,
And ſo farwell, for I muſt hence againe. *Exeunt*

Enter Iacke Cade and the reſt, and ſtrikes his ſtaffe on London ſtone.

Cade. Now is *Mortimer* Lord of this City,
And heere ſitting vpon London Stone,
I charge and command, that of the Cities coſt
The piſſing Conduit run nothing but Clarret Wine
This firſt yeare of our raigne.
And now henceforward it ſhall be Treaſon for any,
That calles me other then Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a Soldier running.

Soul. Iacke Cade, Iacke Cade.

Cade. Knocke him downe there. *They kill him.*

But. If this Fellow be wiſe, hee'l neuer call yee *Iacke Cade* more, I thinke he hath a very faire warning.

Dicke. My Lord, there's an Army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come, then let's go fight with them:
But firſt, go and ſet London Bridge on fire,
And if you can, burne downe the Tower too.
Come, let's away. *Exeunt omnes.*

Alarums. Mathew Goffe is ſlain, and all the reſt. Then enter Iacke Cade, with his Company.

Cade. So ſirs: now go ſome and pull down the Sauoy: Others to'th Innes of Court, downe with them all.

But. I haue a ſuite vnto your Lordſhip.

Cade. Bee it a Lordſhippe, thou ſhalt haue it for that word.

But. Onely that the Lawes of England may come out of your mouth.

Iohn. Maſſe 'twill be ſore Law then, for he was thruſt in the mouth with a Speare, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay *Iohn*, it wil be ſtinking Law, for his breath ſtinkes with eating toaſted cheeſe.

Cade. I haue thought vpon it, it ſhall bee ſo. Away, burne all the Records of the Realme, my mouth ſhall be the Parliament of England.

Iohn. Then we are like to haue biting Statutes Vnleſſe his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And hence-forward all things ſhall be in Common. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſ. My Lord, a prize, a prize, heeres the Lord *Say*, which ſold the Townes in France. He that made vs pay one and twenty Fifteenes, and one ſhilling to the pound, the laſt Subſidie.

Enter

Enter George, with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, hee ſhall be beheaded for it ten times: Ah thou Say, thou Surge, nay thou Buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blanke of our Iuriſdiction Regall. What canſt thou anſwer to my Maieſty, for giuing vp of Normandie vnto Mounſieur *Baſimecu*, the Dolphine of France? Be it knowne vnto thee by theſe preſence, euen the preſence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the Beeſome that muſt ſweepe the Court cleane of ſuch filth as thou art: Thou haſt moſt traiterouſly corrupted the youth of the Realme, in erecting a Grammar Schoole: and whereas before, our Fore-fathers had no other Bookes but the Score and the Tally, thou haſt cauſed printing to be vs'd, and contrary to the King, his Crowne, and Dignity, thou haſt built a Paper-Mill. It will be prooued to thy Face, that thou haſt men about thee, that vſually talke of a Nowne and a Verbe, and ſuch abhominable wordes, as no Chriſtian eare can endure to heare. Thou haſt appointed Iuſtices of Peace, to call poore men before them, about matters they were not able to anſwer. Moreouer, thou haſt put them in priſon, and becauſe they could not reade, thou haſt hang'd them, when (indeede) onely for that cauſe they haue beene moſt worthy to liue. Thou doſt ride in a foot-cloth, doſt thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'ſt not to let thy horſe weare a Cloake, when honeſter men then thou go in their Hoſe and Doublets.

Dicke. And worke in their ſhirt to, as my ſelfe for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent.

Dic. What ſay you of Kent.

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens.*

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he ſpeaks Latine.

Say. Heare me but ſpeake, and beare mee wher'e you will:
Kent, in the Commentaries *Cæſar* writ,
Is term'd the ciuel'ſt place of all this Iſle:
Sweet is the Covntry, becauſe full of Riches,
The People Liberall, Valiant, Actiue, Wealthy,
Which makes me hope you are not void of pitty.
I ſold not *Maine*, I loſt not *Normandie*,
Yet to recouer them would looſe my life:
Iuſtice with fauour haue I alwayes done,
Prayres and Teares haue mou'd me, Gifts could neuer.
When haue I ought exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintaine, the King, the Realme and you,
Large gifts haue I beſtow'd on learned Clearkes,
Becauſe my Booke preferr'd me to the King.
And ſeeing Ignorance is the curſe of God,
Knowledge the Wing wherewith we flye to heauen.
Vnleſſe you be poſſeſt with diuelliſh ſpirits,
You cannot but forbeare to murther me:
This Tongue hath parlied vnto Forraigne Kings
For your behooſe.

Cade. Tut, when ſtruck'ſt thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men haue reaching hands: oft haue I ſtruck Thoſe that I neuer ſaw, and ſtrucke them dead.

Geo. O monſtrous Coward! What, to come behinde Folkes?

Say. Theſe cheekes are pale for watching for your good

Cade. Giue him a box o'th'eare, and that wil make 'em red againe.

Say. Long ſitting to determine poore mens cauſes,
Hath made me full of ſickneſſe and diſeaſes.

Cade. Ye ſhall haue a hempen Candle then, & the help of hatchet.

Dicke. Why doſt thou quiuer man?

Say. The Palſie, and not feare prouokes me.

Cade. Nay, he noddes at vs, as who ſhould ſay, Ile be euen with you. Ile ſee if his head will ſtand ſteddier on a pole, or no: Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me: wherein haue I offended moſt?
Haue I affected wealth, or honor? Speake.
Are my Cheſts fill'd vp with extorted Gold?
Is my Apparrell ſumptuous to behold?
Whom haue I iniur'd, that ye ſeeke my death?
Theſe hands are free from guiltleſſe bloodſhedding,
This breaſt from harbouring foule deceitfull thoughts.
O let me liue.

Cade. I feele remorſe in my ſelfe with his words: but Ile bridle it: he ſhall dye, and it bee but for pleading ſo well for his life. Away with him, he ha's a Familiar vnder his Tongue, he ſpeakes not a Gods name. Goe, take him away I ſay, and ſtrike off his head preſently, and then breake into his Sonne in Lawes houſe, Sir *Iames Cromer*, and ſtrike off his head, and bring them both vppon two poles hither.

All. It ſhall be done.

Say. Ah Countrimen: If when you make your prair's,
God ſhould be ſo obdurate as your ſelues:
How would it fare with your departed ſoules
And therefore yet relent, and ſaue my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye: the proudeſt Peere in the Realme, ſhall not weare a head on his ſhoulders, vnleſſe he pay me tribute: there ſhall not a maid be married, but ſhe ſhall pay to me her Maydenhead ere they haue it: Men ſhall hold of mee in Capite. And we charge and command, that their wiues be as free as heart can wiſh, or tongue can tell.

Dicke. My Lord,
When ſhall we go to Cheapſide, and take vp commodities vpon our billes?

Cade. Marry preſently.

All. O braue.

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this brauer:
Let them kiſſe one another: For they lou'd well
When they were aliue. Now part them againe,
Leaſt they conſult about the giuing vp
Of ſome more Townes in France. Soldiers,
Deferre the ſpoile of the Citie vntill night:
For with theſe borne before vs, in ſteed of Maces,
Will we ride through the ſtreets, & at euery Corner
Haue them kiſſe. Away. *Exit*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter againe Cade, and all his rabblement.

Cade. Vp Fiſh-ſtreete, downe Saint Magnes corner, kill and knocke downe, throw them into Thames:

Sound a parley.

What noiſe is this I heare?
Dare any be ſo bold to ſound Retreat or Parley
When I command them kill?

Enter

Enter Buckingham, and old Clifford.

Buc. I heere they be, that dare and will diſturb thee:
Know *Cade*, we come Ambaſſadors from the King
Vnto the Commons, whom thou haſt miſled,
And heere pronounce free pardon to them all,
That will forſake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What ſay ye Countrimen, will ye relent
And yeeld to mercy, whil'ſt 'tis offered you,
Or let a rabble leade you to your deaths.
Who loues the King, and will imbrace his pardon,
Fling vp his cap, and ſay, God ſaue his Maieſty.
Who hateth him, and honors not his Father,
Henry the fift, that made all France to quake,
Shake he his weapon at vs, and paſſe by.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

Cade. What Buckingham and Clifford are ye ſo braue?
And you baſe Pezants, do ye beleeue him, will you needs
be hang'd with your Pardons about your neckes? Hath
my ſword therefore broke through London gates, that
you ſhould leaue me at the White-heart in Southwarke.
I thought ye would neuer haue giuen out theſe Armes til
you had recouered your ancient Freedome. But you are
all Recreants and Daſtards, and delight to liue in ſlauerie
to the Nobility. Let them breake your backes with bur-
thens, take your houſes ouer your heads, rauiſh your
Wiues and Daughters before your faces. For me, I will
make ſhift for one, and ſo Gods Curſſe light vppon you
all.

All. Wee'l follow *Cade*,
Wee'l follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the ſonne of *Henry* the fift,
That thus you do exclaime you'l go with him.
Will he conduct you through the heart of France,
And make the meaneſt of you Earles and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to flye too:
Nor knowes he how to liue, but by the ſpoile,
Vnleſſe by robbing of your Friends, and vs.
Wer't not a ſhame, that whilſt you liue at iarre,
The fearfull French, whom you late vanquiſhed
Should make a ſtart ore-ſeas, and vanquiſh you?
Me thinkes alreadie in this ciuill broyle,
I ſee them Lording it in London ſtreets,
Crying *Villiago* vnto all they meete.
Better ten thouſand baſe-borne *Cades* miſcarry,
Then you ſhould ſtoope vnto a Frenchmans mercy.
To France, to France, and get what you haue loſt:
Spare England, for it is your Natiue Coaſt:
Henry hath mony, you are ſtrong and manly:
God on our ſide, doubt not of Victorie.

All. A Clifford, a Clifford,
Wee'l follow the King, and Clifford.

Cade. Was euer Feather ſo lightly blowne too & fro,
as this multitude? The name of Henry the fift, hales them
to an hundred miſchiefes, and makes them leaue mee de-
ſolate. I ſee them lay their heades together to ſurprize
me. My ſword make way for me, for heere is no ſtaying:
in deſpight of the diuels and hell, haue through the verie
middeſt of you, and heauens and honor be witneſſe, that
no want of reſolution in mee, but onely my Followers
baſe and ignominious treaſons, makes me betake mee to
my heeles. *Exit*

Buck. What, is he fled? Go ſome and follow him,
And he that brings his head vnto the King,
Shall haue a thouſand Crownes for his reward.
Exeunt ſome of them.

Follow me ſouldiers, wee'l deuiſe a meane,
To reconcile you all vnto the King. *Exeunt omnes.*

Sound Trumpets. Enter King, Queene, and Somerſet on the Tarras.

King. Was euer King that ioy'd an earthly Throne,
And could command no more content then I?
No ſooner was I crept out of my Cradle,
But I was made a King, at nine months olde.
Was neuer Subiect long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wiſh to be a Subiect.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buc. Health and glad tydings to your Maieſty.

Kin. Why Buckingham, is the Traitor *Cade* ſurpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him ſtrong?

Enter Multitudes with Halters about their Neckes.

Clif. He is fled my Lord, and all his powers do yeeld,
And humbly thus with halters on their neckes,
Expect your Highneſſe doome of life, or death.

King. Then heauen ſet ope thy euerlaſting gates,
To entertaine my vowes of thankes and praiſe.
Souldiers, this day haue you redeem'd your liues,
And ſhew'd how well you loue your Prince & Countrey:
Continue ſtill in this ſo good a minde,
And *Henry* though he be infortunate,
Aſſure your ſelues will neuer be vnkinde:
And ſo with thankes, and pardon to you all,
I do diſmiſſe you to your ſeuerall Countries.

All. God ſaue the King, God ſaue the King.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe it your Grace to be aduertiſed,
The Duke of Yorke is newly come from Ireland,
And with a puiſſant and a mighty power
Of Gallow-glaſſes and ſtout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array,
And ſtill proclaimeth as he comes along,
His Armes are onely to remoue from thee
The Duke of Somerſet, whom he tearmes a Traitor.

King. Thus ſtands my ſtate, 'twixt Cade and Yorke diſtreſt,
Like to a Ship, that hauing ſcap'd a Tempeſt,
Is ſtraight way calme, and boorded with a Pyrate.
But now is Cade driuen backe, his men diſpierc'd,
And now is Yorke in Armes, to ſecond him.
I pray thee Buckingham go and meete him,
And aske him what's the reaſon of theſe Armes:
Tell him, Ile ſend Duke *Edmund* to the Tower,
And *Somerſet* we will commit thee thither,
Vntill his Army be diſmiſt from him.

Somerſet. My Lord,
Ile yeelde my ſelfe to priſon willingly,
Or vnto death, to do my Countrey good.

King. In any caſe, be not to rough in termes,
For he is fierce, and cannot brooke hard Language.

Buc. I will my Lord, and doubt not ſo to deale,
As all things ſhall redound vnto your good.

King. Come wife, let's in, and learne to gouern better,
For yet may England curſe my wretched raigne.
Flouriſh. *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Cade.

Cade. Fye on Ambitions: fie on my ſelfe, that haue a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe fiue daies haue I hid me in theſe Woods, and durſt not peepe out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now am I ſo hungry, that if I might haue a Leaſe of my life for a thouſand yeares, I could ſtay no longer. Wherefore on a Bricke wall haue I climb'd into this Garden, to ſee if I can eate Graſſe, or picke a Sallet another while, which is not amiſſe to coole a mans ſtomacke this hot weather: and I think this word Sallet was borne to do me good: for many a time but for a Sallet, my braine-pan had bene cleft with a brown Bill; and many a time when I haue beene dry, & brauely marching, it hath ſeru'd me inſteede of a quart pot to drinke in: and now the word Sallet muſt ſerue me to ſeed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord, who would liue turmoyled in the Court,
And may enioy ſuch quiet walkes as theſe?
This ſmall inheritance my Father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a Monarchy.
I ſeeke not to waxe great by others warning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what enuy:
Sufficeth, that I haue maintaines my ſtate,
And ſends the poore well pleaſed from my gate.

Cade. Heere's the Lord of the ſoile come to ſeize me for a ſtray, for entering his Fee-ſimple without leaue. A Villaine, thou wilt betray me, and get a 1000. Crownes of the King by carrying my head to him, but Ile make thee eate Iron like an Oſtridge, and ſwallow my Sword like a great pin ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why rude Companion, whatſoere thou be,
I know thee not, why then ſhould I betray thee?
Is't not enough to breake into my Garden,
And like a Theefe to come to rob my grounds:
Climbing my walles inſpight of me the Owner,
But thou wilt braue me with theſe ſawcie termes?

Cade. Braue thee? I by the beſt blood that euer was broach'd, and beard thee to. Looke on mee well, I haue eate no meate theſe fiue dayes, yet come thou and thy fiue men, and if I doe not leaue you all as dead as a doore naile, I pray God I may neuer eate graſſe more.

Iden. Nay, it ſhall nere be ſaid, while England ſtands,
That *Alexander Iden* an Eſquire of Kent,
Tooke oddes to combate a poore famiſht man.
Oppoſe thy ſtedfaſt gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canſt out-face me with thy lookes:
Set limbe to limbe, and thou art farre the leſſer:
Thy hand is but a finger to my fiſt,
Thy legge a ſticke compared with this Truncheon,
My ſoote ſhall fight with all the ſtrength thou haſt,
And if mine arme be heaued in the Ayre,
Thy graue is digg'd already in the earth:
As for words, whoſe greatneſſe anſwer's words,
Let this my ſword report what ſpeech forbeares.

Cade. By my Valour: the moſt compleate Champion that euer I heard. Steele, if thou turne the edge, or cut not out the burly bon'd Clowne in chines of Beefe, ere thou ſleepe in thy Sheath, I beſeech Ioue on my knees thou may'ſt be turn'd to Hobnailes.

Heere they Fight.

O I am ſlaine, Famine and no other hath ſlaine me, let ten thouſand diuelles come againſt me, and giue me but the ten meales I haue loſt, and I'de defie them all. Wither Garden, and be henceforth a burying place to all that do dwell in this houſe, becauſe the vnconquered ſoule of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I haue ſlain, that monſtrous traitor?
Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deede,
And hang thee o're my Tombe, when I am dead.
Ne're ſhall this blood be wiped from thy point,
But thou ſhalt weare it as a Heralds coate,
To emblaze the Honor that thy Maſter got.

Cade. *Iden* farewell, and be proud of thy victory: Tell Kent from me, ſhe hath loſt her beſt man, and exhort all the World to be Cowards: For I that neuer feared any, am vanquiſhed by Famine, not by Valour. *Dyes.*

Id. How much thou wrong'ſt me, heauen be my iudge;
Die damned Wretch, the curſe of her that bare thee:
And as I thruſt thy body in with my ſword,
So wiſh I, I might thruſt thy ſoule to hell.
Hence will I dragge thee headlong by the heeles
Vnto a dunghill, which ſhall be thy graue,
And there cut off thy moſt vngracious head,
Which I will beare in triumph to the King,
Leauing thy trunke for Crowes to feed vpon. *Exit.*

Enter Yorke, and his Army of Iriſh, with Drum and Colours.

Yor. From Ireland thus comes York to claim his right,
And plucke the Crowne from feeble *Henries* head.
Ring Belles alowd, burne Bonfires cleare and bright
To entertaine great Englands lawfull King.
Ah *Sancta Maieſtas!* who would not buy thee deere?
Let them obey, that knowes not how to Rule.
This hand was made to handle nought but Gold.
I cannot giue due action to my words,
Except a Sword or Scepter ballance it.
A Scepter ſhall it haue, haue I a ſoule,
On which Ile toſſe the Fleure-de-Luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom haue we heere? Buckingham to diſturbe me?
The king hath ſent him ſure: I muſt diſſemble.

Buc. Yorke, if thou meaneſt wel, I greet thee well.

Yor. *Humfrey* of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.
Art thou a Meſſenger, or come of pleaſure.

Buc. A Meſſenger from *Henry*, our dread Liege,
To know the reaſon of theſe Armes in peace.
Or why, thou being a Subiect, as I am,
Againſt thy Oath, and true Allegeance ſworne,
Should raiſe ſo great a power without his leaue?
Or dare to bring thy Force ſo neere the Court?

Yor. Scarſe can I ſpeake, my Choller is ſo great.
Oh I could hew vp Rockes, and fight with Flint,
I am ſo angry at theſe abiect tearmes.
And now like *Aiax Telamonius*,
On Sheepe or Oxen could I ſpend my furie.
I am farre better borne then is the king:
More like a King, more Kingly in my thoughts.
But I muſt make faire weather yet a while,
Till *Henry* be more weake, and I more ſtrong.
Buckingham, I prethee pardon me,
That I haue giuen no anſwer all this while:
My minde was troubled with deepe Melancholly.
The cauſe why I haue brought this Armie hither,

Is

Is to remoue proud Somerſet from the King,
Seditious to his Grace, and to the State.
Buc. That is too much preſumption on thy part:
But if thy Armes be to no other end,
The King hath yeelded vnto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerſet is in the Tower.
Yorke. Vpon thine Honor is he Priſoner?
Buck. Vpon mine Honor he is Priſoner.
Yorke. Then Buckingham I do diſmiſſe my Powres.
Souldiers, I thanke you all: diſperſe your ſelues:
Meet me to morrow in S. Georges Field,
You ſhall haue pay, and euery thing you wiſh.
And let my Soueraigne, vertuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſonne, nay all my ſonnes,
As pledges of my Fealtie and Loue,
Ile ſend them all as willing as I liue:
Lands, Goods, Horſe, Armor, any thing I haue
Is his to vſe, ſo Somerſet may die.
Buc. Yorke, I commend this kinde ſubmiſſion,
We twaine will go into his Highneſſe Tent.

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Buckingham, doth Yorke intend no harme to vs
That thus he marcheth with thee arme in arme?
Yorke. In all ſubmiſſion and humility,
Yorke doth preſent himſelfe vnto your Highneſſe.
K. Then what intends theſe Forces thou doſt bring?
Yor. To heaue the Traitor Somerſet from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebell *Cade*,
Who ſince I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter Iden with Cades head.

Iden. If one ſo rude, and of ſo meane condition
May paſſe into the preſence of a King:
Loe, I preſent your Grace a Traitors head,
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat ſlew.
King. The head of *Cade*? Great God, how iuſt art thou?
Oh let me view his Viſage being dead,
That liuing wrought me ſuch exceeding trouble.
Tell me my Friend, art thou the man that ſlew him?
Iden. I was, an't like your Maieſty.
King. How art thou call'd? And what is thy degree?
Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poore Eſquire of Kent, that loues his King.
Buc. So pleaſe it you my Lord, 'twere not amiſſe
He were created Knight for his good ſeruice.
King. *Iden*, kneele downe, riſe vp a Knight:
We giue thee for reward a thouſand Markes,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on vs.
Iden. May *Iden* liue to merit ſuch a bountie,
And neuer liue but true vnto his Liege.

Enter Queene and Somerſet.

K. See Buckingham, Somerſet comes with th'Queene,
Go bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.
Qu. For thouſand Yorkes he ſhall not hide his head,
But boldly ſtand, and front him to his face.
Yor. How now? is Somerſet at libertie?
Then Yorke vnlooſe thy long impriſoned thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equall with thy heart.
Shall I endure the ſight of Somerſet?
Falſe King, why haſt thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brooke abuſe?
King did I call thee? No: thou art not King:
Not fit to gouerne and rule multitudes,
Which dar'ſt not, no nor canſt not rule a Traitor.
That Head of thine doth not become a Crowne:
Thy Hand is made to graſpe a Palmers ſtaffe,
And not to grace an awefull Princely Scepter.
That Gold, muſt round engirt theſe browes of mine,
Whoſe Smile and Frowne, like to *Achilles* Speare
Is able with the change, to kill and cure.
Heere is a hand to hold a Scepter vp,
And with the ſame to acte controlling Lawes:
Giue place: by heauen thou ſhalt rule no more
O're him, whom heauen created for thy Ruler.
Som. O monſtrous Traitor! I arreſt thee Yorke
Of Capitall Treaſon 'gainſt the King and Crowne:
Obey audacious Traitor, kneele for Grace.
York. Wold'ſt haue me kneele? Firſt let me ask of thee,
If they can brooke I bow a knee to man:
Sirrah, call in my ſonne to be my bale:
I know ere they will haue me go to Ward,
They'l pawne their ſwords of my infranchiſement.
Qu. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amaine,
To ſay, if that the Baſtard boyes of Yorke
Shall be the Surety for their Traitor Father.
Yorke. O blood-beſpotted Neopolitan,
Out-caſt of *Naples*, Englands bloody Scourge,
The ſonnes of Yorke, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their Fathers baile, and bane to thoſe
That for my Surety will refuſe the Boyes.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See where they come, Ile warrant they'l make it good.

Enter Clifford.

Qu. And here comes *Clifford* to deny their baile.
Clif. Health, and all happineſſe to my Lord the King.
Yor. I thanke thee *Clifford:* Say, what newes with thee?
Nay, do not fright vs with an angry looke:
We are thy Soueraigne *Clifford*, kneele againe;
For thy miſtaking ſo, We pardon thee.
Clif. This is my King Yorke, I do not miſtake,
But thou miſtakes me much to thinke I do,
To Bedlem with him, is the man growne mad.
King. I Clifford, a Bedlem and ambitious humor
Makes him oppoſe himſelfe againſt his King.
Clif. He is a Traitor, let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.
Qu. He is arreſted, but will not obey:
His ſonnes (he ſayes) ſhall giue their words for him.
Yor. Will you not Sonnes?
Edw. I Noble Father, if our words will ſerue.
Rich. And if words will not, then our Weapons ſhal.
Clif. Why what a brood of Traitors haue we heere?
Yorke. Looke in a Glaſſe, and call thy Image ſo.
I am thy King, and thou a falſe-heart Traitor:
Call hither to the ſtake my two braue Beares,
That with the very ſhaking of their Chaines,
They may aſtoniſh theſe fell-lurking Curres,
Bid Salsbury and Warwicke come to me.

Enter the Earles of Warwicke, and Salisbury.

Clif. Are theſe thy Beares? Wee'l bate thy Bears to death,
And manacle the Berard in their Chaines,
If thou dar'ſt bring them to the bayting place.
Rich. Oft haue I ſeene a hot ore-weening Curre,
Run backe and bite, becauſe he was with-held,
Who being ſuffer'd with the Beares fell paw,
Hath clapt his taile, betweene his legges and cride,
And ſuch a peece of ſeruice will you do,

If you oppoſe your ſelues to match Lord Warwicke.
Clif. Hence heape of wrath, foule indigeſted lumpe,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy ſhape.
Yor. Nay we ſhall heate you thorowly anon.
Clif. Take heede leaſt by your heate you burne your ſelues:
King. Why Warwicke, hath thy knee forgot to bow?
Old Salsbury, ſhame to thy ſiluer haire,
Thou mad miſleader of thy brain-ſicke ſonne,
What wilt thou on thy death-bed play the Ruffian?
And ſeeke for ſorrow with thy Spectacles?
Oh where is Faith? Oh, where is Loyalty?
If it be baniſht from the froſtie head,
Where ſhall it finde a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go digge a graue to finde out Warre,
And ſhame thine honourable Age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'ſt experience?
Or wherefore doeſt abuſe it, if thou haſt it?
For ſhame in dutie bend thy knee to me,
That bowes vnto the graue with mickle age.
Sal. My Lord, I haue conſidered with my ſelfe
The Title of this moſt renowned Duke,
And in my conſcience, do repute his grace
The rightfull heyre to Englands Royall ſeate.
King. Haſt thou not ſworne Allegeance vnto me?
Sal. I haue.
Ki. Canſt thou diſpenſe with heauen for ſuch an oath?
Sal. It is great ſinne, to ſweare vnto a ſinne:
But greater ſinne to keepe a ſinfull oath:
Who can be bound by any ſolemne Vow
To do a murd'rous deede, to rob a man,
To force a ſpotleſſe Virgins Chaſtitie,
To reaue the Orphan of his Patrimonie,
To wring the Widdow from her cuſtom'd right,
And haue no other reaſon for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a ſolemne Oath?
Qu. A ſubtle Traitor needs no Sophiſter.
King. Call Buckingham, and bid him arme himſelfe.
Yorke. Call Buckingham, and all the friends thou haſt,
I am reſolu'd for death and dignitie.
Old Clif. The firſt I warrant thee, if dreames proue true
War. You were beſt to go to bed, and dreame againe,
To keepe thee from the Tempeſt of the field.
Old Clif. I am reſolu'd to beare a greater ſtorme,
Then any thou canſt coniure vp to day:
And that Ile write vpon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy houſed Badge.
War. Now by my Fathers badge, old *Neuils* Creſt,
The rampant Beare chain'd to the ragged ſtaffe,
This day Ile weare aloſt my Burgonet,
As on a Mountaine top, the Cedar ſhewes,
That keepes his leaues inſpight of any ſtorme,
Euen to affright thee with the view thereof.
Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet Ile rend thy Beare,
And tread it vnder foot with all contempt,
Deſpight the Bearard, that protects the Beare.
Yo. Clif. And ſo to Armes victorious Father,
To quell the Rebels, and their Complices.
Rich. Fie, Charitie for ſhame, ſpeake not in ſpight,
For you ſhall ſup with Ieſu Chriſt to night.
Yo Clif. Foule ſtygmaticke that's more then thou canſt tell.
Ric. If not in heauen, you'l ſurely ſup in hell. *Exeunt*
Enter Warwicke.
War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwicke calles:
And if thou doſt not hide thee from the Beare,
Now when the angrie Trumpet ſounds alarum,
And dead mens cries do fill the emptie ayre,
Clifford I ſay, come forth and fight with me,
Proud Northerne Lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwicke is hoarſe with calling thee to armes.
Enter Yorke.
War. How now my Noble Lord? What all a-foot.
Yor. The deadly handed Clifford ſlew my Steed:
But match to match I haue encountred him,
And made a prey for Carrion Kytes and Crowes
Euen of the bonnie beaſt he loued ſo well.
Enter Clifford.
War. Of one or both of vs the time is come.
Yor. Hold Warwick: ſeek thee out ſome other chace
For I my ſelfe muſt hunt this Deere to death.
War. Then nobly Yorke, 'tis for a Crown thou fightſt:
As I intend Clifford to thriue to day,
It greeues my ſoule to leaue theee vnaſſail'd. *Exit War.*
Clif. What feeſt thou in me Yorke?
Why doſt thou pauſe?
Yorke. With thy braue bearing ſhould I be in loue,
But that thou art ſo faſt mine enemie.
Clif. Nor ſhould thy proweſſe want praiſe & eſteeme,
But that 'tis ſhewne ignobly, and in Treaſon.
Yorke. So let it helpe me now againſt thy ſword,
As I in iuſtice, and true right expreſſe it.
Clif. My ſoule and bodie on the action both.
Yor. A dreadfull lay, addreſſe thee inſtantly.
Clif. La fin Corrone les eumenes.
Yor. Thus Warre hath giuen thee peace, for ỹ art ſtill,
Peace with his ſoule, heauen if it be thy will.
Enter yong Clifford.
Clif. Shame and Confuſion all is on the rout,
Feare frames diſorder, and diſorder wounds
Where it ſhould guard. O Warre, thou ſonne of hell,
Whom angry heauens do make their miniſter,
Throw in the frozen boſomes of our part,
Hot Coales of Vengeance. Let no Souldier flye.
He that is truly dedicate to Warre,
Hath no ſelfe-loue: nor he that loues himſelfe,
Hath not eſſentially, but by circumſtance
The name of Valour. O let the vile world end,
And the premiſed Flames of the Laſt day,
Knit earth and heauen together.
Now let the generall Trumpet blow his blaſt,
Particularities, and pettie ſounds
To ceaſe. Was't thou ordain'd (deere Father)
To looſe thy youth in peace, and to atcheeue
The Siluer Liuery of aduiſed Age,
And in thy Reuerence, and thy Chaire-dayes, thus
To die in Ruffian battell? Euen at this ſight,
My heart is turn'd to ſtone: and while 'tis mine,
It ſhall be ſtony. Yorke, not our old men ſpares:
No more will I their Babes, Teares Virginall,
Shall be to me, euen as the Dew to Fire,
And Beautie, that the Tyrant oft reclaimes,
Shall to my flaming wrath, be Oyle and Flax:
Henceforth, I will not haue to do with pitty.
Meet I an infant of the houſe of Yorke,
Into as many gobbits will I cut it
As wilde *Medea* yong *Abſirtis* did.
In cruelty, will I ſeeke out my Fame.
Come thou new ruine of olde Cliffords houſe:
As did *Æneas* old *Anchyſes* beare,
So beare I thee vpon my manly ſhoulders:
But then, *Æneas* bare a liuing loade;

Nothing ſo heauy as theſe woes of mine.

Enter Richard, and Somerſet to fight.

Rich. So lye thou there:
For vnderneath an Ale-houſe paltry ſigne,
The Caſtle in S. *Albons*, Somerſet
Hath made the Wizard famous in his death:
Sword, hold thy temper; Heart, be wrathfull ſtill:
Prieſts pray for enemies, but Princes kill.
Fight. *Excurſions.*

Enter King, Queene, and others.

Qu. Away my Lord, you are ſlow, for ſhame away.

King. Can we outrun the Heauens? Good *Margaret* ſtay.

Qu. What are you made of? You'l nor fight nor fly:
Now is it manhood, wiſedome, and defence,
To giue the enemy way, and to ſecure vs
By what we can, which can no more but flye.
Alarum a farre off.
If you be tane, we then ſhould ſee the bottome
Of all our Fortunes: but if we haply ſcape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect)
We ſhall to London get, where you are lou'd,
And where this breach now in our Fortunes made
May readily be ſtopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my hearts on future miſcheeſe ſet,
I would ſpeake blaſphemy ere bid you flye:
But flye you muſt: Vncureable diſcomfite
Reignes in the hearts of all our preſent parts.
Away for your releeſe, and we will liue
To ſee their day, and them our Fortune giue.
Away my Lord, away. *Exeunt*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Yorke, Richard, Warwicke, and Soldiers, with Drum & Colours.

Yorke. Of Salsbury, who can report of him,
That Winter Lyon, who in rage forgets
Aged contuſions, and all bruſh of Time:
And like a Gallant, in the brow of youth,
Repaires him with Occaſion. This happy day
Is not it ſelfe, nor haue we wonne one foot,
If Salsbury be loſt.

Rich. My Noble Father:
Three times to day I holpe him to his horſe,
Three times beſtrid him: Thrice I led him off,
Perſwaded him from any further act:
But ſtill where danger was, ſtill there I met him,
And like rich hangings in a homely houſe,
So was his Will, in his old feeble body,
But Noble as he is, looke where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now by my Sword, well haſt thou fought to day:
By'th'Maſſe ſo did we all. I thanke you *Richard.*
God knowes how long it is I haue to liue:
And it hath pleas'd him that three times to day
You haue defended me from imminent death.
Well Lords, we haue not got that which we haue,
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being oppoſites of ſuch repayring Nature.

Yorke. I know our ſafety is to follow them,
For (as I heare) the King is fled to London,
To call a preſent Court of Parliament:
Let vs purſue him ere the Writs go forth.
What ſayes Lord Warwicke, ſhall we after them?

War. After them: nay before them if we can:
Now by my hand (Lords) 'twas a glorious day.
Saint Albons battell wonne by famous Yorke,
Shall be eterniz'd in all Age to come.
Sound Drumme and Trumpets, and to London all,
And more ſuch dayes as theſe, to vs befall. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

The third Part of Henry the Sixt,

with the death of the Duke of YORKE.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Alarum.
Enter Plantagenet, Edward, Richard, Norfolke, Mountague, Warwicke, and Souldiers.

Warwicke.

I Wonder how the King eſcap'd our hands?

Pl. While we purſu'd the Horſmen of ỹ North,
He ſlyly ſtole away, and left his men:
Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
Whoſe Warlike eares could neuer brooke retreat,
Chear'd vp the drouping Army, and himſelfe.
Lord *Clifford* and Lord *Stafford* all a-breſt
Charg'd our maine Battailes Front: and breaking in,
Were by the Swords of common Souldiers ſlaine.

Edw. Lord *Staffords* Father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either ſlaine or wounded dangerous.
I cleft his Beauer with a down-right blow:
That this is true (Father) behold his blood.

Mount. And Brother, here's the Earle of Wiltſhires blood,
Whom I encountred as the Battels ioyn'd.

Rich. Speake thou for me, and tell them what I did.

Plan. Richard hath beſt deſeru'd of all my ſonnes:
But is your Grace dead, my Lord of Somerſet?

Nor. Such hope haue all the line of *Iohn of Gaunt*.

Rich. Thus do I hope to ſhake King *Henries* head.

Warw. And ſo doe I, victorious Prince of *Yorke*.
Before I ſee thee ſeated in that Throne,
Which now the Houſe of *Lancaſter* vſurpes,
I vow by Heauen, theſe eyes ſhall neuer cloſe.
This is the Pallace of the feareſull King,
And this the Regall Seat: poſſeſſe it *Yorke*,
For this is thine, and not King *Henries* Heires.

Plant. Aſſiſt me then, ſweet *Warwick*, and I will,
For hither we haue broken in by force.

Norf. Wee'le all aſſiſt you: he that flyes, ſhall dye.

Plant. Thankes gentle *Norfolke*, ſtay by me my Lords,
And Souldiers ſtay and lodge by me this Night.

They goe vp.

Warw. And when the King comes, offer him no violence,
Vnleſſe he ſeeke to thruſt you out perforce.

Plant. The Queene this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinkes we ſhall be of her counſaile,
By words or blowes here let vs winne our right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's ſtay within this Houſe.

Warw. The bloody Parliament ſhall this be call'd,
Vnleſſe *Plantagenet*, Duke of Yorke, be King,
And baſhfull *Henry* depos'd, whoſe Cowardize
Hath made vs by-words to our enemies.

Plant. Then leaue me not, my Lords be reſolute,
I meane to take poſſeſſion of my Right.

Warw. Neither the King, nor he that loues him beſt,
The prowdeſt hee that holds vp *Lancaſter*,
Dares ſtirre a Wing, if *Warwick* ſhake his Bells.
Ile plant *Plantagenet*, root him vp who dares:
Reſolue thee *Richard*, clayme the Engliſh Crowne.

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, Weſtmerland, Exeter, and the reſt.

Henry. My Lords, looke where the ſturdie Rebell ſits,
Euen in the Chayre of State: belike he meanes,
Backt by the power of *Warwicke*, that falſe Peere,
To aſpire vnto the Crowne, and reigne as King.
Earle of Northumberland, he ſlew thy Father,
And thine, Lord *Clifford*, & you both haue vow'd reuenge
On him, his ſonnes, his fauorites, and his friends.

Northumb. If I be not, Heauens be reueng'd on me.

Clifford. The hope thereof, makes *Clifford* mourne in Steele.

Weſtm. What, ſhall we ſuffer this? lets pluck him down,
My heart for anger burnes, I cannot brooke it.

Henry. Be patient, gentle Earle of Weſtmerland.

Clifford. Patience is for Poultroones, ſuch as he:
He durſt not ſit there, had your Father liu'd.
My gracious Lord, here in the Parliament
Let vs aſſayle the Family of *Yorke*.

North. Well haſt thou ſpoken, Couſin be it ſo.

Henry. Ah, know you not the Citie fauours them,
And they haue troupes of Souldiers at their beck?

Weſtm. But when the Duke is ſlaine, they'le quickly flye.

Henry. Farre be the thought of this from *Henries* heart,
To make a Shambles of the Parliament Houſe.
Couſin of Exeter, frownes, words, and threats,
Shall be the Warre that *Henry* meanes to vſe.
Thou factious Duke of Yorke deſcend my Throne,
And kneele for grace and mercie at my feet,
I am thy Soueraigne.

Yorke. I am thine.

Exet. For ſhame come downe, he made thee Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. It was my Inheritance, as the Earledome was.

Exet. Thy

Exet. Thy Father was a Traytor to the Crowne.
Warw. *Exeter* thou art a Traytor to the Crowne,
In following this vſurping *Henry.*
Clifford. Whom ſhould hee follow, but his naturall King?
Warw. True *Clifford*, that's *Richard* Duke of Yorke.
Henry. And ſhall I ſtand, and thou ſit in my Throne?
Yorke. It muſt and ſhall he ſo, content thy ſelfe.
Warw. Be Duke of Lancaſter, let him be King.
Weſtm. He is both King, and Duke of Lancaſter,
And that the Lord of Weſtmerland ſhall maintaine.
Warw. And *Warwick* ſhall diſproue it. You forget,
That we are thoſe which chas'd you from the field,
And ſlew your Fathers, and with Colours ſpread
Marcht through the Citie to the Pallace Gates.
Northumb. Yes *Warwicke*, I remember it to my griefe,
And by his Soule, thou and thy Houſe ſhall rue it.
Weſtm. *Plantagenet*, of thee and theſe thy Sonnes,
Thy Kinſmen, and thy Friends, Ile haue more liues
Then drops of bloud were in my Fathers Veines.
Cliff. Vrge it no more, leſt that in ſtead of words,
I ſend thee, *Warwicke*, ſuch a Meſſenger,
As ſhall reuenge his death, before I ſtirre.
Warw. Poore *Clifford*, how I ſcorne his worthleſſe Threats.
Plant. Will you we ſhew our Title to the Crowne?
If not, our Swords ſhall pleade it in the field.
Henry. What Title haſt thou Traytor to the Crowne?
My Father was as thou art, Duke of Yorke,
Thy Grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earle of March.
I am the Sonne of *Henry* the Fift,
Who made the Dolphin and the French to ſtoupe,
And ſeiz'd vpon their Townes and Prouinces.
Warw. Talke not of France, ſith thou haſt loſt it all.
Henry. The Lord Protector loſt it, and not I:
When I was crown'd, I was but nine moneths old.
Rich. You are old enough now,
And yet me thinkes you looſe:
Father teare the Crowne from the Vſurpers Head.
Edward. Sweet Father doe ſo, ſet it on your Head.
Mount. Good Brother,
As thou lou'ſt and honoreſt Armes,
Let's fight it out, and not ſtand cauilling thus.
Richard. Sound Drummes and Trumpets, and the King will flye.
Plant. Sonnes peace.
Henry. Peace thou, and giue King *Henry* leaue to ſpeake.
Warw. *Plantagenet* ſhal ſpeake firſt: Heare him Lords,
And he you ſilent and attentiue too,
For he that interrupts him, ſhall not liue.
Hen. Think'ſt thou, that I will leaue my Kingly Throne,
Wherein my Grandfire and my Father ſat?
No: firſt ſhall Warre vnpeople this my Realme;
I, and their Colours often borne in France,
And now in England, to our hearts great ſorrow,
Shall be my Winding-ſheet. Why faint you Lords?
My Title's good, and better farre then his.
Warw. Proue it *Henry*, and thou ſhalt be King.
Hen. *Henry* the Fourth by Conqueſt got the Crowne.
Plant. 'Twas by Rebellion againſt his King.
Henry. I know not what to ſay, my Titles weake:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an Heire?
Plant. What then?
Henry. And if he may, then am I lawfull King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many Lords,
Reſign'd the Crowne to *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Heire my Father was, and I am his.
Plant. He roſe againſt him, being his Soueraigne,
And made him to reſigne his Crowne perforce.
Warw. Suppoſe, my Lords, he did it vnconſtrayn'd,
Thinke you 'twere preiudiciall to his Crowne?
Exet. No: for he could not ſo reſigne his Crowne,
But that the next Heire ſhould ſucceed and reigne.
Henry. Art thou againſt vs, Duke of Exeter?
Exet. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.
Plant. Why whiſper you, my Lords, and anſwer not?
Exet. My Conſcience tells me he is lawfull King.
Henry. All will reuolt from me, and turne to him.
Northumb. *Plantagenet*, for all the Clayme thou lay'ſt,
Thinke not, that *Henry* ſhall be ſo depos'd.
Warw. Depos'd he ſhall be, in deſpight of all.
Northumb. Thou art deceiu'd:
'Tis not thy Southerne power
Of Eſſex, Norfolke, Suffolke, nor of Kent,
Which makes thee thus prefumptuous and prowd,
Can ſet the Duke vp in deſpight of me.
Clifford. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord *Clifford* vowes to fight in thy defence:
May that ground gape, and ſwallow me aliue,
Where I ſhall kneele to him that ſlew my Father.
Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words reuiue my heart.
Plant. *Henry* of Lancaſter, reſigne thy Crowne:
What mutter you, or what conſpire you Lords?
Warw. Doe right vnto this Princely Duke of Yorke,
Or I will fill the Houſe with armed men,
And ouer the Chayre of State, where now he ſits,
Write vp his Title with vſurping blood.
He ſtampes with his foot, and the Souldiers ſhew themſelues.
Henry. My Lord of Warwick, heare but one word,
Let me for this my life time reigne as King.
Plant. Confirme the Crowne to me and to mine Heires,
And thou ſhalt reigne in quiet while thou liu'ſt.
Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*
Enioy the Kingdome after my deceaſe.
Clifford. What wrong is this vnto the Prince, your Sonne?
Warw. What good is this to England, and himſelfe?
Weſtm. Baſe, fearefull, and deſpayring *Henry.*
Clifford. How haſt thou iniur'd both thy ſelfe and vs?
Weſtm. I cannot ſtay to heare theſe Articles.
Northumb. Nor I.
Clifford. Come Couſin, let vs tell the Queene theſe Newes.
Weſtm. Farwell faint-hearted and degenerate King,
In whoſe cold bloud no ſparke of Honor bides.
Northumb. Be thou a prey vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And dye in Bands, for this vnmanly deed.
Cliff. In dreadfull Warre may'ſt thou be ouercome,
Or liue in peace abandon'd and deſpis'd.
Warw. Turne this way *Henry*, and regard them not.
Exeter. They ſeeke reuenge, and therefore will not yeeld.
Henry. Ah *Exeter.*
Warw. Why ſhould you ſigh, my Lord?
Henry. Not for my ſelfe Lord *Warwick*, but my Sonne,
Whom I vnnaturally ſhall diſ-inherite.
But he it as it may: I here entayle
The Crowne to thee and to thine Heires for euer,
Conditionally, that heere thou take an Oath,
To ceaſe this Ciuill Warre: and whil'ſt I liue,

To

To honor me as thy King, and Soueraigne:
And neyther by Treaſon nor Hoſtilitie,
To ſeeke to put me downe, and reigne thy ſelfe.
Plant. This Oath I willingly take, and will performe.
Warw. Long liue King *Henry: Plantagenet* embrace him.
Henry. And long liue thou, and theſe thy forward Sonnes.
Plant. Now *Yorke* and *Lancaſter* are reconcil'd.
Exet. Accurſt be he that ſeekes to make them foes.
Senet. Here they come downe.
Plant. Farewell my gracious Lord, Ile to my Caſtle.
Warw. And Ile keepe London with my Souldiers.
Norf. And I to Norfolke with my followers.
Mount. And I vnto the Sea, from whence I came.
Henry. And I with griefe and ſorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queene.

Exeter. Heere comes the Queene,
Whoſe Lookes bewray her anger:
Ile ſteale away.
Henry. Exeter ſo will I.
Queene. Nay, goe not from me, I will follow thee.
Henry. Be patient gentle Queene, and I will ſtay.
Queene. Who can be patient in ſuch extreames?
Ah wretched man, would I had dy'de a Maid?
And neuer ſeene thee, neuer borne thee Sonne,
Seeing thou haſt prou'd ſo vnnaturall a Father.
Hath he deſeru'd to looſe his Birth-right thus?
Hadſt thou but lou'd him halfe ſo well as I,
Or felt that paine which I did for him once,
Or nouriſht him, as I did with my blood;
Thou would'ſt haue left thy deareſt heart-blood there,
Rather then haue made that ſauage Duke thine Heire,
And diſ-inherited thine onely Sonne.
Prince. Father, you cannot diſ-inherite me:
If you be King, why ſhould not I ſucceede?
Henry. Pardon me *Margaret*, pardon me ſweet Sonne,
The Earle of Warwick and the Duke enforc't me.
Quee. Enforc't thee? Art thou King, and wilt be forc't?
I ſhame to heare thee ſpeake: ah timorous Wretch,
Thou haſt vndone thy ſelfe, thy Sonne, and me,
And giu'n vnto the Houſe of *Yorke* ſuch head,
As thou ſhalt reigne but by their ſufferance.
To entayle him and his Heires vnto the Crowne,
What is it, but to make thy Sepulcher,
And creepe into it farre before thy time?
Warwick is Chancelor, and the Lord of Callice,
Sterne *Falconbridge* commands the Narrow Seas,
The Duke is made Protector of the Realme,
And yet ſhalt thou be ſafe? Such ſafetie findes
The trembling Lambe, inuironned with Wolues.
Had I beene there, which am a ſilly Woman,
The Souldiers ſhould haue toſs'd me on their Pikes,
Before I would haue granted to that Act.
But thou preferr'ſt thy Life, before thine Honor.
And ſeeing thou do'ſt, I here diuorce my ſelfe,
Both from thy Table *Henry*, and thy Bed,
Vntill that Act of Parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my Sonne is diſ-inherited.
The Northerne Lords, that haue forſworne thy Colours,
Will follow mine, if once they ſee them ſpread:
And ſpread they ſhall be, to thy foule diſgrace,
And vtter ruine of the Houſe of *Yorke:*
Thus doe I leaue thee: Come Sonne, let's away,
Our Army is ready; come, wee'le after them.
Henry. Stay gentle *Margaret*, and heare me ſpeake.
Queene. Thou haſt ſpoke too much already: get thee gone.
Henry. Gentle Sonne *Edward*, thou wilt ſtay me?
Queene. I, to be murther'd by his Enemies.
Prince. When I returne with victorie to the field,
Ile ſee your Grace: till then, Ile follow her.
Queene. Come Sonne away, we may not linger thus.
Henry. Poore Queene,
How loue to me, and to her Sonne,
Hath made her breake out into termes of Rage.
Reueng'd may ſhe be on that hatefull Duke,
Whoſe haughtie ſpirit, winged with deſire,
Will coſt my Crowne, and like an emptie Eagle,
Tyre on the fleſh of me, and of my Sonne.
The loſſe of thoſe three Lords torments my heart:
Ile write vnto them, and entreate them faire;
Come Couſin, you ſhall be the Meſſenger.
Exet. And I, I hope, ſhall reconcile them all. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter Richard, Edward, and Mountague.

Richard. Brother, though I bee youngeſt, giue mee leaue.
Edward. No, I can better play the Orator.
Mount. But I haue reaſons ſtrong and forceable.

Enter the Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. Why how now Sonnes, and Brother, at a ſtriſe?
What is your Quarrell? how began it firſt?
Edward. No Quarrell, but a ſlight Contention.
Yorke. About what?
Rich. About that which concernes your Grace and vs,
The Crowne of England, Father, which is yours.
Yorke. Mine Boy? not till King *Henry* be dead.
Richard. Your Right depends not on his life, or death.
Edward. Now you are Heire, therefore enioy it now:
By giuing the Houſe of *Lancaſter* leaue to breathe,
It will out-runne you, Father, in the end.
Yorke. I tooke an Oath, that hee ſhould quietly reigne.
Edward. But for a Kingdome any Oath may be broken:
I would breake a thouſand Oathes, to reigne one yeere.
Richard. No: God forbid your Grace ſhould be forſworne.
Yorke. I ſhall be, if I clayme by open Warre.
Richard. Ile proue the contrary, if you'le heare mee ſpeake.
Yorke. Thou canſt not, Sonne: it is impoſſible.
Richard. An Oath is of no moment, being not tooke
Before a true and lawfull Magiſtrate,
That hath authoritie ouer him that ſweares.
Henry had none, but did vſurpe the place.
Then ſeeing 'twas he that made you to depoſe,
Your Oath, my Lord, is vaine and friuolous.
Therefore to Armes: and Father doe but thinke,
How ſweet a thing it is to weare a Crowne,
Within whoſe Circuit is *Elizium*,
And all that Poets faine of Bliſſe and Ioy.
Why doe we linger thus? I cannot reſt,
Vntill the White Roſe that I weare, be dy'de
Euen in the luke-warme blood of *Henries* heart.
Yorke. Richard ynough: I will be King, or dye.
Brother, thou ſhalt to London preſently,
And whet on *Warwick* to this Enterpriſe.

Thou

Thou *Richard* ſhalt to the Duke of Norfolke,
And tell him priuily of our intent.
You *Edward* ſhall vnto my Lord *Cobham*,
With whom the Kentiſhmen will willingly rife.
In them I truſt: for they are Souldiors,
Wittie, courteous, liberall, full of ſpirit.
While you are thus imploy'd, what reſteth more?
But that I ſeeke occaſion how to rife,
And yet the King not priuie to my Drift,
Nor any of the Houſe of *Lancaſter*.

Enter Gabriel.

But ſtay, what Newes? Why comm'ſt thou in ſuch poſte?

Gabriel. The Queene,
With all the Northerne Earles and Lords,
Intend here to beſiege you in your Caſtle.
She is hard by, with twentie thouſand men:
And therefore fortifie your Hold, my Lord.

Yorke. I, with my Sword.
What? think'ſt thou, that we feare them?
Edward and *Richard*, you ſhall ſtay with me,
My Brother *Mountague* ſhall poſte to London.
Let Noble *Warwicke*, *Cobham*, and the reſt,
Whom we haue left Protectors of the King,
With powrefull Pollicie ſtrengthen themſelues,
And truſt not ſimple *Henry*, nor his Oathes.

Mount. Brother, I goe: Ile winne them, feare it not.
And thus moſt humbly I doe take my leaue.
Exit Mountague.

Enter Mortimer, and his Brother.

York. Sir *Iohn*, and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine Vnckles,
You are come to Sandall in a happie houre.
The Armie of the Queene meane to beſiege vs.

Iohn. Shee ſhall not neede, wee'le meete her in the field.

Yorke. What, with fiue thouſand men?

Richard. I, with fiue hundred, Father, for a neede.
A Woman's generall: what ſhould we feare?
A March afarre off.

Edward. I heare their Drummes:
Let's ſet our men in order,
And iſſue forth, and bid them Battaile ſtraight.

Yorke. Fiue men to twentie: though the oddes be great,
I doubt not, Vnckle, of our Victorie.
Many a Battaile haue I wonne in France,
When as the Enemie hath beene tenne to one:
Why ſhould I not now haue the like ſucceſſe?
Alarum. Exit.

Enter Rutland, and his Tutor.

Rutland. Ah, whither ſhall I flye, to ſcape their hands?
Ah Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Enter Clifford.

Clifford. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life.
As for the Brat of this accurſed Duke,
Whoſe Father ſlew my Father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. And I, my Lord, will beare him company.

Clifford. Souldiers, away with him.

Tutor. Ah *Clifford*, murther not this innocent Child,
Leaſt thou be bated both of God and Man *Exit.*

Clifford. How now? is he dead alreadie?
Or is it feare, that makes him cloſe his eyes?
Ile open them.

Rutland. So looks the pent-vp Lyon o're the Wretch,
That trembles vnder his deuouring Pawes:
And ſo he walkes, inſulting o're his Prey,
And ſo he comes, to rend his Limbes aſunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy Sword,
And not with ſuch a cruell threatning Looke.
Sweet *Clifford* heare me ſpeake, before I dye:
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy Wrath,
Be thou reueng'd on men, and let me liue.

Clifford. In vaine thou ſpeak'ſt, poore Boy:
My Fathers blood hath ſtopt the paſſage
Where thy words ſhould enter.

Rutland. Then let my Fathers blood open it againe,
He is a man, and *Clifford* cope with him.

Clifford. Had I thy Brethren here, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd vp thy fore-fathers Graues,
And hung their rotten Coffins vp in Chaynes,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart.
The ſight of any of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a furie to torment my Soule:
And till I root out their accurſed Line,
And leaue not one aliue, I liue in Hell.
Therefore—

Rutland. Oh let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray; ſweet *Clifford* pitty me.

Clifford. Such pitty as my Rapiers point affords.

Rutland. I neuer did thee harme: why wilt thou ſlay me?

Clifford. Thy Father hath.

Rutland. But 'twas ere I was borne.
Thou haſt one Sonne, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Ah, let me liue in Priſon all my dayes,
And when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me dye, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clifford. No cauſe? thy Father ſlew my Father: therefore dye.

Rutland. Dij faciant laudis ſumma ſit iſta tuæ.

Clifford. Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*:
And this thy Sonnes blood cleauing to my Blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my Weapon, till thy blood
Congeal'd with this, doe make me wipe off both. *Exit.*

Alarum. Enter Richard, Duke of Yorke.

Yorke. The Army of the Queene hath got the field:
My Vnckles both are ſlaine, in refcuing me;
And all my followers, to the eager foe
Turne back, and flye, like Ships before the Winde,
Or Lambes purſu'd by hunger-ſtarued Wolues.
My Sonnes, God knowes what hath bechanced them:
But this I know, they haue demean'd themſelues
Like men borne to Renowne, by Life or Death.
Three times did *Richard* make a Lane to me,
And thrice cry'de, Courage Father, fight it out:
And full as oft came *Edward* to my ſide,
With Purple Faulchion, painted to the Hilt,
In blood of thoſe that had encountred him:
And when the hardyeſt Warriors did retyre,
Richard cry'de, Charge, and giue no foot of ground,
And cry'de, A Crowne, or elſe a glorious Tombe,

A Scepter, or an Earthly Sepulchre.
With this we charg'd againe: but out alas,
We bodg'd againe, as I haue ſeene a Swan
With bootleſſe labour ſwimme againſt the Tyde,
And ſpend her ſtrength with ouer-matching Waues.
A ſhort Alarum within.
Ah hearke, the fatall followers doe purſue,
And I am faint, and cannot flye their furie:
And were I ſtrong, I would not ſhunne their furie.
The Sands are numbred, that makes vp my Life,
Here muſt I ſtay, and here my Life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland, the young Prince, and Souldiers.

Come bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe furie to more rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.
Northumb. Yeeld to our mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.
Clifford. I, to ſuch mercy, as his ruthleſſe Arme
With downe-right payment, ſhew'd vnto my Father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Carre,
And made an Euening at the Noone-tide Prick.
Yorke. My aſhes, as the Phœnix, may bring forth
A Bird, that will reuenge vpon you all:
And in that hope, I throw mine eyes to Heauen,
Scorning what ere you can afflict me with.
Why come you not? what, multitudes, and feare?
Clif. So Cowards fight, when they can flye no further,
So Doues doe peck the Faulcons piercing Tallons,
So deſperate Theeues, all hopeleſſe of their Liues,
Breathe out Inuectiues 'gainſt the Officers.
Yorke. Oh *Clifford*, but bethinke thee once againe,
And in thy thought ore-run my former time:
And if thou canſt, for bluſhing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that ſlanders him with Cowardice,
Whoſe frowne hath made thee faint and flye ere this.
Clifford. I will not bandie with thee word for word,
But buckler with thee blowes twice two for one.
Queene. Hold valiant *Clifford*, for a thouſand cauſes
I would prolong a while the Traytors Life:
Wrath makes him deafe; ſpeake thou *Northumberland*.
Northumb. Hold *Clifford*, doe not honor him ſo much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a Curre doth grinne,
For one to thruſt his Hand betweene his Teeth,
When he might ſpurne him with his Foot away?
It is Warres prize, to take all Vantages,
And tenne to one, is no impeach of Valour.
Clifford. I, I, ſo ſtriues the Woodcocke with the Gynne.
Northumb. So doth the Connie ſtruggle in the Net.
York. So triumph Theeues vpon their conquer'd Booty,
So True men yeeld with Robbers, ſo o're-matcht.
Northumb. What would your Grace haue done vnto him now?
Queene. Braue Warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him ſtand vpon this Mole-hill here,
That raught at Mountaines with out-ſtretched Armes,
Yet parted but the ſhadow with his Hand.
What, was it you that would be Englands King?
Was't you that reuell'd in our Parliament,
And made a Preachment of your high Deſcent?
Where are your Meſſe of Sonnes, to back you now?
The wanton *Edward*, and the luſtie *George*?
And where's that valiant Crook-back Prodigie,
Dickie, your Boy, that with his grumbling voyce
Was wont to cheare his Dad in Mutinies?
Or with the reſt, where is your Darling, *Rutland*?
Looke *Yorke*, I ſtayn'd this Napkin with the blood
That valiant *Clifford*, with his Rapiers point,
Made iſſue from the Boſome of the Boy:
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I giue thee this to drie thy Cheekes withall.
Alas poore *Yorke*, but that I hate thee deadly,
I ſhould lament thy miſerable ſtate.
I prythee grieue, to make me merry, *Yorke*.
What, hath thy fierie heart ſo parcht thine entrayles,
That not a Teare can fall, for *Rutlands* death?
Why art thou patient, man? thou ſhould'ſt be mad:
And I, to make thee mad, doe mock thee thus.
Stampe, raue, and fret, that I may ſing and dance.
Thou would'ſt be fee'd, I fee, to make me ſport:
Yorke cannot ſpeake, vnleſſe he weare a Crowne.
A Crowne for *Yorke*; and Lords, bow lowe to him:
Hold you his hands, whileſt I doe ſet it on.
I marry Sir, now lookes he like a King:
I, this is he that tooke King *Henries* Chaire,
And this is he was his adopted Heire.
But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
Is crown'd ſo ſoone, and broke his ſolemne Oath?
As I bethinke me you ſhould not be King,
Till our King *Henry* had ſhooke hands with Death.
And will you pale your head in *Henries* Glory,
And rob his Temples of the Diademe,
Now in his Life, againſt your holy Oath?
Oh 'tis a fault too too vnpardonable.
Off with the Crowne; and with the Crowne, his Head,
And whileſt we breathe, take time to doe him dead.
Clifford. That is my Office, for my Fathers ſake.
Queene. Nay ſtay, let's heare the Orizons hee makes.
Yorke. Shee-Wolfe of France,
But worſe then Wolues of France,
Whoſe Tongue more poyſons then the Adders Tooth:
How ill-beſeeming is it in thy Sex,
To triumph like an Amazonian Trull,
Vpon their Woes, whom Fortune captiuates?
But that thy Face is Vizard-like, vnchanging,
Made impudent with vſe of euill deedes.
I would aſſay, prowd Queene, to make thee bluſh.
To tell thee whence thou cam'ſt, of whom deriu'd,
Were ſhame enough, to ſhame thee,
Wert thou not ſhameleſſe.
Thy Father beares the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Ieruſalem,
Yet not ſo wealthie as an Engliſh Yeoman.
Hath that poore Monarch taught thee to inſult?
It needes not, nor it bootes thee not, prowd Queene,
Vnleſſe the Adage muſt be verify'd,
That Beggers mounted, runne their Horſe to death.
'Tis Beautie that doth oft make Women prowd,
But God he knowes, thy ſhare thereof is ſmall.
'Tis Vertue, that doth make them moſt admir'd,
The contrary, doth make thee wondred at.
'Tis Gouernment that makes them ſeeme Diuine,
The want thereof, makes thee abhominable.
Thou art as oppoſite to euery good,
As the *Antipodes* are vnto vs,
Or as the South to the *Septentrion*.
Oh Tygres Heart, wrapt in a Womans Hide,

How

How could'ſt thou drayne the Life-blood of the Child,
To bid the Father wipe his eyes withall,
And yet be ſeene to beare a Womans face?
Women are ſoft, milde, pittifull, and flexible;
Thou, ſterne, obdurate, flintie, rough, remorſeleſſe.
Bidſt thou me rage? why now thou haſt thy wiſh.
Would'ſt haue me weepe? why now thou haſt thy will.
For raging Wind blowes vp inceſſant ſhowers,
And when the Rage allayes, the Raine begins.
Theſe Teares are my ſweet *Rutlands* Obſequies,
And euery drop cryes vengeance for his death,
'Gainſt thee fell *Clifford*, and thee falſe French-woman.
Northumb. Beſhrew me, but his paſſions moues me ſo,
That hardly can I check my eyes from Teares.
Yorke. That Face of his,
The hungry Caniballs would not haue toucht,
Would not haue ſtayn'd with blood:
But you are more inhumane, more inexorable,
Oh, tenne times more then Tygers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthleſſe Queene, a hapleſſe Fathers Teares:
This Cloth thou dipd'ſt in blood of my ſweet Boy,
And I with Teares doe waſh the blood away.
Keepe thou the Napkin, and goe boaſt of this,
And if thou tell'ſt the heauie ſtorie right,
Vpon my Soule, the hearers will ſhed Teares:
Yea, euen my Foes will ſhed faſt-falling Teares,
And ſay, Alas, it was a pittious deed.
There, take the Crowne, and with the Crowne, my Curſe,
And in thy need, ſuch comfort come to thee,
As now I reape at thy too cruell hand.
Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the World,
My Soule to Heauen, my Blood vpon your Heads.
Northumb. Had he been ſlaughter-man to all my Kinne,
I ſhould not for my Life but weepe with him,
To ſee how inly Sorrow gripes his Soule.
Queen. What, weeping ripe, my Lord *Northumberland?*
Thinke but vpon the wrong he did vs all,
And that will quickly drie thy melting Teares.
Clifford. Heere's for my Oath, heere's for my Fathers Death.
Queene. And heere's to right our gentle-hearted King.
Yorke. Open thy Gate of Mercy, gracious God,
My Soule flyes through theſe wounds, to ſeeke out thee.
Queene. Off with his Head, and ſet it on Yorke Gates,
So *Yorke* may ouer-looke the Towne of Yorke.
Flouriſh. *Exit.*

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their power.

Edward. I wonder how our Princely Father ſcap't:
Or whether he be ſcap't away, or no,
From *Cliffords* and *Northumberlands* purſuit?
Had he been ta'ne, we ſhould haue heard the newes;
Had he beene ſlaine, we ſhould haue heard the newes:
Or had he ſcap't, me thinkes we ſhould haue heard
The happy tidings of his good eſcape.
How fares my Brother? Why is he ſo ſad?
Richard. I cannot ioy, vntill I be reſolu'd
Where our right valiant Father is become.
I ſaw him in the Battaile range about,
And watcht him how he ſingled *Clifford* forth.
Me thought he bore him in the thickeſt troupe,
As doth a Lyon in a Heard of Neat,
Or as a Beare encompaſs'd round with Dogges:
Who hauing pincht a few, and made them cry,
The reſt ſtand all aloofe, and barke at him.
So far'd our Father with his Enemies,
So fled his Enemies my Warlike Father:
Me thinkes 'tis prize enough to be his Sonne.
See how the Morning opes her golden Gates,
And takes her farwell of the glorious Sunne.
How well reſembles it the prime of Youth,
Trimm'd like a Yonker, prauncing to his Loue?
Ed. Dazle mine eyes, or doe I ſee three Sunnes?
Rich. Three glorious Sunnes, each one a perfect Sunne,
Not ſeperated with the racking Clouds,
But ſeuer'd in a pale cleare-ſhining Skye.
See, ſee, they ioyne, embrace, and ſeeme to kiſſe,
As if they vow'd ſome League inuiolable.
Now are they but one Lampe, one Light, one Sunne:
In this, the Heauen figures ſome euent.
Edward. 'Tis wondrous ſtrange,
The like yet neuer heard of.
I thinke it cites vs (Brother) to the field,
That wee, the Sonnes of braue *Plantagenet*,
Each one alreadie blazing by our meedes,
Should notwithſtanding ioyne our Lights together,
And ouer-ſhine the Earth, as this the World.
What ere it bodes, hence-forward will I beare
Vpon my Targuet three faire ſhining Sunnes.
Richard. Nay, beare three Daughters:
By your leaue, I ſpeake it,
You loue the Breeder better then the Male.

Enter one blowing.

But what art thou, whoſe heauie Lookes fore-tell
Some dreadfull ſtory hanging on thy Tongue?
Meſſ. Ah, one that was a wofull looker on,
When as the Noble Duke of Yorke was ſlaine,
Your Princely Father, and my louing Lord.
Edward. Oh ſpeake no more, for I haue heard too much.
Richard. Say how he dy'de, for I will heare it all.
Meſſ. Enuironed he was with many foes,
And ſtood againſt them, as the hope of Troy
Againſt the Greekes, that would haue entred Troy.
But *Hercules* himſelfe muſt yeeld to oddes:
And many ſtroakes, though with a little Axe,
Hewes downe and fells the hardeſt-tymber'd Oake.
By many hands your Father was ſubdu'd,
But onely ſlaught'red by the irefull Arme
Of vn-relenting *Clifford*, and the Queene:
Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high deſpight,
Laugh'd in his face: and when with griefe he wept,
The ruthleſſe Queene gaue him, to dry his Cheekes,
A Napkin, ſteeped in the harmeleſſe blood
Of ſweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* ſlaine:
And after many ſcornes, many foule taunts,
They tooke his Head, and on the Gates of Yorke
They ſet the ſame, and there it doth remaine,
The ſaddeſt ſpectacle that ere I view'd.
Edward. Sweet Duke of Yorke, our Prop to leane vpon,
Now thou art gone, wee haue no Staffe, no Stay.
Oh *Clifford*, boyſt'rous *Clifford* thou haſt ſlaine
The flowre of Europe, for his Cheualrie,
And trecherouſly haſt thou vanquiſht him,
For hand to hand he would haue vanquiſht thee.
Now my Soules Pallace is become a Priſon:
Ah, would ſhe breake from hence, that this my body

Might

Might in the ground be cloſed vp in reſt:
For neuer henceforth ſhall I ioy againe:
Neuer, oh neuer ſhall I ſee more ioy.
Rich. I cannot weepe: for all my bodies moyſture
Scarſe ſerues to quench my Furnace-burning hart:
Nor can my tongue vnloade my hearts great burthen,
For ſelfe-ſame winde that I ſhould ſpeake withall,
Is kindling coales that fires all my breſt,
And burnes me vp with flames, that tears would quench.
To weepe, is to make leſſe the depth of greeſe:
Teares then for Babes; Blowes, and Reuenge for mee.
Richard, I beare thy name, Ile venge thy death,
Or dye renowned by attempting it.
Ed. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee:
His Dukedome, and his Chaire with me is left.
Rich. Nay, if thou be that Princely Eagles Bird,
Shew thy deſcent by gazing 'gainſt the Sunne:
For Chaire and Dukedome, Throne and Kingdome ſay,
Either that is thine, or elſe thuu wer't not his.

March. Enter Warwicke, Marqueſſe Mountacute, and their Army.

Warwick. How now faire Lords? What faire? What newes abroad?
Rich. Great Lord of Warwicke, if we should recompt
Our balefull newes, and at each words deliuerance
Stab Poniards in our fleſh, till all were told,
The words would adde more anguiſh then the wounds.
O valiant Lord, the Duke of Yorke is ſlaine.
Edw. O Warwicke, Warwicke, that *Plantagenet*
Which held thee deerely, as his Soules Redemption,
Is by the ſterne Lord *Clifford* done to death.
War. Ten dayes ago, I drown'd theſe newes in teares,
And now to adde more meaſure to your woes,
I come to tell you things ſith then befalne.
After the bloody Fray at Wakefield fought,
Where your braue Father breath'd his lateſt gaspe,
Tydings, as ſwiftly as the Poſtes could runne,
Were brought me of your Loſſe, and his Depart.
I then in London, keeper of the King,
Muſter'd my Soldiers, gathered flockes of Friends,
Marcht toward S. Albons, to intercept the Queene,
Bearing the King in my behalfe along:
For by my Scouts, I was aduertiſed
That ſhe was comming with a full intent
To daſh our late Decree in Parliament,
Touching King *Henries* Oath, and your Succeſsion:
Short Tale to make, we at S. Albons met,
Our Battailes ioyn'd, and both ſides fiercely fought:
But whether 'twas the coldneſſe of the King,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queene,
That robb'd my Soldiers of their heated Spleene.
Or whether 'twas report of her ſucceſſe,
Or more then common feare of *Cliffords* Rigour,
Who thunders to his Captiues, Blood and Death,
I cannot iudge: but to conclude with truth,
Their Weapons like to Lightning, came and went:
Our Souldiers like the Night-Owles lazie flight,
Or like a lazie Threſher with a Flaile,
Fell gently downe, as if they ſtrucke their Friends.
I cheer'd them vp with iuſtice of our Cauſe,
With promiſe of high pay, and great Rewards:
But all in vaine, they had no heart to fight,
And we (in them) no hope to win the day,
So that we fled: the King vnto the Queene,
Lord *George*, your Brother, Norfolke, and my Selfe,
In haſte, poſt haſte, are come to ioyne with you:
For in the Marches heere we heard you were,
Making another Head, to fight againe.
Ed. Where is the Duke of Norfolke, gentle Warwick?
And when came *George* from Burgundy to England?
War. Some ſix miles off the Duke is with the Soldiers,
And for your Brother he was lately ſent
From your kinde Aunt Dutcheſſe of Burgundie,
With ayde of Souldiers to this needfull Warre.
Rich. 'Twas oddes belike, when valiant Warwick fled;
Oft haue I heard his praiſes in Purſuite,
But ne're till now, his Scandall of Retire.
War. Nor now my Scandall *Richard*, doſt thou heare;
For thou ſhalt know this ſtrong right hand of mine,
Can plucke the Diadem from faint *Henries* head,
And wring the awefull Scepter from his Fiſt,
Were he as famous, and as bold in Warre,
As he is fam'd for Mildneſſe, Peace, and Prayer.
Rich. I know it well Lord Warwick, blame me not,
'Tis loue I beare thy glories make me ſpeake:
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our Coates of Steele,
And wrap our bodies inblacke mourning Gownes,
Numb'ring our Aue-Maries with our Beads?
Or ſhall we on the Helmets of our Foes
Tell our Deuotion with reuengefull Armes?
If for the laſt, ſay I, and to it Lords.
War. Why therefore Warwick came to ſeek you out,
And therefore comes my Brother *Mountague:*
Attend me Lords, the proud inſulting Queene,
With *Clifford*, and the haught Northumberland,
And of their Feather, many moe proud Birds,
Haue wrought the eaſie-melting King, like Wax.
He ſwore conſent to your Succeſſion,
His Oath enrolled in the Parliament.
And now to London all the crew are gone,
To fruſtrate both his Oath, and what beſide
May make againſt the houſe of Lancaſter.
Their power (I thinke) is thirty thouſand ſtrong:
Now, if the helpe of Norfolke, and my ſelfe,
With all the Friends that thou braue Earle of March,
Among'ſt the louing Welſhmen can'ſt procure,
Will but amount to fiue and twenty thouſand,
Why Via, to London will we march,
And once againe, beſtride our foaming Steeds,
And once againe cry Charge vpon our Foes,
But neuer once againe turne backe and flye.
Rich. I, now me thinks I heare great Warwick ſpeak;
Ne're may he liue to ſee a Sun-ſhine day,
That cries Retire, if Warwicke bid him ſtay.
Ed. Lord Warwicke, on thy ſhoulder will I leane,
And when thou failſt (as God forbid the houre)
Muſt *Edward* fall, which perill heauen forefend.
War. No longer Earle of March, but Duke of Yorke:
The next degree, is Englands Royall Throne:
For King of England ſhalt thou be proclaim'd
In euery Burrough as we paſſe along,
And he that throwes not vp his cap for ioy,
Shall for the Fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard Mountague*:
Stay we no longer, dreaming of Renowne,
But ſound the Trumpets, and about our Taske.
Rich. Then *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as Steele,
As thou haſt ſhewne it flintie by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to giue thee mine.
Ed. Then ſtrike vp Drums, God and S. George for vs.

Enter a Meſſenger.

War. How now ? what newes?

Meſ. The Duke of Norfolke ſends you word by me,
The Queene is comming with a puiſſant Hoaſt,
And craues your company, for ſpeedy counſell.

War. Why then it ſorts, braue Warriors, let's away.
Exeunt Omnes.

Flourish. Enter the King, the Queene, Clifford, Northum-and Yong Prince, with Drumme and Trumpettes.

Qu. Welcome my Lord, to this braue town of Yorke,
Yonders the head of that Arch-enemy,
That ſought to be incompaſt with your Crowne.
Doth not the obiect cheere your heart, my Lord.

K. I, as the rockes cheare them that feare their wrack,
To ſee this ſight, it irkes my very ſoule:
With-hold reuenge (deere God) 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly haue I infring'd my Vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmfull pitty muſt be layd aſide:
To whom do Lyons caſt their gentle Lookes?
Not to the Beaſt, that would vſurpe their Den.
Whoſe hand is that the Forreſt Beare doth licke?
Not his that ſpoyles her yong before her face.
Who ſcapes the lurking Serpents mortall ſting?
Not he that ſets his foot vpon her backe.
The ſmalleſt Worme will turne, being troden on,
And Doues will pecke in ſafegard of their Brood.
Ambitious Yorke, did leuell at thy Crowne,
Thou ſmiling, while he knit his angry browes.
He but a Duke, would haue his Sonne a King,
And raiſe his iſſue like a louing Sire.
Thou being a King, bleſt with a goodly ſonne,
Did'ſt yeeld conſent to diſinherit him:
Which argued thee a moſt vnlouing Father.
Vnreaſonable Creatures feed their young,
And though mans face be fearefull to their eyes,
Yet in protection of their tender ones,
Who hath not ſeene them euen with thoſe wings,
Which ſometime they haue vs'd with fearfull flight,
Make warre with him that climb'd vnto their neſt,
Offering their owne liues in their yongs defence?
For ſhame, my Liege, make them your Preſident:
Were it not pitty that this goodly Boy
Should looſe his Birth-right by his Fathers fault,
And long heereafter ſay vnto his childe,
What my great Grandfather, and Grandſire got,
My careleſſe Father fondly gaue away.
Ah, what a ſhame were this? Looke on the Boy,
And let his manly face, which promiſeth
Succeſſefull Fortune ſteele thy melting heart,
To hold thine owne, and leaue thine owne with him.

King. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the Orator,
Inferring arguments of mighty force:
But *Clifford* tell me, did'ſt thou neuer heare,
That things ill got, had euer bad ſucceſſe.
And happy alwayes was it for that Sonne,
Whoſe Father for his hoording went to hell:
Ile leaue my Sonne my Vertuous deeds behinde,
And would my Father had left me no more:
For all the reſt is held at ſuch a Rate,
As brings a thouſand fold more care to keepe,
Then in poſſeſſion any iot of pleaſure.
Ah Coſin Yorke, would thy beſt Friends did know,
How it doth greeue me that thy head is heere.

Qu. My Lord cheere vp your ſpirits, our foes are nye,
And this ſoft courage makes your Followers faint:
You promiſt Knighthood to our forward ſonne,
Vnſheath your ſword, and dub him preſently.
Edward, kneele downe.

King. Edward Plantagenet, ariſe a Knight,
And learne this Leſſon; Draw thy Sword in right.

Prin. My gracious Father, by your Kingly leaue,
Ile draw it as Apparant to the Crowne,
And in that quarrell, vſe it to the death.

Clif. Why that is ſpoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Royall Commanders, be in readineſſe,
For with a Band of thirty thouſand men,
Comes Warwicke backing of the Duke of Yorke,
And in the Townes as they do march along,
Proclaimes him King, and many flye to him,
Darraigne your battell, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would your Highneſſe would depart the field,
The Queene hath beſt ſucceſſe when you are abſent.

Qu. I good my Lord, and leaue vs to our Fortune.

King. Why, that's my fortune too, therefore Ile ſtay.

North. Be it with reſolution then to fight.

Prin. My Royall Father, cheere theſe Noble Lords,
And hearten thoſe that fight in your defence:
Vnſheath your Sword, good Father: Cry S. George.

March. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, Clarence, Norfolke, Mountague, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now periur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for grace?
And ſet thy Diadem vpon my head?
Or bide the mortall Fortune of the field.

Qu. Go rate thy Minions, proud inſulting Boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in termes,
Before thy Soueraigne, and thy lawfull King?

Ed. I am his King, and he ſhould bow his knee:
I was adopted Heire by his conſent.

Cla. Since when, his Oath is broke: for as I heare,
You that are King, though he do weare the Crowne,
Haue caus'd him by new Act of Parliament,
To blot out me, and put his owne Sonne in.

Clif. And reaſon too,
Who ſhould ſucceede the Father, but the Sonne.

Rich. Are you there Butcher? O, I cannot ſpeake

Clif. I Crooke-back, here I ſtand to anſwer thee,
Or any he, the proudeſt of thy ſort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd yong Rutland, was it not?

Clif. I, and old Yorke, and yet not ſatisfied.

Rich. For Gods ſake Lords giue ſignall to the fight.

War. What ſay'ſt thou *Henry*,
Wilt thou yeeld the Crowne? (you ſpeak?

Qu. Why how now long-tongu'd Warwicke, dare
When you and I, met at S. *Albons* laſt,
Your legges did better ſeruice then your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turne to fly, and now 'tis thine:

Clif. You ſaid ſo much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valor *Clifford* droue me thence.

Nor. No, nor your manhood that durſt make you ſtay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reuerently,
Breake off the parley, for ſcarſe I can refraine
The execution of my big-ſwolne heart
Vpon that *Clifford*, that cruell Child-killer.

Clif. I ſlew thy Father, cal'ſt thou him a Child?

Rich.

Rich. I like a Daſtard, and a treacherous Coward,
As thou didd'ſt kill our tender Brother Rutland,
But ere Sunſet, Ile make thee curſe the deed:
King. Haue done with words (my Lords) and heare me ſpeake.
Qu. Defie them then, or els hold cloſe thy lips.
King. I prythee giue no limits to my Tongue,
I am a King, and priuiledg'd to ſpeake.
Clif. My Liege, the wound that bred this meeting here,
Cannot be cur'd by Words, therefore be ſtill.
Rich. Then Executioner vnſheath thy ſword:
By him that made vs all, I am reſolu'd,
That *Cliffords* Manhood, lyes vpon his tongue.
Ed. Say *Henry*, ſhall I haue my right, or no:
A thouſand men haue broke their Faſts to day,
That ne're ſhall dine, vnleſſe thou yeeld the Crowne.
War. If thou deny, their Blood vpon thy head,
For Yorke in iuſtice put's his Armour on.
Pr.Ed. If that be right, which Warwick ſaies is right,
There is no wrong, but euery thing is right.
War. Who euer got thee, there thy Mother ſtands,
For well I wot, thou haſt thy Mothers tongue.
Qu. But thou art neyther like thy Sire nor Damme,
But like a foule miſhapen Stygmaticke,
Mark'd by the Deſtinies to be auoided,
As venome Toades, or Lizards dreadfull ſtings.
Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with Engliſh gilt,
Whoſe Father beares the Title of a King,
(As if a Channell ſhould be call'd the Sea)
Sham'ſt thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy baſe-borne heart.
Ed. A wiſpe of ſtraw were worth a thouſand Crowns,
To make this ſhameleſſe Callet know her ſelfe:
Helen of Greece was fayrer farre then thou,
Although thy Husband may be *Menelaus:*
And ne're was *Agamemnons* Brother wrong'd
By that falſe Woman, as this King by thee.
His Father reuel'd in the heart of France,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dolphin ſtoope:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might haue kept that glory to this day.
But when he tooke a begger to his bed,
And grac'd tby poore Sire with his Bridall day,
Euen then that Sun-ſhine brew'd a ſhowre for him,
That waſht his Fathers fortunes forth of France,
And heap'd ſedition on his Crowne at home:
For what hath broach'd this tumult but thy Pride?
Had'ſt thou bene meeke, our Title ſtill had ſlept,
And we in pitty of the Gentle King,
Had ſlipt our Claime, vntill another Age.
Cla. But when we ſaw, our Sunſhine made thy Spring,
And that thy Summer bred vs no increaſe,
We ſet the Axe to thy vſurping Roote:
And though the edge hath ſomething hit our ſelues,
Yet know thou, ſince we haue begun to ſtrike,
Wee'l neuer leaue, till we haue hewne thee downe,
Or bath'd thy growing, with our heated bloods.
Edw. And in this reſolution, I defie thee,
Not willing any longer Conference,
Since thou denied'ſt the gentle King to ſpeake.
Sound Trumpets, let our bloody Colours waue,
And either Victorie, or elſe a Graue.
Qu. Stay *Edward.*
Ed. No wrangling Woman, wee'l no longer ſtay,
Theſe words will coſt ten thouſand liues this day.

Exeunt omnes.

Alarum. Excurſions. Enter Warwicke.

War. Fore-ſpent with Toile, as Runners with a Race,
I lay me downe a little while to breath:
For ſtrokes receiu'd, and many blowes repaid,
Haue robb'd my ſtrong knit ſinewes of their ſtrength,
And ſpight of ſpight, needs muſt I reſt a-while.

Enter Edward running.

Ed. Smile gentle heauen, or ſtrike vngentle death,
For this world frownes, and *Edwards* Sunne is clowded.
War. How now my Lord, what happe? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loſſe, our hope but ſad diſpaire,
Our rankes are broke, and ruine followes vs,
What counſaile giue you? whether ſhall we flye?
Ed. Bootleſſe is flight, they follow vs with Wings,
And weake we are, and cannot ſhun purſuite.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah Warwicke, why haſt ỹ withdrawn thy ſelfe?
Thy Brothers blood the thirſty earth hath drunk,
Broach'd with the Steely point of *Cliffords* Launce:
And in the very pangs of death, he cryde,
Like to a diſmall Clangor heard from farre,
Warwicke, reuenge; Brother, reuenge my death,
So vnderneath the belly of their Steeds,
That ſtain'd their Fetlockes in his ſmoaking blood,
The Noble Gentleman gaue vp the ghoſt.
War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood:
Ile kill my Horſe, becauſe I will not flye:
Why ſtand we like ſoft-hearted women heere,
Wayling our loſſes, whiles the Foe doth Rage,
And looke vpon, as if the Tragedie
Were plaid in ieſt, by counterfetting Actors.
Heere on my knee, I vow to God aboue,
Ile neuer pawſe againe, neuer ſtand ſtill,
Till either death hath clos'd theſe eyes of mine,
Or Fortune giuen me meaſure of Reuenge.
Ed. Oh Warwicke, I do bend my knee with thine,
And in tbis vow do chaine my ſoule to thine:
And ere my knee riſe from the Earths cold face,
I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
Thou ſetter vp, and plucker downe of Kings:
Beſeeching thee (if with thy will it ſtands)
That to my Foes this body muſt be prey,
Yet that thy brazen gates of heauen may ope,
And giue ſweet paſſage to my ſinfull ſoule.
Now Lords, take leaue vntill we meete againe,
Where ere it be, in heauen, or in earth.
Rich. Brother,
Giue me thy hand, and gentle Warwicke,
Let me imbrace thee in my weary armes:
I that did neuer weepe, now melt with wo,
That Winter ſhould cut off our Spring-time ſo.
War. Away, away:
Once more ſweet Lords farwell.
Cla. Yet let vs altogether to our Troopes,
And giue them leaue to flye, that will not ſtay:
And call them Pillars that will ſtand to vs:
And if we thriue, promiſe them ſuch rewards
As Victors weare at the Olympian Games.
This may plant courage in their quailing breaſts,
For yet is hope of Life and Victory:

Fore-

Foreflow no longer, make we hence amaine. *Exeunt.*

Excurſions. Enter Richard and Clifford.

Rich. Now *Clifford*, I haue ſingled thee alone,
Suppoſe this arme is for the Duke of Yorke,
And this for Rutland, both bound to reuenge,
Wer't thou inuiron'd with a Brazen wall.

Clif. Now *Richard*, I am with thee heere alone,
This is the hand that ſtabb'd thy Father Yorke,
And this the hand, that ſlew thy Brother Rutland,
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death,
And cheeres theſe hands, that ſlew thy Sire and Brother,
To execute the like vpon thy ſelfe,
And ſo haue at thee.

They Fight, Warwicke comes, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay Warwicke, ſingle out ſome other Chace,
For I my ſelfe will hunt this Wolfe to death. *Exeunt.*

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

Hen. This battell fares like to the mornings Warre,
When dying clouds contend, with growing light,
What time the Shepheard blowing of his nailes,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.
Now ſwayes it this way, like a Mighty Sea,
Forc'd by the Tide, to combat with the Winde:
Now ſwayes it that way, like the ſelfe-ſame Sea,
Forc'd to retyre by furie of the Winde.
Sometime, the Flood preuailes; and than the Winde:
Now, one the better: then, another beſt;
Both tugging to be Victors, breſt to breſt:
Yet neither Conqueror, nor Conquered.
So is the equall poiſe of this fell Warre.
Heere on this Mole-hill will I ſit me downe,
To whom God will, there be the Victorie:
For *Margaret* my Queene, and *Clifford* too
Haue chid me from the Battell: Swearing both,
They proſper beſt of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if Gods good will were ſo;
For what is in this world, but Greefe and Woe.
Oh God! me thinkes it were a happy life,
To be no better then a homely Swaine,
To ſit vpon a hill, as I do now,
To carue out Dialls queintly, point by point,
Thereby to ſee the Minutes how they runne:
How many makes the Houre full compleate,
How many Houres brings about the Day,
How many Dayes will finiſh vp the Yeare,
How many Yeares, a Mortall man may liue.
When this is knowne, then to diuide the Times:
So many Houres, muſt I tend my Flocke;
So many Houres, muſt I take my Reſt:
So many Houres, muſt I Contemplate:
So many Houres, muſt I Sport my ſelfe:
So many Dayes, my Ewes haue bene with yong:
So many weekes, ere the poore Fooles will Eane:
So many yeares, ere I ſhall ſheere the Fleece:
So Minutes, Houres, Dayes, Monthes, and Yeares,
Paſt ouer to the end they were created,
Would bring white haires, vnto a Quiet graue.
Ah! what a life were this? How ſweet? how louely?
Giues not the Hawthorne buſh a ſweeter ſhade
To Shepheards, looking on their ſilly Sheepe,
Than doth a rich Imbroider'd Canopie
To Kings, that feare their Subiects treacherie?
Oh yes, it doth; a thouſand fold it doth.
And to conclude, the Shepherds homely Curds,
His cold thinne drinke out of his Leather Bottle,
His wonted ſleepe, vnder a freſh trees ſhade,
All which ſecure, and ſweetly he enioyes,
Is farre beyond a Princes Delicates:
His Viands ſparkling in a Golden Cup,
His bodie couched in a curious bed,
When Care, Miſtruſt, and Treaſon waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Sonne that hath kill'd his Father, at one doore: and a Father that hath kill'd his Sonne at another doore.

Son. Ill blowes the winde that profits no body,
This man whom hand to hand I ſlew in fight,
May be poſſeſſed with ſome ſtore of Crownes,
And I that (haply) take them from him now,
May yet (ere night) yeeld both my Life and them
To ſome man elſe, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this? Oh God! It is my Fathers face,
Whom in this Conflict, I (vnwares) haue kill'd:
Oh heauy times! begetting ſuch Euents.
From London, by the King was I preſt forth,
My Father being the Earle of Warwickes man,
Came on the part of Yorke, preſt by his Maſter:
And I, who at his hands receiu'd my life,
Haue by my hands, of Life bereaued him.
Pardon me God, I knew not what I did:
And pardon Father, for I knew not thee.
My Teares ſhall wipe away theſe bloody markes:
And no more words, till they haue flow'd their fill.

King. O pitteous ſpectacle! O bloody Times!
Whiles Lyons Warre, and battaile for their Dennes,
Poore harmleſſe Lambes abide their enmity.
Weepe wretched man: Ile ayde thee Teare for Teare,
And let our hearts and eyes, like Ciuill Warre,
Be blinde with teares, and break ore-charg'd with griefe

Enter Father, bearing of his Sonne.

Fa. Thou that ſo ſtoutly hath reſiſted me,
Giue me thy Gold, if thou haſt any Gold:
For I haue bought it with an hundred blowes.
But let me ſee: Is this our Foe-mans face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine onely Sonne.
Ah Boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw vp thine eye: ſee, ſee, what ſhowres ariſe,
Blowne with the windie Tempeſt of my heart,
Vpon thy wounds, that killes mine Eye, and Heart.
O pitty God, this miſerable Age!
What Stragems? how fell? how Butcherly?
Erreoneous, mutinous, and vnnaturall,
This deadly quarrell daily doth beget?
O Boy! thy Father gaue thee life too ſoone,
And hath bereſt thee of thy life too late.

King. Wo aboue wo: greeſe, more thē common greeſe
O that my death would ſtay theſe ruthfull deedes:
O pitty, pitty, gentle heauen pitty:
The Red Roſe and the White are on his face,
The fatall Colours of our ſtriuing Houſes:
The one, his purple Blood right well reſembles,
The other his pale Cheekes (me thinkes) preſenteth:
Wither one Roſe, and let the other flouriſh:
If you contend, a thouſand liues muſt wither.

Son. How will my Mother, for a Fathers death
Take on with me, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

Fa. How will my Wife, for ſlaughter of my Sonne,
Shed ſeas of Teares, and ne're be ſatisfi'd?

King. How will the Country, for theſe woful chances,
Miſ-thinke

Miſ-thinke the King, and not be ſatisfied?
Son. Was euer ſonne, ſo rew'd a Fathers death?
Fath. Was euer Father ſo bemoan'd his Sonne?
Hen. Was euer King ſo greeu'd for Subiects woe?
Much is your ſorrow; Mine, ten times ſo much.
Son. Ile beare thee hence, where I may weepe my fill.
Fath. Theſe armes of mine ſhall be thy winding ſheet:
My heart (ſweet Boy) ſhall be thy Sepulcher,
For from my heart, thine Image ne're ſhall go.
My ſighing breſt, ſhall be thy Funerall bell;
And ſo obſequious will thy Father be,
Men for the loſſe of thee, hauing no more,
As *Priam* was for all his Valiant Sonnes,
Ile beare thee hence, and let them fight that will,
For I haue murthered where I ſhould not kill. *Exit*
Hen. Sad-hearted-men, much ouergone with Care;
Heere ſits a King, more wofull then you are.

Alarums. Excurſions. Enter the Queen, the Prince, and Exeter.

Prin. Fly Father, flye: for all your Friends are fled.
And Warwicke rages like a chafed Bull:
Away, for death doth hold vs in purſuite.
Qu. Mount you my Lord, towards Barwicke poſt amaine:
Edward and *Richard* like a brace of Grey-hounds,
Hauing the fearfull flying Hare in ſight,
With fiery eyes, ſparkling for very wrath,
And bloody ſteele graſpt in their yrefull hands
Are at our backes, and therefore hence amaine.
Exet. Away: for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, ſtay not to expoſtulate, make ſpeed,
Or elſe come after, Ile away before.
Hen. Nay take me with thee, good ſweet Exeter:
Not that I feare to ſtay, but loue to go
Whither the Queene intends. Forward, away. *Exeunt*

A lowd alarum. Enter Clifford Wounded.

Clif. Heere burnes my Candle out; I, heere it dies,
Which whiles it laſted, gaue King *Henry* light.
O Lancaſter! I feare thy ouerthrow,
More then my Bodies parting with my Soule:
My Loue and Feare, glew'd many Friends to thee,
And now I fall. Thy tough Commixtures melts,
Impairing *Henry*, ſtrength'ning miſproud Yorke;
And whether flye the Gnats, but to the Sunne?
And who ſhines now, but *Henries* Enemies?
O Phœbus! had'ſt thou neuer giuen conſent,
That *Phaeton* ſhould checke thy fiery Steeds,
Thy burning Carre neuer had ſcorch'd the earth.
And *Henry*, had'ſt thou ſway'd as Kings ſhould do,
Or as thy Father, and his Father did,
Giuing no ground vnto the houſe of Yorke,
They neuer then had ſprung like Sommer Flyes:
I, and ten thouſand in this luckleſſe Realme,
Hed left no mourning Widdowes for our death,
And thou this day, had'ſt kept thy Chaire in peace.
For what doth cherriſh Weeds, but gentle ayre?
And what makes Robbers bold, but too much lenity?
Bootleſſe are Plaints, and Cureleſſe are my Wounds:
No way to flye, nor ſtrength to hold out flight:
The Foe is mercileſſe, and will not pitty:
For at their hands I haue deſeru'd no pitty.
The ayre hath got into my deadly Wounds,
And much effuſe of blood, doth make me faint:
Come *Yorke*, and *Richard*, *Warwicke*, and the reſt,
I ſtab'd your Father's boſomes; Split my breſt.

Alarum & Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwicke, Richard, and Soldiers, Montague, & Clarence.

Ed. Now breath we Lords, good fortune bids vs pauſe,
And ſmooth the frownes of War, with peacefull lookes:
Some Troopes purſue the bloody-minded Queene,
That led calme *Henry*, though he were a King,
As doth a Saile, fill'd with a fretting Guſt
Command an Argoſie to ſtemme the Waues.
Be thinke you (Lords) that Clifford fled with them?
War. No, 'tis impoſsible he ſhould eſcape:
(For though before his face I ſpeake the words)
Your Brother *Richard* markt him for the Graue.
And whereſoere he is, hee's ſurely dead. *Clifford grones*
Rich. Whoſe ſoule is that which takes hir heauy leaue?
A deadly grone, like life and deaths departing.
See who it is.
Ed. And now the Battailes ended,
If Friend or Foe, let him be gently vſed.
Rich. Reuoke that doome of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*,
Who not contented that he lopp'd the Branch
In hewing Rutland, when his leaues put forth,
But ſet his murth'ring knife vnto the Roote,
From whence that tender ſpray did ſweetly ſpring,
I meane our Princely Father, Duke of Yorke.
War. From off the gates of Yorke, fetch down ỹ head,
Your Fathers head, which *Clifford* placed there:
In ſtead whereof, let this ſupply the roome,
Meaſure for meaſure, muſt be anſwered.
Ed. Bring forth that fatall Schreechowle to our houſe,
That nothing ſung but death, to vs and ours:
Now death ſhall ſtop his diſmall threatning ſound,
And his ill-boading tongue, no more ſhall ſpeake.
War. I thinke is vnderſtanding is bereft:
Speake *Clifford*, doſt thou know who ſpeakes to thee?
Darke cloudy death ore-ſhades his beames of life,
And he nor ſees, nor heares vs, what we ſay.
Rich. O would he did, and ſo (perhaps) he doth,
'Tis but his policy to counterfet,
Becauſe he would auoid ſuch bitter taunts
Which in the time of death he gaue our Father.
Cla. If ſo thou think'ſt,
Vex him with eager Words.
Rich. Clifford, aske mercy, and obtaine no grace.
Ed. Clifford, repent in bootleſſe penitence.
War. Clifford, deuiſe excuſes for thy faults.
Cla. While we deuiſe fell Tortures for thy faults.
Rich. Thou didd'ſt loue Yorke, and I am ſon to Yorke.
Edw. Thou pittied'ſt Rutland, I will pitty thee.
Cla. Where's Captaine *Margaret*, to fence you now?
War. They mocke thee *Clifford*,
Sweare as thou was't wont.
Ric. What, not an Oath? Nay then the world go's hard
When *Clifford* cannot ſpare his Friends an oath:
I know by that he's dead, and by my Soule,
If this right hand would buy two houres life,
That I (in all deſpight) might rayle at him,
This hand ſhould chop it off: & with the iſſuing Blood
Stifle the Villaine, whoſe vnſtanched thirſt
Yorke, and yong Rutland could not ſatisfie.
War. I, but he's dead. Of with the Traitors head,
And reare it in the place your Fathers ſtands.
And now to London with Triumphant march,

There to be crowned Englands Royall King:
From whence, ſhall Warwicke cut the Sea to France,
And aske the Ladie *Bona* for thy Queene:
So ſhalt thou ſinow both theſe Lands together,
And hauing France thy Friend, thou ſhalt not dread
The ſcattred Foe, that hopes to riſe againe:
For though they cannot greatly ſting to hurt,
Yet looke to haue them buz to offend thine eares:
Firſt, will I ſee the Coronation,
And then to Britanny Ile croſſe the Sea,
To effect this marriage, ſo it pleaſe my Lord.
Ed. Euen as thou wilt ſweet Warwicke, let it bee:
For in thy ſhoulder do I builde my Seate;
And neuer will I vndertake the thing
Wherein thy counſaile and confent is wanting:
Richard, I will create thee Duke of Glouceſter,
And *George* of Clarence; *Warwicke* as our Selfe,
Shall do, and vndo as him pleaſeth beſt.
Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, *George* of Gloſter,
For Gloſters Dukedome is too ominous.
War. Tut, that's a fooliſh obſeruation:
Richard, be Duke of Gloſter: Now to London,
To ſee theſe Honors in poſſeſſion. *Exeunt*

Enter Sinklo, and Humfrey, with Croſſe-bowes in their hands.

(our ſelues:
Sink. Vnder this thicke growne brake, wee'l ſhrowd
For through this Laund anon the Deere will come,
And in this couert will we make our Stand,
Culling the principall of all the Deere.
Hum. Ile ſtay aboue the hill, ſo both may ſhoot.
Sink. That cannot be, the noiſe of thy Croſſe-bow
Will ſcarre the Heard, and ſo my ſhoot is loſt:
Heere ſtand we both, and ayme we at the beſt:
And for the time ſhall not ſeeme tedious,
Ile tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this ſelfe-place, where now we meane to ſtand.
Sink. Heere comes a man, let's ſtay till he be paſt:
Enter the King with a Prayer booke.
Hen. From Scotland am I ſtolne euen of pure loue,
To greet mine owne Land with my wiſhfull ſight:
No *Harry*, *Harry*, 'tis no Land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy Scepter wrung from thee,
Thy Balme waſht off, wherewith thou was Annointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæſar* now,
No humble ſuters preaſe to ſpeake for right:
No, not a man comes for redreſſe of thee:
For how can I helpe them, and not my ſelfe?
Sink. I, heere's a Deere, whoſe skin's a Keepers Fee:
This is the quondam King; Let's ſeize vpon him.
Hen. Let me embrace the ſower Aduerſaries,
For Wiſe men ſay, it is the wiſeſt courſe.
Hum. Why linger we? Let vs lay hands vpon him.
Sink. Forbeare a-while, wee'l heare a little more.
Hen. My Queene and Son are gone to France for aid:
And (as I heare) the great Commanding Warwicke
Is thither gone, to craue the French Kings Siſter
To wife for *Edward*. If this newes be true,
Poore Queene, and Sonne, your labour is but loſt:
For Warwicke is a ſubtle Orator:
And *Lewis* a Prince foone wonne with mouing words:
By this account then, *Margaret* may winne him,
For ſhe's a woman to be pittied much:
Her ſighes will make a batt'ry in his breſt,
Her teares will pierce into a Marble heart:
The Tyger will be milde, whiles ſhe doth mourne;
And *Nero* will be tainted with remorſe,
To heare and ſee her plaints, her Briniſh Teares.
I, but ſhee's come to begge, Warwicke to giue:
Shee on his left ſide, crauing ayde for *Henrie*;
He on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
Shee Weepes, and ſayes, her *Henry* is depos'd:
He Smiles, and ſayes, his *Edward* is inſtaul'd;
That ſhe (poore Wretch) for greeſe can ſpeake no more.
Whiles Warwicke tels his Title, ſmooths the Wrong,
Inferreth arguments of mighty ſtrength,
And in concluſion winnes the King from her,
With promiſe of his Siſter, and what elſe,
To ſtrengthen and ſupport King *Edwards* place.
O *Margaret*, thus 'twill be, and tbou (poore ſoule)
Art then forſaken, as thou went'ſt forlorne.
Hum. Say, what art thou talk'ſt of Kings & Queens?
King. More then I ſeeme, and leſſe then I was born to:
A man at leaſt, for leſſe I ſhould not be:
And men may talke of Kings, and why not I?
Hum. I, but thou talk'ſt, as if thou wer't a King.
King. Why ſo I am (in Minde) and that's enough.
Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crowne?
King. My Crowne is in my heart, not on my bead:
Not deck'd with Diamonds, and Indian ſtones:
Nor to be ſeene: my Crowne, is call'd Content,
A Crowne it is, that ſildome Kings enioy.
Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with Content,
Your Crowne Content, and you, muſt be contented
To go along with vs. For (as we tbinke)
You are the king King *Edward* hath depos'd:
And we his ſubiects, ſworne in all Allegeance,
Will apprehend you, as his Enemie.
King. But did you neuer ſweare, and breake an Oath.
Hum. No, neuer ſuch an Oath, nor will not now.
King. Where did you dwell when I was K. of England?
Hum. Heere in this Country, where we now remaine.
King. I was annointed King at nine monthes old,
My Father, and my Grandfather were Kings:
And you were ſworne true Subiects vnto me:
And tell me then, haue you not broke your Oathes?
Sin. No, for we were Subiects, but while you wer king
King. Why? Am I dead? Do I not breath a Man?
Ah ſimple men, you know not what you ſweare:
Looke, as I blow this Feather from my Face,
And as the Ayre blowes it to me againe,
Obeying with my winde when I do blow,
And yeelding to another, when it blowes,
Commanded alwayes by the greater guſt:
Such is the lightneſſe of you, common men.
But do not breake your Oathes, for of that ſinne,
My milde intreatie ſhall not make you guiltie.
Go where you will, the king ſhall be commanded,
And be you kings, command, and Ile obey.
Sinklo. We are true Subiects to the king,
King *Edward*.
King. So would you be againe to *Henrie*,
If he were ſeated as king *Edward* is.
Sinklo. We charge you in Gods name & the Kings,
To go with vs vnto the Officers.
King. In Gods name lead, your Kings name be obeyd,
And what God will, that let your King performe,
And what he will, I humbly yeeld vnto. *Exeunt*

Enter K. Edward, Gloſter, Clarence, Lady Gray.
King. Brother of Gloſter, at S. Albons field

This

This Ladyes Husband, Sir *Richard Grey*, was ſlaine,
His Land then ſeiz'd on by the Conqueror,
Her ſuit is now, to repoſſeſſe those Lands,
Which wee in Iuſtice cannot well deny,
Becauſe in Quarrell of the Houſe of *Yorke*,
The worthy Gentleman did loſe his Liſe.
Rich. Your Highneſſe ſhall doe well to graunt her ſuit:
It were diſhonor to deny it her.
King. It were no leſſe, but yet Ile make a pawſe.
Rich. Yea, is it ſo:
I ſee the Lady hath a thing to graunt,
Before the King will graunt her humble ſuit.
Clarence. Hee knowes the Game, how true hee keepes the winde?
Rich. Silence.
King. Widow, we will conſider of your ſuit,
And come ſome other time to know our minde.
Wid. Right gracious Lord, I cannot brooke delay:
May it pleaſe your Highneſſe to reſolue me now,
And what your pleaſure is, ſhall ſatisfie me.
Rich. I Widow? then Ile warrant you all your Lands,
And if what pleaſes him, ſhall pleaſure you:
Fight cloſer, or good faith you'le catch a Blow.
Clarence. I feare her not, vnleſſe ſhe chance to fall.
Rich. God forbid that, for hee'le take vantages.
King. How many Children haſt thou, Widow? tell me.
Clarence. I thinke he meanes to begge a Child of her.
Rich. Nay then whip me: hee'le rather giue her two.
Wid. Three, my moſt gracious Lord.
Rich. You ſhall haue foure, if you'le be rul'd by him.
King. 'Twere pittie they ſhould loſe their Fathers Lands.
Wid. Be pittiful, dread Lord, and graunt it then.
King. Lords giue vs leaue, Ile trye this Widowes wit.
Rich. I, good leaue haue you, for you will haue leaue,
Till Youth take leaue, and leaue you to the Crutch.
King. Now tell me, Madame, doe you loue your Children.
Wid. I, full as dearely as I loue my ſelfe.
King. And would you not doe much to doe them good?
Wid. To doe them good, I would ſuſtayne ſome harme.
King. Then get your Husbands Lands, to doe them good.
Wid. Therefore I came vnto your Maieſtie.
King. Ile tell you how theſe Lands are to be got.
Wid. So ſhall you bind me to your Highneſſe ſeruice.
King. What ſeruice wilt thou doe me, if I giue them?
Wid. What you command, that reſts in me to doe.
King. But you will take exceptions to my Boone.
Wid. No, gracious Lord, except I cannot doe it.
King. I, but thou canſt doe what I meane to aske.
Wid. Why then I will doe what your Grace commands.
Rich. Hee plyes her hard, and much Raine weares the Marble.
Clar. As red as fire? nay then, her Wax muſt melt.
Wid. Why ſtoppes my Lord? ſhall I not heare my Taske?
King. An eaſie Taske, 'tis but to loue a King.
Wid. That's ſoone perform'd, becauſe I am a Subiect.
King. Why then, thy Husbands Lands I freely giue thee.
Wid. I take my leaue with many thouſand thankes.
Rich. The Match is made, ſhee ſeales it with a Curſie.
King. But ſtay thee, 'tis the fruits of loue I meane.
Wid. The fruits of Loue, I meane, my louing Liege.
King. I, but I feare me in another ſence.
What Loue, think'ſt thou, I ſue ſo much to get?
Wid. My loue till death, my humble thanks, my prayers,
That loue which Vertue begges, and Vertue graunts.
King. No, by my troth, I did not meane ſuch loue.
Wid. Why then you meane not, as I thought you did.
King. But now you partly may perceiue my minde.
Wid. My minde will neuer graunt what I perceiue
Your Highneſſe aymes at, if I ayme aright.
King. To tell thee plaine, I ayme to lye with thee.
Wid. To tell you plaine, I had rather lye in Priſon.
King. Why then thou ſhalt not haue thy Husbands Lands.
Wid. Why then mine Honeſtie ſhall be my Dower,
For by that loſſe, I will not purchaſe them.
King. Therein thou wrong'ſt thy Children mightily.
Wid. Herein your Highneſſe wrongs both them & me:
But mightie Lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the ſadneſſe of my ſuit:
Pleaſe you diſmiſſe me, eyther with I, or no.
King. I, if thou wilt ſay I to my requeſt:
No, if thou do'ſt ſay No to my demand.
Wid. Then No, my Lord: my ſuit is at an end.
Rich. The Widow likes him not, ſhee knits her Browes.
Clarence. Hee is the bluntſt Wooer in Chriſtendome.
King. Her Looks doth argue her replete with Modeſty,
Her Words doth ſhew her Wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Soueraigntie,
One way, or other, ſhee is for a King,
And ſhee ſhall be my Loue, or elſe my Queene.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queene?
Wid. 'Tis better ſaid then done, my gracious Lord:
I am a ſubiect fit to ieaſt withall,
But farre vnfit to be a Soueraigne.
King. Sweet Widow, by my State I ſweare to thee,
I ſpeake no more then what my Soule intends,
And that is, to enioy thee for my Loue.
Wid. And that is more then I will yeeld vnto:
I know, I am too meane to be your Queene,
And yet too good to be your Concubine.
King. You cauill, Widow, I did meane my Queene.
Wid. 'Twill grieue your Grace, my Sonnes ſhould call you Father.
King. No more, then when my Daughters
Call thee Mother.
Thou art a Widow, and thou haſt ſome Children,
And by Gods Mother, I being but a Batchelor,
Haue other-ſome. Why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the Father vnto many Sonnes:
Anſwer no more, for thou ſhalt be my Queene.
Rich. The Ghoſtly Father now hath done his Shriſt.
Clarence. When hee was made a Shriuer, 'twas for ſhiſt.
King. Brothers, you muſe what Chat wee two haue had.
Rich. The Widow likes it not, for ſhee lookes very ſad.
King. You'ld thinke it ſtrange, if I ſhould marrie her.
Clarence. To who, my Lord?
King. Why *Clarence*, to my ſelfe.
Rich. That

Rich. That would be tenne dayes wonder at the leaſt.
Clarence. That's a day longer then a Wonder laſts.
Rich. By ſo much is the Wonder in extremes.
King. Well, leaſt on Brothers: I can tell you both,
Her ſuit is graunted for her Husbands Lands.

Enter a Noble man.

Nob. My gracious Lord, *Henry* your Foe is taken,
And brought your Priſoner to your Pallace Gate.
King. See that he be conuey'd vnto the Tower:
And goe wee Brothers to the man that tooke him,
To queſtion of his apprehenſion.
Widow goe you along: Lords vſe her honourable.
Exeunt.

Manet Richard.

Rich. I, *Edward* will vſe Women honourably:
Would he were waſted, Marrow, Bones, and all,
That from his Loynes no hopefull Branch may ſpring,
To croſſe me from the Golden time I looke for:
And yet, betweene my Soules deſire, and me,
The luſtfull *Edwards* Title buryed,
Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his Sonne young *Edward*,
And all the vnlook'd-for Iſſue of their Bodies,
To take their Roomes, ere I can place my ſelfe:
A cold premeditation for my purpoſe.
Why then I doe but dreame on Soueraigntie,
Like one that ſtands vpon a Promontorie,
And ſpyes a farre-off ſhore, where hee would tread,
Wiſhing his foot were equall with his eye,
And chides the Sea, that ſunders him from thence,
Saying hee'le lade it dry, to haue his way:
So doe I wiſh the Crowne, being ſo farre off,
And ſo I chide the meanes that keepes me from it,
And ſo (I ſay) Ile cut the Cauſes off,
Flattering me with impoſſibilities:
My Eyes too quicke, my Heart o're-weenes too much,
Vnleſſe my Hand and Strength could equall them.
Well, ſay there is no Kingdome then for *Richard:*
What other Pleaſure can the World affoord?
Ile make my Heauen in a Ladies Lappe,
And decke my Body in gay Ornaments,
And 'witch ſweet Ladies with my Words and Lookes.
Oh miſerable Thought! and more vnlikely,
Then to accompliſh twentie Golden Crownes.
Why Loue forſwore me in my Mothers Wombe:
And for I ſhould not deale in her ſoft Lawes,
Shee did corrupt frayle Nature with ſome Bribe,
To ſhrinke mine Arme vp like a wither'd Shrub,
To make an enuious Mountaine on my Back,
Where ſits Deformitie to mocke my Body;
To ſhape my Legges of an vnequall ſize,
To diſ-proportion me in euery part:
Like to a Chaos, or an vn-lick'd Beare-whelpe,
That carryes no impreſſion like the Damme.
And am I then a man to be belou'd?
Oh monſtrous fault, to harbour ſuch a thought.
Then ſince this Earth affoords no Ioy to me,
But to command, to check, to o're-beare ſuch,
As are of better Perſon then my ſelfe:
Ile make my Heauen, to dreame vpon the Crowne,
And whiles I liue, t'account this World but Hell,
Vntill my mis-ſhap'd Trunke, that beares this Head,
Be round impaled with a glorious Crowne.
And yet I know not how to get the Crowne,
For many Liues ſtand betweene me and home:
And I, like one loſt in a Thornie Wood,
That rents the Thornes, and is rent with the Thornes,
Seeking a way, and ſtraying from the way,
Not knowing how to finde the open Ayre,
But toyling deſperately to finde it out,
Torment my ſelfe, to catch the Engliſh Crowne:
And from that torment I will free my ſelfe,
Or hew my way out with a bloody Axe.
Why I can ſmile, and murther whiles I ſmile,
And cry, Content, to that which grieues my Heart,
And wet my Cheekes with artificiall Teares,
And frame my Face to all occaſions.
Ile drowne more Saylers then the Mermaid ſhall,
Ile ſlay more gazers then the Baſiliske,
Ile play the Orator as well as *Neſtor*,
Deceiue more ſlyly then *Vliſſes* could,
And like a *Synon*, take another Troy.
I can adde Colours to the Camelion,
Change ſhapes with *Proteus*, for aduantages,
And ſet the murtherous *Macheuill* to Scboole.
Can I doe this, and cannot get a Crowne?
Tut, were it farther off, Ile plucke it downe. *Exit.*

Flouriſh.

Enter Lewis the French King, his Siſter Bona, his Admirall, call'd Bourbon: Prince Edward, Queene Margaret, and the Earle of Oxford. Lewis ſits, and riſeth vp againe.

Lewis. Faire Queene of England, worthy *Margaret*,
Sit downe with vs: it ill befits thy State,
And Birth, that thou ſhould'ſt ſtand, while *Lewis* doth ſit.
Marg. No, mightie King of France: now *Margaret*
Muſt ſtrike her ſayle, and learne a while to ſerue,
Where Kings command. I was (I muſt confeſſe)
Great Albions Queene, in former Golden dayes:
But now miſchance hath trod my Title downe,
And with diſ-honor layd me on the ground,
Where I muſt take like Seat vnto my fortune,
And to my humble Seat conforme my ſelfe.
Lewis. Why ſay, faire Queene, whence ſprings this deepe deſpaire?
Marg. From ſuch a cauſe, as fills mine eyes with teares,
And ſtops my tongue, while heart is drown'd in cares.
Lewis. What ere it be, be thou ſtill like thy ſelfe,
And ſit thee by our ſide. *Seats her by him.*
Yeeld not thy necke to Fortunes yoake,
But let thy dauntleſſe minde ſtill ride in triumph,
Ouer all miſchance.
Be plaine, Queene *Margaret*, and tell thy griefe,
It ſhall be eas'd, if France can yeeld reliefe.
Marg. Thoſe gracious words
Reuiue my drooping thoughts,
And giue my tongue-ty'd ſorrowes leaue to ſpeake.
Now therefore be it knowne to Noble *Lewis*,
That *Henry*, ſole poſſeſſor of my Loue,
Is, of a King, become a baniſht man,
And forc'd to liue in Scotland a Forlorne;
While prowd ambitious *Edward*, Duke of Yorke,
Vſurpes the Regall Title, and the Seat
Of Englands true anoynted lawfull King.
This is the cauſe that I, poore *Margaret*,
Witb this my Sonne, Prince *Edward*, *Henries* Heire,
Am come to craue thy iuſt and lawfull ayde:
And if tbou faile vs, all our hope is done,
Scotland hath will to helpe, but cannot helpe:

Our

Our People, and our Peeres, are both mis-led,
Our Treafure feiz'd, our Souldiors put to flight,
And (as thou feeſt) our felues in heauie plight.
Lewis. Renowned Queene,
With patience calme the Storme,
While we bethinke a meanes to breake it off.
Marg. The more wee ſtay, the ſtronger growes our Foe.
Lewis. The more I ſtay, the more Ile ſuccour thee.
Marg. O, but impatience waiteth on true ſorrow.
And ſee where comes the breeder of my ſorrow.

Enter Warwicke.

Lewis. What's hee approacheth boldly to our preſence?
Marg. Our Earle of Warwicke, *Edwards* greateſt Friend.
Lewis. Welcome braue *Warwicke*, what brings thee to France? *Hee deſcends. Shee ariſeth.*
Marg. I now begins a ſecond Storme to riſe,
For this is hee that moues both Winde and Tyde.
Warw. From worthy *Edward*, King of Albion,
My Lord and Soueraigne, and thy vowed Friend,
I come (in Kindneſſe, and vnfayned Loue)
Firſt, to doe greetings to thy Royall Perſon,
And then to craue a League of Amitie:
And laſtly, to confirme that Amitie
With Nuptiall Knot, if thou vouchſafe to graunt
That vertuous Lady *Bona*, thy faire Siſter,
To Englands King, in lawfull Marriage.
Marg. If that goe forward, *Henries* hope is done.
Warw. And gracious Madame, *Speaking to Bona.*
In our Kings behalfe,
I am commanded, with your leaue and fauor,
Humbly to kiſſe your Hand, and with my Tongue
To tell the paſſion of my Soueraignes Heart;
Where Fame, late entring at his heedfull Eares,
Hath plac'd thy Beauties Image, and thy Vertue.
Marg. King *Lewis*, and Lady *Bona*, heare me ſpeake,
Before you anſwer *Warwicke*. His demand
Springs not from *Edwards* well-meant honeſt Loue,
But from Deceit, bred by Neceſſitie:
For how can Tyrants ſafely gouerne home,
Vnleſſe abroad they purchaſe great allyance?
To proue him Tyrant, this reaſon may ſuffice,
That *Henry* liueth ſtill: but were hee dead,
Yet here Prince *Edward* ſtands, King *Henries* Sonne.
Looke therefore *Lewis*, that by this League and Mariage
Thou draw not on thy Danger, and Dis-honor:
For though Vſurpers ſway the rule a while,
Yet Heau'ns are iuſt, and Time ſuppreſſeth Wrongs.
Warw. Iniurious *Margaret.*
Edw. And why not Queene?
Warw. Becauſe thy Father *Henry* did vſurpe,
And thou no more art Prince, then ſhee is Queene.
Oxf. Then *Warwicke* diſanulls great *Iohn* of Gaunt,
Which did ſubdue the greateſt part of Spaine;
And after *Iohn* of Gaunt, *Henry* the Fourth,
Whoſe Wiſdome was a Mirror to the wiſeſt:
And after that wiſe Prince, *Henry* the Fift,
Who by his Proweſſe conquered all France:
From theſe, our *Henry* lineally deſcends.
Warw. Oxford, how haps it in this ſmooth diſcourſe,
You told not, how *Henry* the Sixt hath loſt
All that, which *Henry* the Fift had gotten:
Me thinkes theſe Peeres of France ſhould ſmile at that.
But for the reſt: you tell a Pedigree
Of threeſcore and two yeeres, a ſilly time
To make preſcription for a Kingdomes worth.
Oxf. Why *Warwicke*, canſt thou ſpeak againſt thy Liege,
Whom thou obeyd'ſt thirtie and ſix yeeres,
And not bewray thy Treaſon with a Bluſh?
Warw. Can *Oxford*, that did euer fence the right,
Now buckler Falſehood with a Pedigree?
For ſhame leaue *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.
Oxf. Call him my King, by whoſe iniurious doome
My elder Brother, the Lord *Aubrey Vere*
Was done to death? and more then ſo, my Father,
Euen in the downe-fall of his mellow'd yeeres,
When Nature brought him to the doore of Death?
No *Warwicke*, no: while Life vpholds this Arme,
This Arme vpholds the Houſe of *Lancaſter.*
Warw. And I the Houſe of *Yorke.*
Lewis. Queene *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and *Oxford*,
Vouchſafe at our requeſt, to ſtand aſide,
While I vſe further conference with *Warwicke.*

They ſtand aloofe.

Marg. Heauens graunt, that *Warwickes* wordes bewitch him not.
Lew. Now *Warwicke*, tell me euen vpon thy conſcience
Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth
To linke with him, that were not lawfull choſen.
Warw. Thereon I pawne my Credit, and mine Honor.
Lewis. But is hee gracious in the Peoples eye?
Warw. The more, that *Henry* was vnfortunate.
Lewis. Then further: all diſſembling ſet aſide,
Tell me for truth, the meaſure of his Loue
Vnto our Siſter *Bona.*
War. Such it ſeemes,
As may beſeeme a Monarch like himſelfe.
My ſelfe haue often heard him ſay, and ſweare,
That this his Loue was an externall Plant,
Whereof the Root was fixt in Vertues ground,
The Leaues and Fruit maintain'd with Beauties Sunne,
Exempt from Enuy, but not from Diſdaine,
Vnleſſe the Lady *Bona* quit his paine.
Lewis. Now Siſter, let vs heare your firme reſolue.
Bona. Your graunt, or your denyall, ſhall be mine.
Yet I confeſſe, that often ere this day, *Speaks to War.*
When I haue heard your Kings defert recounted,
Mine eare hath tempted iudgement to deſire.
Lewis. Then *Warwicke*, thus:
Our Siſter ſhall be *Edwards.*
And now forthwith ſhall Articles be drawne,
Touching the Ioynture that your King muſt make,
Which with her Dowrie ſhall be counter-poys'd:
Draw neere, Queene *Margaret*, and be a witneſſe,
That *Bona* ſhall be Wife to the Engliſh King.
Pr.Edw. To *Edward*, but not to the Engliſh King.
Marg. Deceitfull *Warwicke*, it was thy deuice,
By this alliance to make void my ſuit:
Before thy comming, *Lewis* was *Henries* friend.
Lewis. And ſtill is friend to him, and *Margaret.*
But if your Title to the Crowne be weake,
As may appeare by *Edwards* good ſucceſſe:
Then 'tis but reaſon, that I be releas'd
From giuing ayde, which late I promiſed.
Yet ſhall you haue all kindneſſe at my hand,
That your Eſtate requires, and mine can yeeld.
Warw. Henry now liues in Scotland, at his eaſe;

Where hauing nothing, nothing can he loſe.
And as for you your ſelfe (our quondam Queene)
You haue a Father able to maintaine you,
And better 'twere, you troubled him, then France.
Mar. Peace impudent, and ſhameleſſe Warwicke,
Proud ſetter vp, and puller downe of Kings,
I will not hence, till with my Talke and Teares
(Both full of Truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy ſlye conueyance, and thy Lords falſe loue,
Poſt blowing a horne Within.
For both of you are Birds of ſelfe-ſame Feather.
Lewes. Warwicke, this is ſome poſte to vs, or thee.
Enter the Poſte.
Poſt. My Lord Ambaſſador,
Theſe Letters are for you. *Speakes to Warwick,*
Sent from your Brother Marqueſſe *Montague.*
Theſe from our King, vnto your Maieſty. *To Lewis.*
And Madam, theſe for you: *To Margaret*
From whom, I know not.
They all reade their Letters.
Oxf. I like it well, that our faire Queene and Miſtris
Smiles at her newes, while *Warwicke* frownes at his.
Prince Ed. Nay marke how *Lewis* ſtampes as he were netled. I hope, all's for the beſt.
Lew. Warwicke, what are thy Newes?
And yours, faire Queene.
Mar. Mine ſuch, as fill my heart with vnhop'd ioyes.
War. Mine full of ſorrow, and hearts diſcontent.
Lew. What? has your King married the Lady *Grey?*
And now to ſooth your Forgery, and his,
Sends me a Paper to perſwade me Patience?
Is this th'Alliance that he ſeekes with France?
Dare he preſume to ſcorne vs in this manner?
Mar. I told your Maieſty as much before:
This proueth *Edwards* Loue, and Warwickes honeſty.
War. King *Lewis*, I heere proteſt in ſight of heauen,
And by the hope I haue of heauenly bliſſe,
That I am cleere from this miſdeed of *Edwards*;
No more my King, for he diſhonors me,
But moſt himſelfe, if he could ſee his ſhame.
Did I forget, that by the Houſe of Yorke
My Father came vntimely to his death?
Did I let paſſe th'abuſe done to my Neece?
Did I impale him with the Regall Crowne?
Did I put *Henry* from his Natiue Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the laſt, with Shame?
Shame on himſelfe, for my Defert is Honor.
And to repaire my Honor loſt for him,
I heere renounce him, and returne to *Henry*.
My Noble Queene, let former grudges paſſe,
And henceforth, I am thy true Seruitour:
I will reuenge his wrong to Lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former ſtate.
Mar. Warwicke,
Theſe words haue turn'd my Hate, to Loue,
And I forgiue, and quite forget old faults,
And ioy that thou becom'ſt King *Henries* Friend.
War. So much his Friend, I, his vnfained Friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchſafe to furniſh vs
With ſome few Bands of choſen Soldiours,
Ile vndertake to Land them on our Coaſt,
And force the Tyrant from his ſeat by Warre.
'Tis not his new-made Bride ſhall ſuccour him,
And as for *Clarence*, as my Letters tell me,
Hee's very likely now to fall from him,
For matching more for wanton Luſt, then Honor,
Or then for ſtrength and ſafety of our Country.
Bona. Deere Brother, how ſhall *Bona* be reueng'd,
But by thy helpe to this diſtreſſed Queene?
Mar. Renowned Prince, how ſhall Poore *Henry* liue,
Vnleſſe thou reſcue him from foule diſpaire?
Bona. My quarrel, and this Engliſh Queens, are one.
War. And mine faire Lady *Bona*, ioynes with yours.
Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and *Margarets*.
Therefore, at laſt, I firmely am reſolu'd
You ſhall haue ayde.
Mar. Let me giue humble thankes for all, at once.
Lew. Then Englands Meſſenger, returne in Poſte,
And tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France, is ſending ouer Maskers
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
Thou feeſt what's paſt, go feare thy King withall.
Bona. Tell him, in hope hee'l proue a widower ſhortly,
I weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are layde aſide,
And I am ready to put Armor on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vn-Crowne him, er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Poſt.*
Lew. But Warwicke,
Thou and Oxford, with fiue thouſand men
Shall croſſe the Seas, and bid falſe *Edward* battaile:
And as occaſion ſerues, this Noble Queen
And Prince, ſhall follow with a freſh Supply.
Yet ere thou go, but anſwer me one doubt:
What Pledge haue we of thy firme Loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant Loyalty,
That if our Queene, and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter, and my Ioy,
To him forthwith, in holy Wedlocke bands.
Mar. Yes, I agree, and thanke you for your Motion.
Sonne *Edward*, ſhe is Faire and Vertuous,
Therefore delay not, giue thy hand to Warwicke,
And with thy hand, thy faith irreuocable,
That onely Warwickes daughter ſhall be thine.
Prin.Ed. Yes, I accept her, for ſhe well deſerues it,
And heere to pledge my Vow, I giue my hand.
He giues his hand to Warw.
Lew. Why ſtay we now? Theſe ſoldiers ſhal be leuied,
And thou Lord Bourbon, our High Admirall
Shall waft them ouer with our Royall Fleete.
I long till *Edward* fall by Warres miſchance,
For mocking Marriage with a Dame of France.
Exeunt. Manet Warwicke.
War. I came from *Edward* as Ambaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall Foe:
Matter of Marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull Warre ſhall anſwer his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I, ſhall turne his Ieſt to Sorrow.
I was the Cheeſe that rais'd him to the Crowne,
And Ile be Cheeſe to bring him downe againe:
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke Reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter Richard, Clarence, Somerſet, and Mountague.

Rich. Now tell me Brother *Clarence*, what thinke you
Of this new Marriage with the Lady *Gray?*
Hath not our Brother made a worthy choice?
Cla. Alas, you know, tis farre from hence to France,
How

How could he ſtay till *Warwicke* made returne?
Som. My Lords, forbeare this talke: heere comes the King.

Flouriſh.

Enter King Edward, Lady Grey, Penbrooke, Staffford, Haſtings: foure ſtand on one ſide, and foure on the other.

Rich. And his well-choſen Bride.
Clarence. I minde to tell him plainly what I thinke.
King. Now Brother of Clarence,
How like you our Choyce,
That you ſtand penſiue, as halfe malecontent?
Clarence. As well as *Lewis* of France,
Or the Earle of Warwicke,
Which are ſo weake of courage, and in iudgement,
That they'le take no offence at our abuſe.
King. Suppoſe they take offence without a cauſe:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwicke*, I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwickes*, and muſt haue my will.
Rich. And ſhall haue your will, becauſe our King:
Yet haſtie Marriage ſeldome proueth well.
King. Yea, Brother *Richard*, are you offended too?
Rich. Not I: no:
God forbid, that I ſhould wiſh them ſeuer'd,
Whom God hath ioyn'd together:
I, and 'twere pittie, to ſunder them,
That yoake ſo well together.
King. Setting your skornes, and your miſlike aſide,
Tell me ſome reaſon, why the Lady *Grey*
Should not become my Wife, and Englands Queene?
And you too, *Somerſet*, and *Mountague*,
Speake freely what you thinke.
Clarence. Then this is mine opinion:
That King *Lewis* becomes your Enemie,
For mocking him about the Marriage
Of the Lady *Bona*.
Rich. And *Warwicke*, doing what you gaue in charge,
Is now dis-honored by this new Marriage.
King. What, if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By ſuch inuention as I can deuiſe?
Mount. Yet, to haue ioyn'd with France in ſuch alliance,
Would more haue ſtrength'ned this our Commonwealth
'Gainſt forraine ſtormes, then any home-bred Marriage.
Haſt. Why, knowes not *Mountague*, that of it ſelfe,
England is ſafe, if true within it ſelfe?
Mount. But the ſafer, when 'tis back'd with France.
Haſt. 'Tis better vſing France, then truſting France:
Let vs be back'd with God, and with the Seas,
Which he hath giu'n for fence impregnable,
And with their helpes, onely defend our ſelues:
In them, and in our ſelues, our ſafetie lyes.
Clar. For this one ſpeech, Lord *Haſtings* well deſerues
To haue the Heire of the Lord *Hungerford*.
King. I, what of that? it was my will, and graunt,
And for this once, my Will ſhall ſtand for Law.
Rich. And yet me thinks, your Grace hath not done well,
To giue the Heire and Daughter of Lord *Scales*
Vnto the Brother of your louing Bride;
Shee better would haue fitted me, or *Clarence*:
But in your Bride you burie Brotherhood.
Clar. Or elſe you would not haue beſtow'd the Heire
Of the Lord *Bonuill* on your new Wiues Sonne,
And leaue your Brothers to goe ſpeede elſewhere.
King. Alas, poore *Clarence:* is it for a Wife
That thou art malecontent? I will prouide thee.
Clarence. In chuſing for your ſelfe,
You ſhew'd your iudgement:
Which being ſhallow, you ſhall giue me leaue
To play the Broker in mine owne behalfe;
And to that end, I ſhortly minde to leaue you.
King. Leaue me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd vnto his Brothers will.
Lady Grey. My Lords, before it pleas'd his Maieſtie
To rayſe my State to Title of a Queene,
Doe me but right, and you muſt all confeſſe,
That I was not ignoble of Deſcent,
And meaner then my ſelfe haue had like fortune.
But as this Title honors me and mine,
So your diſlikes, to whom I would be pleaſing,
Doth cloud my ioyes with danger, and with ſorrow.
King. My Loue, forbeare to fawne vpon their frownes:
What danger, or what ſorrow can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy conſtant friend,
And their true Soueraigne, whom they muſt obey?
Nay, whom they ſhall obey, and loue thee too,
Vnleſſe they ſeeke for hatred at my hands:
Which if they doe, yet will I keepe thee ſafe,
And they ſhall feele the vengeance of my wrath.
Rich. I heare, yet ſay not much, but thinke the more.

Enter a Poſte.

King. Now Meſſenger, what Letters, or what Newes from France?
Poſt. My Soueraigne Liege, no Letters, & few words,
But ſuch, as I (without your ſpeciall pardon)
Dare not relate.
King. Goe too, wee pardon thee:
Therefore, in brieſe, tell me their words,
As neere as thou canſt gueſſe them.
What anſwer makes King *Lewis* vnto our Letters?
Post. At my depart, theſe were his very words:
Goe tell falſe *Edward*, thy ſuppoſed King,
That *Lewis* of France is ſending ouer Maskers,
To reuell it with him, and his new Bride.
King. Is *Lewis* ſo braue? belike he thinkes me *Henry*.
But what ſaid Lady *Bona* to my Marriage?
Poſt. Theſe were her words, vtt'red with mild diſdaine:
Tell him, in hope hee'le proue a Widower ſhortly,
Ile weare the Willow Garland for his ſake.
King. I blame not her; ſhe could ſay little leſſe:
She had the wrong. But what ſaid *Henries* Queene?
For I haue heard, that ſhe was there in place.
Poſt. Tell him (quoth ſhe)
My mourning Weedes are done,
And I am readie to put Armour on.
King. Belike ſhe minds to play the Amazon.
But what ſaid *Warwicke* to theſe iniuries?
Poſt. He, more incens'd againſt your Maieſtie,
Then all the reſt, diſcharg'd me with theſe words:
Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him, er't be long.
King. Ha? durſt the Traytor breath out ſo prowd words?
Well, I will arme me, being thus fore-warn'd:
They ſhall haue Warres, and pay for their preſumption.
But ſay, is *Warwicke* friends with *Margaret?*
Poſt. I, gracious Soueraigne,
They are ſo link'd in friendſhip,
That yong Prince *Edward* marryes *Warwicks* Daughter.
Clarence. Belike, the elder;
Clarence will haue the younger.

Now

Now Brother King farewell, and ſit you faſt,
For I will hence to *Warwickes* other Daughter,
That though I want a Kingdome, yet in Marriage
I may not proue inferior to your ſelfe.
You that loue me, and *Warwicke*, follow me.
Exit Clarence, and Somerſet followes.
Rich. Not I:
My thoughts ayme at a further matter:
I ſtay not for the loue of *Edward*, but the Crowne.
King. Clarence and *Somerſet* both gone to *Warwicke?*
Yet am I arm'd againſt the worſt can happen:
And haſte is needfull in this deſp'rate caſe.
Pembrooke and *Stafford*, you in our behalfe
Goe leuie men, and make prepare for Warre;
They are alreadie, or quickly will be landed:
My ſelfe in perſon will ſtraight follow you.
Exeunt Pembrooke and Stafford.
But ere I goe, *Haſtings* and *Mountague*
Reſolue my doubt: you twaine, of all the reſt,
Are neere to *Warwicke*, by bloud, and by allyance:
Tell me, if you loue *Warwicke* more then me;
If it be ſo, then both depart to him:
I rather wiſh you foes, then hollow friends.
But if you minde to hold your true obedience,
Giue me aſſurance with ſome friendly Vow,
That I may neuer haue you in ſuſpect.
Mount. So God helpe *Mountague*, as hee proues true.
Haſt. And *Haſtings*, as hee fauours *Edwards* cauſe.
King. Now, Brother *Richard*, will you ſtand by vs?
Rich. I, in deſpight of all that ſhall withſtand you.
King. Why ſo: then am I ſure of Victorie.
Now therefore let vs hence, and loſe no howre,
Till wee meet *Warwicke*, with his forreine powre.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke and Oxford in England, with French Souldiors.

Warw. Truſt me, my Lord, all hitherto goes well,
The common people by numbers ſwarme to vs.
Enter Clarence and Somerſet.
But ſee where *Somerſet* and *Clarence* comes:
Speake ſuddenly, my Lords, are wee all friends?
Clar. Feare not that, my Lord.
Warw. Then gentle *Clarence*, welcome vnto *Warwicke*,
And welcome *Somerſet:* I hold it cowardize,
To reſt miſtruſtfull, where a Noble Heart
Hath pawn'd an open Hand, in ſigne of Loue;
Elſe might I thinke, that *Clarence*, *Edwards* Brother,
Were but a fained friend to our proceedings:
But welcome ſweet *Clarence*, my Daughter ſhall be thine.
And now, what reſts? but in Nights Couerture,
Thy Brother being careleſſely encamp'd,
His Souldiors lurking in the Towne about,
And but attended by a ſimple Guard,
Wee may ſurprize and take him at our pleaſure,
Our Scouts haue found the aduenture very eaſie:
That as *Vlyſſes*, and ſtout *Diomede*,
With ſleight and manhood ſtole to *Rheſus* Tents,
And brought from thence the Thracian fatall Steeds;
So wee, well couer'd with the Nights black Mantle,
At vnawares may beat downe *Edwards* Guard,
And ſeize himſelfe: I ſay not, ſlaughter him,
For I intend but onely to ſurprize him.
You that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the Name of *Henry*, with your Leader.
They all cry, Henry.
Why then, let's on our way in ſilent ſort,
For *Warwicke* and his friends, God and Saint *George*.
Exeunt.

Enter three Watchmen to guard the Kings Tent.

1. *Watch.* Come on my Maſters, each man take his ſtand,
The King by this, is ſet him downe to ſleepe.
2. *Watch.* What, will he not to Bed?
1. *Watch.* Why, no: for he hath made a ſolemne Vow,
Neuer to lye and take his naturall Reſt,
Till *Warwicke*, or himſelfe, be quite ſuppreſt.
2. *Watch.* To morrow then belike ſhall be the day,
If *Warwicke* be ſo neere as men report.
3. *Watch.* But ſay, I pray, what Noble man is that,
That with the King here reſteth in his Tent?
1. *Watch.* 'Tis the Lord *Haſtings*, the Kings chiefeſt friend.
3. *Watch.* O, is it ſo? but why commands the King,
That his chiefe followers lodge in Townes about him,
While he himſelfe keepes in the cold field?
2. *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, becauſe more dangerous.
3. *Watch.* I, but giue me worſhip, and quietneſſe,
I like it better then a dangerous honor.
If *Warwicke* knew in what eſtate he ſtands,
'Tis to be doubted he would waken him.
1. *Watch.* Vnleſſe our Halberds did ſhut vp his paſſage.
2. *Watch.* I: wherefore elſe guard we his Royall Tent,
But to defend his Perſon from Night-foes?

Enter Warwicke, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet, and French Souldiors, ſilent all.

Warw. This is his Tent, and ſee where ſtand his Guard:
Courage my Maſters: Honor now, or neuer:
But follow me, and *Edward* ſhall be ours.
1. *Watch.* Who goes there?
2. *Watch.* Stay, or thou dyeſt.
Warwicke and the reſt cry all, Warwicke, Warwicke, and ſet vpon the Guard, who flye, crying, Arme, Arme, Warwicke and the reſt following them.

The Drumme playing, and Trumpet ſounding.
Enter Warwicke, Somerſet, and the reſt, bringing the King out in his Gowne, ſitting in a Chaire: Richard and Haſtings flyes ouer the Stage.
Som. What are they that flye there?
Warw. Richard and *Haſtings:* let them goe, heere is the Duke.
K. Edw. The Duke?
Why *Warwicke*, when wee parted,
Thou call'dſt me King.
Warw. I, but the caſe is alter'd.
When you diſgrac'd me in my Embaſſade,
Then I degraded you from being King,
And come now to create you Duke of Yorke.
Alas, how ſhould you gouerne any Kingdome,
That know not how to vſe Embaſſadors,
Nor how to be contented with one Wife,
Nor how to vſe your Brothers Brotherly,
Nor how to ſtudie for the Peoples Welfare,
Nor how to ſhrowd your ſelfe from Enemies?
K. Edw. Yea,

K. Edw. Yea, Brother of Clarence,
Art thou here too?
Nay then I fee, that *Edward* needs muſt downe.
Yet *Warwicke*, in defpigbt of all miſchance,
Of thee thy felfe, and all thy Complices,
Edward will alwayes beare himfelfe as King:
Though Fortunes mallice ouerthrow my State,
My minde exceedes the compaſſe of her Wheele.
Warw. Then for his minde, be *Edward* Englands King,

Takes off his Crowne.

But *Henry* now ſhall weare the Engliſh Crowne,
And be true King indeede: thou but the ſhadow.
My Lord of Somerfet, at my requeſt,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be conuey'd
Vnto my Brother Arch-Biſhop of Yorke:
When I haue fought with *Pembrooke*, and his fellowes,
Ile follow you, and tell what anfwer
Lewis and the Lady *Bona* fend to him.
Now for a-while farewell good Duke of Yorke.
They leade him out forcibly.
K. Ed. What Fates impofe, that men muſt needs abide;
It boots not to reſiſt both winde and tide. *Exeunt.*
Oxf. What now remaines my Lords for vs to do,
But marcb to London with our Soldiers?
War. I, that's the firſt thing that we haue to do,
To free King *Henry* from impriſonment,
And ſee him ſeated in the Regall Throne. *exit.*

Enter Riuers, and Lady Gray.

Riu. Madam, what makes you in this ſodain change?
Gray. Why Brotber *Riuers*, are you yet to learne
What late misfortune is befalne King *Edward?*
Riu. What loſſe of ſome pitcht battell
Againſt *Warwicke?*
Gray. No, but the loſſe of his owne Royall perſon.
Riu. Then is my Soueraigne ſlaine?
Gray. I almoſt ſlaine, for he is taken priſoner,
Either betrayd falſhood of his Guard,
Or by his Foe furpriz'd at vnawares:
And as I further haue to vnderſtand,
Is new committed to the Biſhop of Yorke,
Fell Warwickes Brother, and by that our Foe.
Riu. Theſe Newes I muſt confeſſe are full of greefe,
Yet gracious Madam, beare it as you may,
Warwicke may looſe that now hath wonne the day.
Gray. Till then, faire hope muſt hinder liues decay:
And I the rather waine me from diſpaire
For loue of *Edwards* Off-ſpring in my wombe:
This is it that makes me bridle paſſion,
And beare with Mildneſſe my misfortunes croſſe:
I, I, for this I draw in many a teare,
And ſtop tbe riſing of blood-ſucking ſighes,
Leaſt with my ſighes or teares, I blaſt or drowne
King *Edwards* Fruite, true heyre to th'Engliſh Crowne.
Riu. But Madam,
Where is Warwicke then become?
Gray. I am inform'd that he comes towards London,
To ſet the Crowne once more on *Henries* head,
Gueſſe thou the reſt, King *Edwards* Friends muſt downe.
But to preuent the Tyrants violence,
(For truſt not him that hath once broken Faitb)
Ile hence forthwith vnto the Sanctuary,
To ſaue (at least) the heire of *Edwards* right:
There ſhall I reſt ſecure from force and fraud:
Come therefore let vs flye, while we may flye,
If Warwicke take vs, we are ſure to dye. *exeunt.*

Enter Richard, Lord Haſtings, and Sir William Stanley.

Rich. Now my Lord *Haſtings*, and Sir *William Stanley*
Leaue off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this cheefeſt Thicket of the Parke.
Thus ſtand the caſe: you know our King, my Brother,
Is priſoner to the Biſhop here, at whoſe hands
He hath good vſage, and great liberty,
And often but attended with weake guard,
Come hunting this way to diſport himſelfe.
I haue aduertis'd him by ſecret meanes,
That if about this houre he make this way,
Vnder the colour of his vſuall game,
He ſhall heere finde his Friends with Horſe and Men,
To ſet him free from his Captiuitie.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntſman with him.

Huntſman. This way my Lord,
For this way lies the Game.
King Edw. Nay this way man,
See where the Huntſmen ſtand.
Now Brotber of Gloſter, Lord Haſtings, and tbe reſt,
Stand you thus cloſe to ſteale the Biſhops Deere?
Rich. Brother, the time and caſe, requiretb haſt,
Your horſe ſtands ready at the Parke-corner.
King Ed. But whether ſhall we tben?
Haſt. To Lyn my Lord,
And ſhipt from thence to Flanders.
Rich. Wel gueſt beleeue me, for that was my meaning
K. Ed. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardneſſe.
Rich. But wherefore ſtay we? 'tis no time to talke.
K. Ed. Huntſman, wbat fay'ſt thou?
Wilt thou go along?
Huntſ. Better do ſo, then tarry and be hang'd.
Rich. Come then away, lets ha no more adoo.
K. Ed. Biſhop farwell,
Sheeld tbee from *Warwickes* frowne,
And pray that I may re-poſſeſſe tbe Crowne. *exeunt*

Flouriſh. Enter King Henry the ſixt, Clarence, Warwicke, Somerſet, young Henry, Oxford, Mountague, and Lieutenant.

K. Hen. M. Lieutenant, now that God and Friends
Haue ſhaken *Edward* from the Regall feate,
And turn'd my captiue ſtate to libertie,
My feare to hope, my forrowes vnto ioyes,
At our enlargement what are thy due Fees?
Lieu. Subiects maychallenge nothing of their Sou'rains
But, if an humble prayer may preuaile,
I tben craue pardon of your Maieſtie.
K. Hen. For wbat, Lieutenant? For well vſing me?
Nay, be thou ſure, Ile well requite thy kindneſſe.
For that it made my impriſonment, a pleaſure:
I, ſuch a pleaſure, as incaged Birds
Conceiue; when after many moody Thoughts,
At laſt, by Notes of Houſhold harmonie,
They quite forget their loſſe of Libertie.

But

But *Warwicke*, after God, thou ſet'ſt me free,
And chiefely therefore, I thanke God, and thee,
He was the Author, thou the Inſtrument.
Therefore that I may conquer Fortunes ſpight,
By liuing low, where Fortune cannot hurt me,
And that the people of this bleſſed Land
May not be puniſht with my thwarting ſtarres.
Warwicke, although my Head ſtill weare the Crowne,
I here reſigne my Gouernment to thee,
For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.
Warw. Your Grace hath ſtill beene fam'd for vertuous,
And now may ſeeme as wiſe as vertuous,
By ſpying and auoiding Fortunes malice,
For few men rightly temper with the Starres:
Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
For chuſing me, when *Clarence* is in place.
Clar. No *Warwicke*, thou art worthy of the ſway,
To whom the Heau'ns in thy Natiuitie,
Adiudg'd an Oliue Branch, and Lawrell Crowne,
As likely to be bleſt in Peace and Warre:
And therefore I yeeld thee my free conſent.
War. And I chuſe *Clarence* onely for Protector.
King. Warwick and *Clarence*, giue me both your Hands:
Now ioyne your Hands, & with your Hands your Hearts,
That no diſſention hinder Gouernment:
I make you both Protectors of this Land,
While I my ſelfe will lead a priuate Life,
And in deuotion ſpend my latter dayes,
To ſinnes rebuke, and my Creators prayſe.
Warw. What anſweres *Clarence* to his Soueraignes will?
Clar. That he conſents, if *Warwicke* yeeld conſent,
For on thy fortune I repoſe my ſelfe.
Warw. Why then, though loth, yet muſt I be content:
Wee'le yoake together, like a double ſhadow
To *Henries* Body, and ſupply his place;
I meane, in bearing weight of Gouernment,
While he enioyes the Honor, and his eaſe.
And *Clarence*, now then it is more then needfull,
Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a Traytor,
And all his Lands and Goods confiſcate.
Clar. What elſe? and that Succeſſion be determined.
Warw. I, therein *Clarence* ſhall not want his part.
King. But with the firſt, of all your chiefe affaires,
Let me entreat (for I command no more)
That *Margaret* your Queene, and my Sonne *Edward*,
Be ſent for, to returne from France with ſpeed:
For till I ſee them here, by doubtfull feare,
My ioy of libertie is halfe eclips'd.
Clar. It ſhall bee done, my Soueraigne, with all ſpeede.
King. My Lord of Somerſet, what Youth is that,
Of whom you ſeeme to haue ſo tender care?
Somerſ. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earle of Richmond.
King. Come hither, Englands Hope:
Layes his Hand on his Head.
If ſecret Powers ſuggeſt but truth
To my diuining thoughts,
This prettie Lad will proue our Countries bliſſe.
His Lookes are full of peacefull Maieſtie,
His Head by nature fram'd to weare a Crowne,
His Hand to wield a Scepter, and himſelfe
Likely in time to bleſſe a Regall Throne:
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is hee
Muſt helpe you more, then you are hurt by mee.

Enter a Poſte.

Warw. What newes, my friend?
Poſte. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your Brother,
And fled (as hee heares ſince) to Burgundie.
Warw. Vnfauorie newes: but how made he eſcape?
Poſte. He was conuey'd by *Richard*, Duke of Gloſter,
And the Lord *Haſtings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh, on the Forreſt ſide,
And from the Biſhops Huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For Hunting was his dayly Exerciſe.
Warw. My Brother was too careleſſe of his charge.
But let vs hence, my Soueraigne, to prouide
A ſalue for any ſore, that may betide. *Exeunt.*

Manet Somerſet, Richmond, and Oxford.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edwards*:
For doubtleſſe, *Burgundie* will yeeld him helpe,
And we ſhall haue more Warres befor't be long.
As *Henries* late preſaging Prophecie
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*:
So doth my heart miſ-giue me, in theſe Conflicts,
What may befall him, to his harme and ours.
Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to preuent the worſt,
Forthwith wee'le ſend him hence to Brittanie,
Till ſtormes be paſt of Ciuill Enmitie.
Oxf. I: for if *Edward* re-poſſeſſe the Crowne,
'Tis like that *Richmond*, with the reſt, ſhall downe.
Som. It ſhall be ſo: he ſhall to Brittanie.
Come therefore, let's about it ſpeedily. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, Haſtings, and Souldiers.

Edw. Now Brother *Richard*, Lord *Haſtings*, and the reſt,
Yet thus farre Fortune maketh vs amends,
And ſayes, that once more I ſhall enterchange
My wained ſtate, for *Henries* Regall Crowne.
Well haue we paſs'd, and now re-paſs'd the Seas,
And brought deſired helpe from Burgundie.
What then remaines, we being thus arriu'd
From Rauenſpurre Hauen, before the Gates of Yorke,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedome?
Rich. The Gates made faſt?
Brother, I like not this.
For many men that ſtumble at the Threſhold,
Are well fore-told, that danger lurkes within.
Edw. Tuſh man, aboadments muſt not now affright vs:
By faire or foule meanes we muſt enter in,
For hither will our friends repaire to vs.
Haſt. My Liege, Ile knocke once more, to ſummon them.

Enter on the Walls, the Maior of Yorke, and his Brethren.

Maior. My Lords,
We were fore-warned of your comming,
And ſhut the Gates, for ſafetie of our ſelues;
For now we owe allegeance vnto *Henry*.
Edw. But, Maſter Maior, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the leaſt, is Duke of Yorke.
Maior. True, my good Lord, I know you for no leſſe.
Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedome,
As being well content with that alone.
Rich. But

Rich. But when the Fox hath once got in his Noſe,
Hee'le ſoone finde meanes to make the Body follow.
Haſt. Why, Maſter Maior, why ſtand you in a doubt?
Open the Gates, we are King *Henries* friends.
Maior. I, ſay you ſo? the Gates ſhall then be opened.
He deſcends.
Rich. A wiſe ſtout Captaine, and ſoone perſwaded.
Haſt. The good old man would faine that all were wel,
So 'twere not long of him: but being entred,
I doubt not I, but we ſhall ſoone perſwade
Both him, and all his Brothers, vnto reaſon.

Enter the Maior, and two Aldermen.
Edw. So, Maſter Maior: theſe Gates muſt not be ſhut,
But in the Night, or in the time of Warre.
What, feare not man, but yeeld me vp the Keyes,
Takes his Keyes.
For *Edward* will defend the Towne, and thee,
And all thoſe friends, that deine to follow mee.

March. Enter Mountgomerie, with Drumme and Souldiers.
Rich. Brother, this is Sir *Iohn Mountgomerie*,
Our truſtie friend, vnleſſe I be deceiu'd.
Edw. Welcome Sir *Iohn:* but why come you in Armes?
Mount. To helpe King *Edward* in his time of ſtorme,
As euery loyall Subiect ought to doe.
Edw. Thankes good *Mountgomerie:*
But we now forget our Title to the Crowne,
And onely clayme our Dukedome,
Till God pleaſe to ſend the reſt.
Mount. Then fare you well, for I will hence againe,
I came to ſerue a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer ſtrike vp, and let vs march away.
The Drumme begins to march.
Edw. Nay ſtay, Sir *Iohn*, a while, and wee'le debate
By what ſafe meanes the Crowne may be recouer'd.
Mount. What talke you of debating? in few words,
If you'le not here proclaime your ſelfe our King,
Ile leaue you to your fortune, and be gone,
To keepe them back, that come to ſuccour you.
Why ſhall we fight, if you pretend no Title?
Rich. Why Brother, wherefore ſtand you on nice points?
Edw. When wee grow ſtronger,
Then wee'le make our Clayme:
Till then, 'tis wiſdome to conceale our meaning.
Haſt. Away with ſcrupulous Wit, now Armes muſt rule.
Rich. And feareleſſe minds clyme ſooneſt vnto Crowns.
Brother, we will proclaime you out of hand,
The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.
Edw. Then be it as you will: for 'tis my right,
And *Henry* but vſurpes the Diademe.
Mount. I, now my Soueraigne ſpeaketh like himſelfe,
And now will I be *Edwards* Champion.
Haſt. Sound Trumpet, *Edward* ſhal be here proclaim'd:
Come, fellow Souldior, make thou proclamation.
Flouriſh. Sound.
Soul. Edward *the Fourth, by the Grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*
Mount. And whoſoe're gainſayes King *Edwards* right,
By this I challenge him to ſingle fight.
Throwes downe his Gauntlet.
All. Long liue *Edward* the Fourth.
Edw. Thankes braue *Mountgomery*,
And thankes vnto you all:
If fortune ſerue me, Ile requite this kindneſſe.
Now for this Night, let's harbor here in Yorke:
And when the Morning Sunne ſhall rayſe his Carre
Aboue the Border of this Horizon,
Wee'le forward towards *Warwicke*, and his Mates;
For well I wot, that *Henry* is no Souldier.
Ah froward *Clarence*, how euill it beſeemes thee,
To flatter *Henry*, and forſake thy Brother?
Yet as wee may, wee'le meet both thee and *Warwicke*.
Come on braue Souldiors: doubt not of the Day,
And that once gotten, doubt not of large Pay. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter the King, Warwicke, Mountague, Clarence, Oxford, and Somerſet.

War. What counſaile, Lords? *Edward* from Belgia,
With haſtie Germanes, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath paſs'd in ſafetie through the Narrow Seas,
And with his troupes doth march amaine to London,
And many giddie people flock to him.
King. Let's leuie men, and beat him backe againe.
Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which being ſuffer'd, Riuers cannot quench.
War. In Warwickſhire I haue true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in Warre,
Thoſe will I muſter vp: and thou Sonne *Clarence*
Shalt ſtirre vp in Suffolke, Norfolke, and in Kent,
The Knights and Gentlemen, to come with thee.
Thou Brother *Mountague*, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leiceſterſhire, ſhalt find
Men well enclin'd to heare what thou command'ſt.
And thou, braue *Oxford*, wondrous well belou'd,
In Oxfordſhire ſhalt muſter vp thy friends.
My Soueraigne, with the louing Citizens,
Like to his Iland, gyrt in with the Ocean,
Or modeſt *Dyan*, circled with her Nymphs,
Shall reſt in London, till we come to him:
Faire Lords take leaue, and ſtand not to reply.
Farewell my Soueraigne.
King. Farewell my *Hector*, and my Troyes true hope.
Clar. In ſigne of truth, I kiſſe your Highneſſe Hand.
King. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate.
Mount. Comfort, my Lord, and ſo I take my leaue.
Oxf. And thus I ſeale my truth, and bid adieu.
King. Sweet *Oxford*, and my louing *Mountague*,
And all at once, once more a happy farewell.
War. Farewell, ſweet Lords, let's meet at Couentry.
Exeunt.
King. Here at the Pallace will I reſt a while.
Couſin of *Exeter*, what thinkes your Lordſhip?
Me thinkes, the Power that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.
Exet. The doubt is, that he will ſeduce the reſt.
King. That's not my feare, my meed hath got me fame:
I haue not ſtopt mine eares to their demands,
Nor poſted off their ſuites with ſlow delayes,
My pittie hath beene balme to heale their wounds,
My mildneſſe hath allay'd their ſwelling griefes,
My mercie dry'd their water-flowing teares.
I haue not been deſirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppreſt them with great Subſidies,
Nor forward of reuenge, though they much err'd.
Then why ſhould they loue *Edward* more then me?
No *Exeter*, theſe Graces challenge Grace:

And

And when the Lyon fawnes vpon the Lambe,
The Lambe will neuer ceaſe to follow him.
Shout within, A Lancaſter, A Lancaſter.
Exet. Hearke, hearke, my Lord, what Shouts are theſe?

Enter Edward and his Souldiers.

Edw. Seize on the ſhamefac'd *Henry*, beare him hence,
And once againe proclaime vs King of England.
You are the Fount that makes ſmall Brookes to flow,
Now ſtops thy Spring, my Sea ſhall ſuck them dry,
And ſwell ſo much the higher, by their ebbe.
Hence with him to the Tower, let him not ſpeake.
Exit with King Henry.
And Lords, towards Couentry bend we our courſe,
Where peremptorie *Warwicke* now remaines:
The Sunne ſhines hot, and if we vſe delay,
Cold biting Winter marres our hop'd-for Hay.
Rich. Away betimes, before his forces ioyne,
And take the great-growne Traytor vnawares:
Braue Warriors, march amaine towards Couentry.
Exeunt.

Enter Warwicke, the Maior of Couentry, two Meſſengers, and others vpon the Walls.

War. Where is the Poſt that came from valiant *Oxford?*
How farre hence is thy Lord, mine honeſt fellow?
Meſſ. 1. By this at Dunſmore, marching hitherward.
War. How farre off is our Brother *Mountague?*
Where is the Poſt that came from *Mountague?*
*Meſſ.*2. By this at Daintry, with a puiſſant troope.

Enter Someruile.

War. Say *Someruile*, what ſayes my louing Sonne?
And by thy gueſſe, how nigh is *Clarence* now?
Someru. At Southam I did leaue him with his forces,
And doe expect him here ſome two howres hence.
War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I heare his Drumme.
Someru. It is not his, my Lord, here Southam lyes:
The Drum your Honor heares, marcheth from *Warwicke.*
War. Who ſhould that be? belike vnlook'd for friends.
Someru. They are at hand, and you ſhall quickly know.

March. Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, and Souldiers.

Edw. Goe, Trumpet, to the Walls, and ſound a Parle.
Rich. See how the ſurly *Warwicke* mans the Wall.
War. Oh vnbid ſpight, is ſportfull *Edward* come?
Where ſlept our Scouts, or how are they ſeduc'd,
That we could heare no newes of his repayre.
Edw. Now *Warwicke*, wilt thou ope the Citie Gates,
Speake gentle words, and humbly bend thy Knee,
Call *Edward* King, and at his hands begge Mercy,
And he ſhall pardon thee theſe Outrages?
War. Nay rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confeſſe who ſet thee vp, and pluckt thee downe,
Call *Warwicke* Patron, and be penitent,
And thou ſhalt ſtill remaine the Duke of Yorke.
Rich. I thought at leaſt he would haue ſaid the King,
Or did he make the leaſt againſt his will?
War. Is not a Dukedome, Sir, a goodly gift?
Rich. I, by my faith, for a poore Earle to giue,
Ile doe thee ſeruice for ſo good a gift.
War. 'Twas I that gaue the Kingdome to thy Brother.
Edw. Why then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwickes* gift.
War. Thou art no *Atlas* for ſo great a weight:
And Weakeling, *Warwicke* takes his gift againe,
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwicke* his Subiect.
Edw. But *Warwicke's* King is *Edwards* Priſoner:
And gallant *Warwicke*, doe but anſwer this,
What is the Body, when the Head is off?
Rich. Alas, that *Warwicke* had no more fore-caſt,
But whiles he thought to ſteale the ſingle Ten,
The King was ſlyly finger'd from the Deck:
You left poore *Henry* at the Biſhops Pallace,
And tenne to one you'le meet him in the Tower.
Edw. 'Tis euen ſo, yet you are *Warwicke* ſtill.
Rich. Come *Warwicke*,
Take the time, kneele downe, kneele downe:
Nay when? ſtrike now, or elſe the Iron cooles.
War. I had rather chop this Hand off at a blow,
And with the other, fling it at thy face,
Then beare ſo low a ſayle, to ſtrike to thee.
Edw. Sayle how thou canſt,
Haue Winde and Tyde thy friend,
This Hand, faſt wound about thy coale-black hayre,
Shall, whiles thy Head is warme, and new cut off,
Write in the duſt this Sentence with thy blood,
Wind-changing *Warwicke* now can change no more.

Enter Oxford, with Drumme and Colours.

War. Oh chearefull Colours, ſee where *Oxford* comes.
Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. The Gates are open, let vs enter too.
Edw. So other foes may ſet vpon our backs.
Stand we in good array: for they no doubt
Will iſſue out againe, and bid vs battaile;
If not, the Citie being but of ſmall defence,
Wee'le quickly rowze the Traitors in the ſame.
War. Oh welcome *Oxford*, for we want thy helpe.

Enter Mountague, with Drumme and Colours.

Mount. Mountague, Mountague, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. Thou and thy Brother both ſhall buy this Treaſon
Euen with the deareſt blood your bodies beare.
Edw. The harder matcht, the greater Victorie,
My minde preſageth happy gaine, and Conqueſt.

Enter Somerſet, with Drumme and Colours.

Som. Somerſet, Somerſet, for *Lancaſter.*
Rich. Two of thy Name, both Dukes of Somerſet,
Haue ſold their Liues vnto the Houſe of *Yorke*,
And thou ſhalt be the third, if this Sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with Drumme and Colours.

War. And loe, where *George* of Clarence ſweepes along,
Of force enough to bid his Brother Battaile:
With whom, in vpright zeale to right, preuailes
More then the nature of a Brothers Loue.
Come *Clarence*, come: thou wilt, if *Warwicke* call.
Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what this meanes?
Looke here, I throw my infamie at thee:
I will not ruinate my Fathers Houſe,
Who gaue his blood to lyme the ſtones together,
And ſet vp *Lancaſter.* Why, troweſt thou, *Warwicke*,
That *Clarence* is ſo harſh, ſo blunt, vnnaturall,
To bend the fatall Inſtruments of Warre

Againſt

Againſt his Brother, and his lawfull King.
Perhaps thou wilt obiect my holy Oath:
To keepe that Oath, were more impietie,
Then *Iephah*, when he ſacrific'd his Daughter.
I am ſo ſorry for my Treſpas made,
That to deſerue well at my Brothers hands,
I here proclayme my ſelfe thy mortall foe:
With reſolution, wherefoe're I meet thee,
(As I will meet thee, if thou ſtirre abroad)
To plague thee, for thy ſoule mis-leading me.
And ſo, prowd-hearted *Warwicke*, I defie thee,
And to my Brother turne my bluſhing Cheekes.
Pardon me *Edward*, I will make amends:
And *Richard*, doe not frowne vpon my faults,
For I will henceforth be no more vnconſtant.
Edw. Now welcome more, and ten times more belou'd,
Then if thou neuer hadſt deſeru'd our hate.
Rich. Welcome good *Clarence*, this is Brother-like.
Warw. Oh paſſing Traytor, periur'd and vniuſt.
Edw. What *Warwicke*,
Wilt thou leaue the Towne, and fight?
Or ſhall we beat the Stones about thine Eares?
Warw. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
I will away towards Barnet preſently,
And bid thee Battaile, *Edward*, if thou dar'ſt.
Edw. Yes *Warwicke*, *Edward* dares, and leads the way:
Lords to the field: Saint *George*, and Victorie. *Exeunt.*
March. Warwicke and his companie followes.

Alarum, and Excurſions. Enter Edward bringing forth Warwicke wounded.

Edw. So, lye thou there: dye thou, and dye our feare,
For *Warwicke* was a Bugge that fear'd vs all.
Now *Mountague* ſit faſt, I ſeeke for thee,
That *Warwickes* Bones may keepe thine companie.
Exit.
Warw. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me who is Victor, *Yorke*, or *Warwicke?*
Why aske I that? my mangled body ſhewes,
My blood, my want of ſtrength, my ſicke heart ſhewes,
That I muſt yeeld my body to the Earth,
And by my fall, the conqueſt to my foe.
Thus yeelds the Cedar to the Axes edge,
Whoſe Armes gaue ſhelter to the Princely Eagle,
Vnder whoſe ſhade the ramping Lyon ſlept,
Whoſe top-branch ouer-peer'd *Ioues* ſpreading Tree,
And kept low Shrubs from Winters pow'rfull Winde.
Theſe Eyes, that now are dim'd with Deaths black Veyle,
Haue beene as piercing as the Mid-day Sunne,
To ſearch the ſecret Treaſons of the World:
The Wrinckles in my Browes, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to Kingly Sepulchers:
For who liu'd King, but I could digge his Graue?
And who durſt ſmile, when *Warwicke* bent his Brow?
Loe, now my Glory ſmear'd in duſt and blood.
My Parkes, my Walkes, my Mannors that I had,
Euen now forſake me; and of all my Lands,
Is nothing left me, but my bodies length.
Why, what is Pompe, Rule, Reigne, but Earth and Duſt?
And liue we how we can, yet dye we muſt.

Enter Oxford and Somerſet.

Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Warwicke*, wert thou as we are,
We might recouer all our Loſſe againe:
The Queene from France hath brought a puiſſant power.
Euen now we heard the newes: ah, could'ſt thou flye.
Warw. Why then I would not flye. Ah *Mountague*,
If thou be there, ſweet Brother, take my Hand,
And with thy Lippes keepe in my Soule a while.
Thou lou'ſt me not: for, Brother, if thou didſt,
Thy teares would waſh this cold congealed blood,
That glewes my Lippes, and will not let me ſpeake.
Come quickly *Mountague*, or I am dead.
Som. Ah *Warwicke*, *Mountague* hath breath'd his laſt,
And to the lateſt gaſpe, cry'd out for *Warwicke:*
And ſaid, Commend me to my valiant Brother.
And more he would haue ſaid, and more he ſpoke,
Which ſounded like a Cannon in a Vault,
That mought not be diſtinguiſht: but at laſt,
I well might heare, deliuered with a groane,
Oh farewell *Warwicke.*
Warw. Sweet reſt his Soule:
Flye Lords, and ſaue your ſelues,
For *Warwicke* bids you all farewell, to meet in Heauen.
Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queenes great power.
Here they beare away his Body. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter King Edward in triumph, with Richard, Clarence, and the reſt.

King. Thus farre our fortune keepes an vpward courſe,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of Victorie:
But in the midſt of this bright-ſhining Day,
I ſpy a black ſuſpicious threatning Cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious Sunne,
Ere he attaine his eaſefull Weſterne Bed:
I meane, my Lords, thoſe powers that the Queene
Hath rays'd in Gallia, haue arriued our Coaſt,
And, as we heare, march on to fight with vs.
Clar. A little gale will ſoone diſperſe that Cloud,
And blow it to the Source from whence it came,
Thy very Beames will dry thoſe Vapours vp,
For euery Cloud engenders not a Storme.
Rich. The Queene is valued thirtie thouſand ſtrong,
And *Somerſet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her:
If ſhe haue time to breathe, be well aſſur'd
Her faction will be full as ſtrong as ours.
King. We are aduertis'd by our louing friends,
That they doe hold their courſe toward Tewksbury.
We hauing now the beſt at Barnet field,
Will thither ſtraight, for willingneſſe rids way,
And as we march, our ſtrength will be augmented:
In euery Countie as we goe along,
Strike vp the Drumme, cry courage, and away. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. March. Enter the Queene, young Edward, Somerſet, Oxford, and Souldiers.

Qu. Great Lords, wife men ne'r ſit and waile their loſſe,
But chearely ſeeke how to redreſſe their harmes.
What though the Maſt be now blowne ouer-boord,
The Cable broke, the holding-Anchor loſt,
And halfe our Saylors ſwallow'd in the flood?
Yet liues our Pilot ſtill. Is't meet, that hee
Should leaue the Helme, and like a fearefull Lad,
With tearefull Eyes adde Water to the Sea,
And giue more ſtrength to that which hath too much,
Whiles in his moane, the Ship ſplits on the Rock,
Which Induſtrie and Courage might haue ſau'd?
Ah what a ſhame, ah what a fault were this.
Say *Warwicke* was our Anchor: what of that?

And *Mountague* our Top-Maſt: what of him?
Our ſlaught'red friends, the Tackles: what of theſe?
Why is not *Oxford* here, another Anchor?
And *Somerſet*, another goodly Maſt?
The friends of France our Shrowds and Tacklings?
And though vnskilfull, why not *Ned* and I,
For once allow'd the skilfull Pilots Charge?
We will not from the Helme, to ſit and weepe,
But keepe our Courſe (though the rough Winde ſay no)
From Shelues and Rocks, that threaten vs with Wrack.
As good to chide the Waues, as ſpeake them faire.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthleſſe Sea?
What *Clarence*, but a Quick-ſand of Deceit?
And *Richard*, but a raged fatall Rocke?
All theſe, the Enemies to our poore Barke.
Say you can ſwim, alas 'tis but a while:
Tread on the Sand, why there you quickly ſinke,
Beſtride the Rock, the Tyde will waſh you off,
Or elſe you famiſh, that's a three-fold Death.
This ſpeake I (Lords) to let you vnderſtand,
If caſe ſome one of you would flye from vs,
That there's no hop'd-for Mercy with the Brothers,
More then with ruthleſſe Waues, with Sands and Rocks.
Why courage then, what cannot be auoided,
'Twere childiſh weakeneſſe to lament, or feare.

Prince. Me thinkes a Woman of this valiant Spirit,
Should, if a Coward heard her ſpeake theſe words,
Infuſe his Breaſt with Magnanimitie,
And make him, naked, foyle a man at Armes.
I ſpeake not this, as doubting any here:
For did I but ſuſpect a fearefull man,
He ſhould haue leaue to goe away betimes,
Leaſt in our need he might infect another,
And make him of like ſpirit to himſelfe.
If any ſuch be here, as God forbid,
Let him depart, before we neede his helpe.

Oxf. Women and Children of ſo high a courage,
And Warriors faint, why 'twere perpetuall ſhame.
Oh braue young Prince: thy famous Grandfather
Doth liue againe in thee; long may'ſt thou liue,
To beare his Image, and renew his Glories.

Som. And he that will not fight for ſuch a hope,
Goe home to Bed, and like the Owle by day,
If he ariſe, be mock'd and wondred at.

Qu. Thankes gentle *Somerſet*, ſweet *Oxford* thankes.

Prince. And take his thankes, that yet hath nothing elſe.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Prepare you Lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
Readie to fight: therefore be reſolute.

Oxf. I thought no leſſe: it is his Policie,
To haſte thus faſt, to finde vs vnprouided.

Som. But hee's deceiu'd, we are in readineſſe.

Qu. This cheares my heart, to ſee your forwardneſſe.

Oxf. Here pitch our Battaile, hence we will not budge.

Flouriſh, and march. Enter Edward, Richard, Clarence, and Souldiers.

Edw. Braue followers, yonder ſtands the thornie Wood,
Which by the Heauens aſſiſtance, and your ſtrength,
Muſt by the Roots be hew'ne vp yet ere Night.
I need not adde more fuell to your fire,
For well I wot, ye blaze, to burne them out:
Giue ſignall to the fight, and to it Lords.

Qu. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I ſhould ſay,
My teares gaine-ſay: for euery word I ſpeake,
Ye ſee I drinke the water of my eye.
Therefore no more but this: *Henry* your Soueraigne
Is Priſoner to the Foe, his State vſurp'd,
His Realme a ſlaughter-houſe, his Subiects ſlaine,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treaſure ſpent:
And yonder is the Wolfe, that makes this ſpoyle.
You fight in Iuſtice: then in Gods Name, Lords,
Be valiant, and giue ſignall to the fight.

Alarum, Retreat, Excurſions. *Exeunt.*

Flouriſh. Enter Edward, Richard, Queene, Clarence, Oxford, Somerſet.

Edw. Now here a period of tumultuous Broyles.
Away with *Oxford* to Hames Caſtle ſtraight:
For *Somerſet*, off with his guiltie Head
Goe beare them hence, I will not heare them ſpeake.

Oxf. For my part, Ile not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but ſtoupe with patience to my fortune.

Exeunt.

Qu. So part we ſadly in this troublous World,
To meet with Ioy in ſweet Ieruſalem.

Edw. Is Proclamation made, That who finds *Edward*,
Shall haue a high Reward, and he his Life?

Rich. It is, and loe where youthfull *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince.

Edw. Bring forth the Gallant, let vs heare him ſpeake.
What? can ſo young a Thorne begin to prick?
Edward, what ſatisfaction canſt thou make,
For bearing Armes, for ſtirring vp my Subiects,
And all the trouble thou haſt turn'd me to?

Prince. Speake like a Subiect, prowd ambitious *Yorke*.
Suppoſe that I am now my Fathers Mouth,
Reſigne thy Chayre, and where I ſtand, kneele thou,
Whil'ſt I propoſe the ſelfe-ſame words to thee,
Which (Traytor) thou would'ſt haue me anſwer to.

Qu. Ah, that thy Father had beene ſo reſolu'd

Rich. That you might ſtill haue worne the Petticoat,
And ne're haue ſtolne the Breech from *Lancaſter*.

Prince. Let *Æſop* fable in a Winters Night,
His Curriſh Riddles ſorts not with this place.

Rich. By Heauen, Brat, Ile plague ye for that word.

Qu. I, thou waſt borne to be a plague to men.

Rich. For Gods ſake, take away this Captiue Scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this ſcolding Crooke-backe, rather.

Edw. Peace wilfull Boy, or I will charme your tongue.

Clar. Vntutor'd Lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my dutie, you are all vndutifull:
Laſciuious *Edward*, and thou periur'd *George*,
And thou miſ-ſhapen *Dicke*, I tell ye all,
I am your better, Traytors as ye are,
And thou vſurp'ſt my Fathers right and mine.

Edw. Take that, the likeneſſe of this Rayler here.

Stabs him.

Rich. Sprawl'ſt thou? take that, to end thy agonie.

Rich. ſtabs him.

Clar. And ther's for twitting me with periurie.

Clar. ſtabs him.

Qu. Oh, kill me too.

Rich. Marry, and ſhall. *Offers to kill her.*

Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold, for we haue done too much.

Rich. Why

Rich. Why ſhould ſhee liue, to fill the World with words.

Edw. What? doth ſhee ſwowne? vſe meanes for her recouerie.

Rich. Clarence excuſe me to the King my Brother: Ile hence to London on a ſerious matter, Ere ye come there, be ſure to heare ſome newes.

Cla. What? what?

Rich. Tower, the Tower. *Exit.*

Qu. Oh *Ned*, ſweet *Ned*, ſpeake to thy Mother Boy. Can'ſt thou not ſpeake? O Traitors, Murtherers! They that ſtabb'd *Cæſar*, ſhed no blood at all: Did not offend, nor were not worthy Blame, If this foule deed were by, to equall it. He was a Man; this (in reſpect) a Childe, And Men, ne're ſpend their fury on a Childe. What's worſe then Murtherer, that I may name it? No, no, my heart will burſt, and if I ſpeake, And I will ſpeake, that ſo my heart may burſt. Butchers and Villaines, bloudy Caniballes, How ſweet a Plant haue you vntimely cropt: You haue no children (Butchers) if you had, The thought of them would haue ſtirr'd vp remorſe, But if you euer chance to haue a Childe, Looke in his youth to haue him ſo cut off. As deathſmen you haue rid this ſweet yong Prince.

King. Away with her, go beare her hence perforce.

Qu. Nay, neuer beare me hence, diſpatch me heere: Here ſheath thy Sword, Ile pardon thee my death: What? wilt thou not? Then *Clarence* do it thou.

Cla. By heauen, I will not do thee ſo much eaſe.

Qu. Good *Clarence* do: ſweet *Clarence* do thou do it.

Cla. Did'ſt thou not heare me ſweare I would not do it?

Qu. I, but thou vſeſt to forſweare thy ſelfe. 'Twas Sin before, but now 'tis Charity. What wilt ỹ not? Where is that diuels butcher *Richard*? Hard fauor'd *Richard*? *Richard*, where art thou? Thou art not heere; Murther is thy Almeſ-deed: Petitioners for Blood, thou ne're put'ſt backe.

Ed. Away I ſay, I charge ye beare her hence.

Qu. So come to you, and yours, as to this Prince. *Exit Queene.*

Ed. Where's *Richard* gone.

Cla. To London all in poſt, and as I gueſſe, To make a bloody Supper in the Tower.

Ed. He's ſodaine if a thing comes in his head. Now march we hence, diſcharge the common ſort With Pay and Thankes, and let's away to London, And ſee our gentle Queene how well ſhe fares, By this (I hope) ſhe hath a Sonne for me. *Exit.*

Enter Henry the ſixt, and Richard, with the Lieutenant on the Walles.

Rich. Good day, my Lord, what at your Booke ſo hard?

Hen. I my good Lord: my Lord I ſhould ſay rather, 'Tis ſinne to flatter, Good was little better: Good Gloſter, and good Deuill, were alike, And both prepoſterous: therefore, not Good Lord.

Rich. Sirra, leaue vs to our ſelues, we muſt conferre.

Hen. So flies the wreakleſſe ſhepherd from ỹ Wolfe: So firſt the harmleſſe Sheepe doth yeeld his Fleece, And next his Throate, vnto the Butchers Knife. What Scene of death hath *Roſcius* now to Acte?

Rich. Suſpition alwayes haunts the guilty minde, The Theefe doth feare each buſh an Officer.

Hen. The Bird that hath bin limed in a buſh, With trembling wings miſdoubteth euery buſh; And I the hapleſſe Male to one ſweet Bird, Haue now the fatall Obiect in my eye, Where my poore yong was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Rich. Why what a peeuiſh Foole was that of Creet, That taught his Sonne the office of a Fowle, And yet for all his wings, the Foole was drown'd.

Hen. I *Dedalus*, my poore Boy *Icarus*, Thy Father *Minos*, that deni'de our courſe, The Sunne that ſear'd the wings of my ſweet Boy. Thy Brother *Edward*, and thy Selfe, the Sea Whoſe enuious Gulfe did ſwallow vp his life: Ah, kill me with thy Weapon, not with words, My breſt can better brooke thy Daggers point, Then can my eares that Tragicke Hiſtory. But wherefore doſt thou come? Is't for my Life?

Rich. Think'ſt thou I am an Executioner?

Hen. A Perſecutor I am ſure thou art, If murthering Innocents be Executing, Why then thou art an Executioner.

Rich. Thy Son I kill'd for his preſumption.

Hen. Hadſt thou bin kill'd, when firſt ỹ didſt preſume. Thou had'ſt not liu'd to kill a Sonne of mine: And thus I propheſie, that many a thouſand, Which now miſtruſt no parcell of my feare, And many an old mans ſighe, and many a Widdowes, And many an Orphans water-ſtanding-eye, Men for their Sonnes, Wiues for their Husbands, Orphans, for their Parents timeles death, Shall rue the houre that euer thou was't borne. The Owle ſhriek'd at thy birth, an euill ſigne, The Night-Crow cry'de, aboding luckleſſe time, Dogs howl'd, and hiddeous Tempeſt ſhook down Trees: The Rauen rook'd her on the Chimnies top, And chatt'ring Pies in diſmall Diſcords ſung: Thy Mother felt more then a Mothers paine, And yet brought forth leſſe then a Mothers hope, To wit, an indigeſted and deformed lumpe, Not like the fruit of ſuch a goodly Tree. Teeth had'ſt thou in thy head, when thou was't borne, To ſignifie, thou cam'ſt to bite the world: And if the reſt be true, which I haue heard, Thou cam'ſt———

Rich. Ile heare no more:
Dye Prophet in thy ſpeech, *Stabbes him.*
For this (among'ſt the reſt) was I ordain'd.

Hen. I, and for much more ſlaughter after this, O God forgiue my ſinnes, and pardon thee. *Dyes.*

Rich. What? will the aſpiring blood of Lancaſter Sinke in the ground? I thought it would haue mounted. See how my ſword weepes for the poore Kings death. O may ſuch purple teares be alway ſhed From thoſe that wiſh the downfall of our houſe. If any ſparke of Life be yet remaining, Downe, downe to hell, and ſay I ſent thee thither. *Stabs him againe.*

I that haue neyther pitty, loue, nor feare, Indeed 'tis true that *Henrie* told me of: For I haue often heard my Mother ſay, I came into the world with my Legges forward. Had I not reaſon (thinke ye) to make haſt, And ſeeke their Ruine, that vſurp'd our Right? The Midwife wonder'd, and the Women cri'de O Ieſus bleſſe vs, he is borne with teeth,

And

And ſo I was, which plainly ſignified,
That I ſhould ſnarle, and bite, and play the dogge:
Then ſince the Heauens haue ſhap'd my Body ſo,
Let Hell make crook'd my Minde to anſwer it.
I haue no Brother, I am like no Brother:
And this word [Loue] which Gray-beards call Diuine,
Be reſident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am my ſelfe alone.
Clarence beware, thou keept'ſt me from the Light,
But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzze abroad ſuch Propheſies,
That *Edward* ſhall be fearefull of his life,
And then to purge his feare, Ile be thy death.
King *Henry*, and the Prince his Son are gone,
Clarence thy turne is next, and then the reſt,
Counting my ſelfe but bad, till I be beſt.
Ile throw thy body in another roome,
And Triumph *Henry*, in thy day of Doome. *Exit.*

Flouriſh. Enter King, Queene, Clarence, Richard, Haſtings, Nurſe, and Attendants.

King. Once more we ſit in Englands Royall Throne,
Re-purchac'd with the Blood of Enemies:
What valiant Foe-men, like to Autumnes Corne,
Haue we mow'd downe in tops of all their pride?
Three Dukes of Somerſet, threefold Renowne,
For hardy and vndoubted Champions:
Two *Cliffords*, as the Father and the Sonne,
And two Northumberlands: two brauer men,
Ne're ſpurr'd their Courſers at the Trumpets ſound.
With them, the two braue Beares, *Warwick & Montague*,
That in their Chaines fetter'd the Kingly Lyon,
And made the Forreſt tremble when they roar'd.
Thus haue we ſwept Suſpition from our Seate,
And made our Footſtoole of Security.
Come hither *Beſſe*, and let me kiſſe my Boy:
Kong *Ned*, for thee, thine Vnckles, and my ſelfe,
Haue in our Armors watcht the Winters night,
Went all afoote in Summers ſcalding heate,
That thou might'ſt repoſſeſſe the Crowne in peace,
And of our Labours thou ſhalt reape the gaine.
Rich. Ile blaſt his Harueſt, if your head were laid,
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This ſhoulder was ordain'd ſo thicke, to heaue,
And heaue it ſhall ſome waight, or breake my backe,
Worke thou the way, add that ſhalt execute.
King. Clarence and *Gloſter*, loue my louely Queene,
And 'tis your Princely Nephew Brothers both.
Cla. The duty that I owe vnto your Maieſty,
I Seale vpon the lips of this ſweet Babe.
Cla. Thanke Noble *Clarence*, worthy brother thanks.
Rich. And that I loue the tree frõ whence ỹ ſprang'ſt:
Witneſſe the louing kiſſe I giue the Fruite,
To fay the truth, ſo *Iudas* kiſt his maſter,
And cried all haile, when as he meant all harme.
King. Now am I ſeated as my ſoule delights,
Hauing my Countries peace, and Brothers loues.
Cla. What will your Grace haue done with *Margaret*,
Reynard her Father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Ieruſalem,
And hither haue they ſent it for her ranſome.
King. Away with her, and waft her hence to France:
And now what reſts, but that we ſpend the time
With ſtately Triumphes, mirthfull Comicke ſhewes,
Such as befits the pleaſure of the Court.
Sound Drums and Trumpets, farwell ſowre annoy,
For heere I hope begins our laſting ioy. *Exeunt omnes.*

FINIS.

The Tragedy of Richard the Third:

with the Landing of Earle Richmond, and the Battell at Bosworth Field.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter, ſolus.

NOw is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houſe
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:
I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maieſty,
To ſtrut before a wonton ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finiſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing World, ſcarſe halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnſaſhionable,
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them.
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſee my Shadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes.
Plots haue I laide, Inductions dangerous,
By drunken Prophecies, Libels, and Dreames,
To ſet my Brother *Clarence* and the King
In deadly hate, the one againſt the other:
And if King *Edward* be as true and iuſt,
As I am Subtle, Falſe, and Treacherous,
This day ſhould *Clarence* cloſely be mew'd vp:
About a Prophecie, which ſayes that G,
Of *Edwards* heyres the murtherer ſhall be.
Diue thoughts downe to my ſoule, here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury, guarded.

Brother, good day: What meanes this armed guard
That waites vpon your Grace?

Cla. His Maieſty tendring my perſons ſafety,
Hath appointed this Conduct, to conuey me to th'Tower

Rich. Vpon what cauſe?

Cla. Becauſe my name is *George*.

Rich. Alacke my Lord, that fault is none of yours:
He ſhould for that commit your Godfathers.
O belike, his Maieſty hath ſome intent,
That you ſhould be new Chriſtned in the Tower.
But what's the matter *Clarence*, may I know?

Cla. Yea *Richard*, when I know: but I proteſt
As yet I do not: But as I can learne,
He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreames,
And from the Croſſe-row pluckes the letter G:
And ſayes, a Wizard told him, that by G,
His iſſue diſinherited ſhould be.
And for my name of *George* begins with G,
It followes in his thought, that I am he.
Theſe (as I learne) and ſuch like toyes as theſe,
Hath moou'd his Highneſſe to commit me now.

Rich. Why this it is, when men are rul'd by Women:
'Tis not the King that ſends you to the Tower,
My Lady *Grey* his Wife, *Clarence* 'tis ſhee,
That tempts him to this harſh Extremity.
Was it not ſhee, and that good man of Worſhip,
Anthony Woodeuille her Brother there,
That made him ſend Lord *Haſtings* to the Tower?
From whence this preſent day he is deliuered?
We are not ſafe *Clarence*, we are not ſafe.

Cla. By heauen, I thinke there is no man ſecure
But the Queenes Kindred, and night-walking Heralds,
That trudge betwixt the King, and Miſtris *Shore*.
Heard you not what an humble Suppliant
Lord *Haſtings* was, for her deliuery?

Rich. Humbly complaining to her Deitie,
Got my Lord Chamberlaine his libertie.
Ile tell you what, I thinke it is our way,
If we will keepe in fauour with the King,
To be her men, and weare her Liuery.
The iealous ore-worne Widdow, and her ſelfe,
Since that our Brother dub'd them Gentlewomen,
Are mighty Goſsips in our Monarchy.

Bra. I beſeech your Graces both to pardon me,
His Maieſty hath ſtraightly giuen in charge,
That no man ſhall haue priuate Conference
(Of what degree ſoeuer) with your Brother.

Rich.

Rich. Euen ſo, and pleaſe your Worſhip *Brakenbury*,
You may partake of any thing we ſay:
We ſpeake no Treaſon man; We ſay the King
Is wiſe and vertuous, and his Noble Queene
Well ſtrooke in yeares, faire, and not iealious.
We ſay, that *Shores* Wife hath a pretty Foot,
A cherry Lip, a bonny Eye, a paſsing pleaſing tongue:
And that the Queenes Kindred are made gentle Folkes.
How ſay you ſir? can you deny all this?
Bra. With this (my Lord) my ſelfe haue nought to doo.
Rich. Naught to do with Miſtris *Shore?*
I tell thee Fellow, he that doth naught with her
(Excepting one) were beſt to do it ſecretly alone.
Bra. What one, my Lord?
Rich. Her Husband Knaue, would'ſt thou betray me?
Bra. I do beſeech your Grace
To pardon me, and withall forbeare
Your Conferenee with the Noble Duke.
Cla. We know thy charge *Brakenbury*, and wil obey.
Rich. We are the Queenes abiects, and muſt obey.
Brother farewell, I will vnto the King,
And whatſoe're you will imploy me in,
Were it to call King *Edwards* Widdow, Siſter,
I will performe it to infranchiſe you.
Meane time, this deepe diſgrace in Brotherhood,
Touches me deeper then you can imagine.
Cla. I know it pleaſeth neither of vs well.
Rich. Well, your impriſonment ſhall not be long,
I will deliuer you, or elſe lye for you:
Meane time, haue patience.
Cla. I muſt perforce: Farewell. *Exit Clar.*
Rich. Go treade the path that thou ſhalt ne're return:
Simple plaine *Clarence*, I do loue thee ſo,
That I will ſhortly ſend thy Soule to Heauen,
If Heauen will take the preſent at our hands.
But who comes heere? the new deliuered *Haſtings?*

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Good time of day vnto my gracious Lord.
Rich. As much vnto my good Lord Chamberlaine:
Well are you welcome to this open Ayre,
How hath your Lordſhip brook'd impriſonment?
Haſt. With patience (Noble Lord) as priſoners muſt:
But I ſhall liue (my Lord) to giue them thankes
That were the cauſe of my impriſonment.
Rich. No doubt, no doubt, and ſo ſhall *Clarence* too,
For they that were your Enemies, are his,
And haue preuail'd as much on him, as you.
Haſt. More pitty, that the Eagles ſhould be mew'd,
Whiles Kites and Buzards play at liberty.
Rich. What newes abroad?
Haſt. No newes ſo bad abroad, as this at home:
The King is ſickly, weake, and melancholly,
And his Phyſitians feare him mightily.
Rich. Now by S. Iohn, that Newes is bad indeed.
O he hath kept an euill Diet long,
And ouer-much conſum'd his Royall Perſon:
'Tis very greeuous to be thought vpon.
Where is he, in his bed?
Haſt. He is.
Rich. Go you before, and I will follow you.
Exit Haſtings.
He cannot liue I hope, and muſt not dye,
Till *George* be pack'd with poſt-horſe vp to Heauen.
Ile in to vrge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well ſteel'd with weighty Arguments,
And if I faile not in my deepe intent,
Clarence hath not another day to liue:
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy,
And leaue the world for me to bufle in.
For then, Ile marry Warwickes yongeſt daughter.
What though I kill'd her Husband, and her Father,
The readieſt way to make the Wench amends,
Is to become her Husband, and her Father:
The which will I, not all ſo much for loue,
As for another ſecret cloſe intent,
By marrying her, which I muſt reach vnto:
But yet I run before my horſe to Market:
Clarence ſtill breathes, *Edward* ſtill liues and raignes,
When they are gone, then muſt I count my gaines. *Exit*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Coarſe of Henrie the ſixt with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the Mourner.

Anne. Set downe, ſet downe your honourable load,
If Honor may be ſhrowded in a Herſe;
Whil'ſt I a-while obſequiouſly lament
Th'vntimely fall of Vertuous Lancaſter.
Poore key-cold Figure of a holy King,
Pale Aſhes of the Houſe of Lancaſter;
Thou bloodleſſe Remnant of that Royall Blood,
Be it lawfull that I inuocate thy Ghoſt,
To heare the Lamentations of poore *Anne*,
Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy ſlaughtred Sonne,
Stab'd by the ſelfeſame hand that made theſe wounds.
Loe, in theſe windowes that let forth thy liſe,
I powre the helpleſſe Balme of my poore eyes.
O curſed be the hand that made theſe holes:
Curſed the Heart, that had the heart to do it:
Curſed the Blood, that let this blood from hence:
More direfull hap betide that hated Wretch
That makes vs wretched by the death of thee,
Then I can wiſh to Wolues, to Spiders, Toades,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that liues.
If euer he haue Childe, Abortiue be it,
Prodigeous, and vntimely brought to light,
Whoſe vgly and vnnaturall Aſpect
May fright the hopefull Mother at the view,
And that be Heyre to his vnhappineſſe.
If euer he haue Wife, let her be made
More miſerable by the death of him,
Then I am made by my young Lord, and thee.
Come now towards Chertſey with your holy Lode,
Taken from Paules, to be interred there.
And ſtill as you are weary of this waight,
Reſt you, whiles I lament King *Henries* Coarſe.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloſter.

Rich. Stay you that beare the Coarſe, & ſet it down.
An. What blacke Magitian coniures vp this Fiend,
To ſtop deuoted charitable deeds?
Rich. Villaines ſet downe the Coarſe, or by S. Paul,
Ile make a Coarſe of him that diſobeyes.

Gen.

Gen. My Lord ſtand backe, and let the Coffin paſſe.
Rich. Vnmanner'd Dogge,
Stand'ſt thou when I commaund:
Aduance thy Halbert higher then my breſt,
Or by S. Paul Ile ſtrike thee to my Foote,
And ſpurne vpon thee Begger for thy boldneſſe.
Anne. What do you tremble? are you all affraid?
Alas, I blame you not, for you are Mortall,
And Mortall eyes cannot endure the Diuell.
Auant thou dreadfull miniſter of Hell;
Thou had'ſt but power ouer his Mortall body,
His Soule thou canſt not haue: Therefore be gone.
Rich. Sweet Saint, for Charity, be not ſo curſt.
An. Foule Diuell,
For Gods ſake hence, and trouble vs not,
For thou haſt made the happy earth thy Hell:
Fill'd it with curſing cries, and deepe exclaimes:
If thou delight to view thy heynous deeds,
Behold this patterne of thy Butcheries.
Oh Gentlemen, ſee, ſee dead *Henries* wounds,
Open their congeal'd mouthes, and bleed afreſh.
Bluſh, bluſh, thou lumpe of ſowle Deformitie:
For 'tis thy preſence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty Veines where no blood dwels.
Thy Deeds inhumane and vnnaturall,
Prouokes this Deluge moſt vnnaturall.
O God! which this Blood mad'ſt, reuenge his death:
O Earth! which this Blood drink'ſt, reuenge his death.
Either Heau'n with Lightning ſtrike the murth'rer dead:
Or Earth gape open wide, and eate him quicke,
As thou doſt ſwallow vp this good Kings blood,
Which his Hell-gouern'd arme hath butchered.
Rich. Lady, you know no Rules of Charity,
Which renders good for bad, Bleſſings for Curſes.
An. Villaine, thou know'ſt nor law of God nor Man,
No Beaſt ſo fierce, but knowes ſome touch of pitty.
Rich. But I know none, and therefore am no Beaſt.
An. O wonderfull, when diuels tell the truth!
Rich. More wonderfull, when Angels are ſo angry:
Vouchſafe (diuine perfection of a Woman)
Of theſe ſuppoſed Crimes, to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, but to acquit my ſelfe.
An. Vouchſafe (defus'd infection of man)
Of theſe knowne euils, but to giue me leaue
By circumſtance, to curſe thy curſed Selfe.
Rich. Fairer then tongue can name thee, let me haue
Some patient leyſure to excuſe my ſelfe.
An. Fouler then heart can thinke thee,
Thou can'ſt make no excuſe currant,
But to hang thy ſelfe.
Rich. By ſuch diſpaire, I ſhould accuſe my ſelfe.
An. And by diſpairing ſhalt thou ſtand excuſed,
For doing worthy Vengeance on thy ſelfe,
That did'ſt vnworthy ſlaughter vpon others.
Rich. Say that I ſlew them not.
An. Then ſay they were not ſlaine:
But dead they are, and diuelliſh ſlaue by thee.
Rich. I did not kill your Husband.
An. Why then he is aliue.
Rich. Nay, he is dead, and ſlaine by Edwards hands.
An. In thy ſoule throat thou Ly'ſt,
Queene *Margaret* ſaw
Thy murd'rous Faulchion ſmoaking in his blood:
The which, thou once didd'ſt bend againſt her breſt,
But that thy Brothers beate aſide the point.
Rich. I was prouoked by her ſland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt, vpon my guiltleſſe Shoulders.
An. Thou was't prouoked by thy bloody minde,
That neuer dream'ſt on ought but Butcheries:
Did'ſt thou not kill this King?
Rich. I graunt ye.
An. Do'ſt grant me Hedge-hogge,
Then God graunt me too
Thou may'ſt be damned for that wicked deede,
O he was gentle, milde, and vertuous.
Rich. The better for the King of heauen that hath him.
An. He is in heauen, where thou ſhalt neuer come.
Rich. Let him thanke me, that holpe to ſend him thither:
For he was fitter for that place then earth.
An. And thou vnfit for any place, but hell.
Rich. Yes one place elſe, if you will heare me name it.
An. Some dungeon.
Rich. Your Bed-chamber.
An. Ill reſt betide the chamber where thou lyeſt.
Rich. So will it Madam, till I lye with you.
An. I hope ſo.
Rich. I know ſo. But gentle Lady *Anne*,
To leaue this keene encounter of our wittes,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method.
Is not the cauſer of the timeleſſe deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henrie* and *Edward*,
As blameſull as the Executioner.
An. Thou was't the cauſe, and moſt accurſt effect.
Rich. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect:
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleepe,
To vndertake the death of all the world,
So I might liue one houre in your ſweet boſome.
An. If I thought that, I tell thee Homicide,
Theſe Nailes ſhould rent that beauty from my Cheekes.
Rich. Theſe eyes could not endure ỹ beauties wrack,
You ſhould not blemiſh it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheared by the Sunne,
So I by that: It is my day, my life.
An. Blacke night ore-ſhade thy day, & death thy life.
Rich. Curſe not thy ſelfe faire Creature,
Thou art both.
An. I would I were, to be reueng'd on thee.
Rich. It is a quarrell moſt vnnaturall,
To be reueng'd on him that loueth thee.
An. It is a quarrell iuſt and reaſonable,
To be reueng'd on him that kill'd my Husband.
Rich. He that bereſt the Lady of thy Husband,
Did it to helpe thee to a better Husband.
An. His better doth not breath vpon the earth.
Rich. He liues, that loues thee better then he could.
An. Name him.
Rich. Plantagenet.
An. Why that was he.
Rich. The ſelfeſame name, but one of better Nature.
An. Where is he?
Rich. Heere: *Spits at him.*
Why doſt thou ſpit at me.
An. Would it were mortall poyſon, for thy ſake.
Rich. Neuer came poyſon from ſo ſweet a place.
An. Neuer hung poyſon on a ſowler Toade.
Out of my ſight, thou doſt infect mine eyes.
Rich. Thine eyes (ſweet Lady) haue infected mine.
An. Would they were Baſiliskes, to ſtrike thee dead.
Rich. I would they were, that I might dye at once:
For now they kill me with a liuing death,
Thoſe eyes of thine, from mine haue drawne ſalt Teares;

For

Sham'd their Aſpects with ſtore of childiſh drops:
Theſe eyes, which neuer ſhed remorſefull teare,
No, when my Father Yorke, and *Edward* wept,
To heare the pittious moane that Rutland made
When black-fac'd *Clifford* ſhooke his ſword at him.
Nor when thy warlike Father like a Childe,
Told the ſad ſtorie of my Fathers death,
And twenty times, made pauſe to ſob and weepe:
That all the ſtanders by had wet their cheekes
Like Trees bedaſh'd with raine. In that ſad time,
My manly eyes did ſcorne an humble teare:
And what theſe ſorrowes could not thence exhale,
Thy Beauty hath, and made them blinde with weeping.
I neuer ſued to Friend, nor Enemy:
My Tongue could neuer learne ſweet ſmoothing word.
But now thy Beauty is propos'd my Fee,
My proud heart ſues, and prompts my tongue to ſpeake.
She lookes ſcornfully at him.
Teach not thy lip ſuch Scorne; for it was made
For kiſſing Lady, not for ſuch contempt.
If thy reuengefull heart cannot forgiue,
Loe heere I lend thee this ſharpe-pointed Sword,
Which if thou pleaſe to hide in this true breſt,
And let the Soule forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly ſtroke,
And humbly begge the death vpon my knee,
He layes his breſt open, ſhe offers at with his ſword.
Nay do not pauſe: For I did kill King *Henrie*,
But 'twas thy Beauty that prouoked me.
Nay now diſpatch: 'Twas I that ſtabb'd yong *Edward*,
But 'twas thy Heauenly face that ſet me on.
She fals the Sword.
Take vp the Sword againe, or take vp me.
An. Ariſe Diſſembler, though I wiſh thy death,
I will not be thy Executioner.
Rich. Then bid me kill my ſelfe, and I will do it.
An. I haue already.
Rich. That was in thy rage:
Speake it againe, and euen with the word,
This hand, which for thy loue, did kill thy Loue,
Shall for thy loue, kill a farre truer Loue,
To both their deaths ſhalt thou be acceſſary.
An. I would I knew thy heart.
Rich. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.
An. I feare me, both are falſe.
Rich. Then neuer Man was true.
An. Well, well, put vp your Sword.
Rich. Say then my Peace is made.
An. That ſhalt thou know heereafter.
Rich. But ſhall I liue in hope.
An. All men I hope liue ſo.
Vouchſafe to weare this Ring.
Rich. Looke how my Ring incompaſſeth thy Finger,
Euen ſo thy Breſt incloſeth my poore heart:
Weare both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poore deuoted Seruant may
But beg one fauour at thy gracious hand,
Thou doſt confirme his happineſſe for euer.
An. What is it?
Rich. That it may pleaſe you leaue theſe ſad deſignes,
To him that hath moſt cauſe to be a Mourner,
And preſently repayre to Crosbie Houſe:
Where (after I haue ſolemnly interr'd
At Chertſey Monaſt'ry this Noble King,
And wet his Graue with my Repentant Teares)
I will with all expedient duty ſee you,
For diuers vnknowne Reaſons, I beſeech you,
Grant me this Boon.
An. With all my heart, and much it ioyes me too,
To ſee you are become ſo penitent.
Treſſel and *Barkley*, go along with me.
Rich. Bid me farwell.
An. 'Tis more then you deſerue:
But ſince you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I haue ſaide farewell already.
Exit two with Anne.
Gent. Towards Chertſey, Noble Lord?
Rich. No: to White Friars, there attend my comming
Exit Coarſe
Was euer woman in this humour woo'd?
Was euer woman in this humour wonne?
Ile haue her, but I will not keepe her long.
What? I that kill'd her Husband, and his Father,
To take her in her hearts extreameſt hate,
With curſes in her mouth, Teares in her eyes,
The bleeding witneſſe of my hatred by,
Hauing God, her Conſcience, and theſe bars againſt me,
And I, no Friends to backe my ſuite withall,
But the plaine Diuell, and diſſembling lookes?
And yet to winne her? All the world to nothing.
Hah!
Hath ſhe forgot alreadie that braue Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I (ſome three monthes ſince)
Stab'd in my angry mood, at Tewkesbury?
A ſweeter, and a louelier Gentleman,
Fram'd in the prodigallity of Nature:
Yong, Valiant, Wiſe, and (no doubt) right Royal,
The ſpacious World cannot againe affoord:
And will ſhe yet abaſe her eyes on me,
That cropt the Golden prime of this ſweet Prince,
And made her Widdow to a wofull Bed?
On me, whoſe All not equals *Edwards* Moytie?
On me, that halts, and am miſhapen thus?
My Dukedome, to a Beggerly denier!
I do miſtake my perſon all this while:
Vpon my life ſhe findes (although I cannot)
My ſelfe to be a maru'llous proper man.
Ile be at Charges for a Looking-glaſſe,
And entertaine a ſcore or two of Taylors,
To ſtudy faſhions to adorne my body:
Since I am crept in fauour with my ſelfe,
I will maintaine it with ſome little coſt.
But firſt Ile turne yon Fellow in his Graue,
And then returne lamenting to my Loue.
Shine out faire Sunne, till I haue bought a glaſſe,
That I may ſee my Shadow as I paſſe. *exit.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter the Queene Mother, Lord Riuers, and Lord Gray.

Riu. Haue patience Madam, ther's no doubt his Maieſty
Will ſoone recouer his accuſtom'd health.
Gray. In that you brooke it ill, it makes him worſe,
Therefore for Gods ſake entertaine good comfort,
And cheere his Grace with quicke and merry eyes
Qu. If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray.

If he were dead, what would betide on me?
Gray. No other harme, but loſſe of ſuch a Lord.
Qu. The loſſe of ſuch a Lord, includes all harmes.
Gray. The Heauens haue bleſt you with a goodly Son,
To be your Comforter, when he is gone.
Qu. Ah! he is yong; and his minority
Is put vnto the truſt of *Richard Glouſter*,
A man that loues not me, nor none of you.
Riu. Is it concluded he ſhall be Protector?
Qu. It is determin'd, not concluded yet:
But ſo it muſt be, if the King miſcarry.

Enter Buckingham and Derby.

Gray. Here comes the Lord of Buckingham & Derby.
Buc. Good time of day vnto your Royall Grace.
Der. God make your Maieſty ioyful, as you haue bin
Qu. The Counteſſe *Richmond*, good my L. of *Derby*.
To your good prayer, will ſcarſely ſay, Amen.
Yet *Derby*, notwithſtanding ſhee's your wife,
And loues not me, be you good Lord aſſur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.
Der. I do beſeech you, either not beleeue
The enuious ſlanders of her falſe Accuſers:
Or if ſhe be accus'd on true report,
Beare with her weakneſſe, which I thinke proceeds
From wayward ſickneſſe, and no grounded malice.
Qu. Saw you the King to day my Lord of *Derby*.
Der. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I,
Are come from viſiting his Maieſty.
Que. What likelyhood of his amendment Lords.
Buc. Madam good hope, his Grace ſpeaks chearfully.
Qu. God grant him health, did you confer with him?
Buc. I Madam, he deſires to make attonement
Betweene the Duke of Glouſter, and your Brothers,
And betweene them, and my Lord Chamberlaine,
And ſent to warne them to his Royall presence.
Qu. Would all were well, but that will neuer be,
I feare our happineſſe is at the height.

Enter Richard.

Rich. They do me wrong, and I will not indure it,
Who is it that complaines vnto the King,
That I (forſooth) am ſterne, and loue them not?
By holy *Paul*, they loue his Grace but lightly,
That fill his eares with ſuch diſſentious Rumors.
Becauſe I cannot flatter, and looke faire,
Smile in mens faces, ſmooth, deceiue, and cogge,
Ducke with French nods, and Apiſh curteſie,
I muſt be held a rancorous Enemy.
Cannot a plaine man liue, and thinke no harme,
But thus his ſimple truth muſt be abus'd,
With ſilken, ſlye, inſinuating Iackes?
Grey. To who in all this preſence ſpeaks your Grace?
Rich. To thee, that haſt nor Honeſty, nor Grace:
When haue I iniur'd thee? When done thee wrong?
Or thee? or thee? or any of your Faction?
A plague vpon you all. His Royall Grace
(Whom God preſerue better then you would wiſh)
Cannot be quiet ſcarſe a breathing while,
But you muſt trouble him with lewd complaints.
Qu. Brother of Glouſter, you miſtake the matter:
The King on his owne Royall diſpoſition,
(And not prouok'd by any Sutor elſe)
Ayming (belike) at your interiour hatred,
That in your outward action ſhewes it ſelfe
Againſt my Children, Brothers, and my Selfe,
Makes him to ſend, that he may learne the ground.
Rich. I cannot tell, the world is growne ſo bad,
That Wrens make prey, where Eagles dare not pearch.
Since euerie Iacke became a Gentleman,
There's many a gentle perſon made a Iacke.
Qu. Come, come, we know your meaning Brother
You enuy my aduancement, and my friends: (Gloſter
God grant we neuer may haue neede of you.
Rich. Meane time, God grants that I haue need of you.
Our Brother is impriſon'd by your meanes,
My ſelfe diſgrac'd, and the Nobilitie
Held in contempt, while great Promotions
Are daily giuen to ennoble thoſe
That ſcarſe ſome two dayes ſince were worth a Noble.
Qu. By him that rais'd me to this carefull height,
From that contented hap which I inioy'd,
I neuer did incenſe his Maieſtie
Againſt the Duke of *Clarence*, but haue bin
An earneſt aduocate to plead for him.
My Lord you do me ſhamefull iniurie,
Falſely to draw me in theſe vile ſuſpects.
Rich. You may deny that you were not the meane
Of my Lord *Haſtings* late impriſonment.
Riu. She may my Lord, for———
Rich. She may Lord *Riuers*, why who knowes not ſo?
She may do more ſir then denying that:
She may helpe you to many faire preferments,
And then deny her ayding hand therein,
And lay thoſe Honors on your high deſert.
What may ſhe not, ſhe may, I marry may ſhe.
Riu. What marry may ſhe?
Ric. What marrie may ſhe? Marrie with a King,
A Batcheller, and a handſome ſtripling too,
I wis your Grandam had a worſer match.
Qu. My Lord of Glouſter, I haue too long borne
Your blunt vpbraidings, and your bitter ſcoffes:
By heauen, I will acquaint his Maieſtie
Of thoſe groſſe taunts that oft I haue endur'd.
I had rather be a Countrie ſeruant maide
Then a great Queene, with this condition,
To be ſo baited, ſcorn'd, and ſtormed at,
Small ioy haue I in being Englands Queene.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. And leſned be that ſmall, God I beſeech him,
Thy honor, ſtate, and ſeate, is due to me.
Rich. What? threat you me with telling of the King?
I will auouch't in preſence of the King:
I dare aduenture to be ſent to th'Towre.
'Tis time to ſpeake,
My paines are quite forgot.
Margaret. Out Diuell,
I do remember them too well:
Thou killd'ſt my Husband *Henrie* in the Tower,
And *Edward* my poore Son, at Tewkesburie.
Rich. Ere you were Queene,
I, or your Husband King:
I was a packe-horſe in his great affaires:
A weeder out of his proud Aduerſaries,
A liberall rewarder of his Friends,
To royalize his blood, I ſpent mine owne.
Margaret. I and much better blood
Then his, or thine.

Rich. In all which time, you and your Husband *Grey*
Were factious, for the Houſe of *Lancaſter;*
And *Riuers*, ſo were you: Was not your Husband,
In *Margarets* Battaile, at Saint *Albons*, ſlaine?
Let me put in your mindes, if you forget
What you haue beene ere this, and what you are:
Withall, what I haue beene, and what I am.
Q.M. A murth'rous Villaine, and ſo ſtill thou art.
Rich. Poore *Clarence* did forſake his Father *Warwicke*,
I, and forſwore himſelfe (which Ieſu pardon.)
Q.M. Which God reuenge.
Rich. To fight on *Edwards* partie, for the Crowne,
And for his meede, poore Lord, he is mewed vp:
I would to God my heart were Flint, like *Edwards*,
Or *Edwards* ſoft and pittifull, like mine;
I am too childiſh fooliſh for this World.
Q.M. High thee to Hell for ſhame, & leaue this World
Thou Cacodemon, there thy Kingdome is.
Riu. My Lord of Gloſter: in thoſe buſie dayes,
Which here you vrge, to proue vs Enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our Soueraigne King,
So ſhould we you, if you ſhould be our King.
Rich. If I ſhould be? I had rather be a Pedler:
Farre be it from my heart, the thought thereof.
Qu. As little ioy (my Lord) as you ſuppoſe
You ſhould enioy, were you this Countries King,
As little ioy you may ſuppoſe in me,
That I enioy, being the Queene thereof.
Q.M. A little ioy enioyes the Queene thereof,
For I am ſhee, and altogether ioyleſſe:
I can no longer hold me patient.
Heare me, you wrangling Pyrates, that fall out,
In ſharing that which you haue pill'd from me:
Which off you trembles not, that lookes on me?
If not, that I am Queene, you bow like Subiects;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like Rebells.
Ah gentle Villaine, doe not turne away. (ſight?
Rich. Foule wrinckled Witch, what mak'ſt thou in my
Q.M. But repetition of what thou haſt marr'd,
That will I make, before I let thee goe.
Rich. Wert thou not baniſhed, on paine of death?
Q.M. I was: but I doe find more paine in baniſhment,
Then death can yeeld me here, by my abode.
A Husband and a Sonne thou ow'ſt to me,
And thou a Kingdome; all of you, allegeance:
This Sorrow that I haue, by right is yours,
And all the Pleaſures you vſurpe, are mine.
Rich. The Curſe my Noble Father layd on thee,
When thou didſt Crown his Warlike Brows with Paper,
And with thy ſcornes drew'ſt Riuers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gau'ſt the Duke a Clowt,
Steep'd in the faultleſſe blood of prettie *Rutland:*
His Curſes then, from bitterneſſe of Soule,
Denounc'd againſt thee, are all falne vpon thee:
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.
Qu. So iuſt is God, to right the innocent.
Haſt. O, 'twas the fouleſt deed to ſlay that Babe,
And the moſt mercileſſe, that ere was heard of.
Riu. Tyrants themſelues wept when it was reported.
Dorſ. No man but prophecied reuenge for it.
Buck. Northumberland, then preſent, wept to ſee it.
Q.M. What? were you ſnarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turne you all your hatred now on me?
Did *Yorkes* dread Curſe preuaile ſo much with Heauen,
That *Henries* death, my louely *Edwards* death,
Their Kingdomes loſſe, my wofull Baniſhment,
Should all but anſwer for that peeuiſh Brat?
Can Curſes pierce the Clouds, and enter Heauen?
Why then giue way dull Clouds to my quick Curſes.
Though not by Warre, by Surſet dye your King,
As ours by Murther, to make him a King.
Edward thy Sonne, that now is Prince of Wales,
For *Edward* our Sonne, that was Prince of Wales,
Dye in his youth, by like vntimely violence.
Thy ſelfe a Queene, for me that was a Queene,
Out-liue thy glory, like my wretched ſelfe:
Long may'ſt thou liue, to wayle thy Childrens death,
And ſee another, as I ſee thee now,
Deck'd in thy Rights, as thou art ſtall'd in mine.
Long dye thy happie dayes, before thy death,
And after many length'ned howres of griefe,
Dye neyther Mother, Wife, nor Englands Queene.
Riuers and *Dorſet*, you were ſtanders by,
And ſo waſt thou, Lord *Haſtings*, when my Sonne
Was ſtab'd with bloody Daggers: God, I pray him,
That none of you may liue his naturall age,
But by ſome vnlook'd accident cut off.
Rich. Haue done thy Charme, ỹ hateful wither'd Hagge.
Q.M. And leaue out thee? ſtay Dog, for ỹ ſhalt heare me.
If Heauen haue any grieuous plague in ſtore,
Exceeding thoſe that I can wiſh vpon thee,
O let them keepe it, till thy ſinnes be ripe,
And then hurle downe their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poore Worlds peace.
The Worme of Conſcience ſtill begnaw thy Soule,
Thy Friends ſuſpect for Traytors while thou liu'ſt,
And take deepe Traytors for thy deareſt Friends;
No ſleepe cloſe vp that deadly Eye of thine,
Vnleſſe it be while ſome tormenting Dreame
Affrights thee with a Hell of ougly Deuills.
Thou eluiſh mark'd, abortiue rooting Hogge,
Thou that waſt ſeal'd in thy Natiuitie
The ſlaue of Nature, and the Sonne of Hell:
Thou ſlander of thy heauie Mothers Wombe,
Thou loathed Iſſue of thy Fathers Loynes,
Thou Ragge of Honor, thou deteſted—
Rich. Margaret.
Q.M. Richard. *Rich.* Ha.
Q.M. I call thee not.
Rich. I cry thee mercie then: for I did thinke,
That thou hadſt call'd me all theſe bitter names.
Q.M. Why ſo I did, but look'd for no reply.
Oh let me make the Period to my Curſe.
Rich. 'Tis done by me, and ends in *Margaret.*
Qu. Thus haue you breath'd your Curſe againſt your ſelf.
Q.M. Poore painted Queen, vain flouriſh of my fortune,
Why ſtrew'ſt thou Sugar on that Bottel'd Spider,
Whoſe deadly Web enſnareth thee about?
Foole, foole, thou whet'ſt a Knife to kill thy ſelfe:
The day will come, that thou ſhalt wiſh for me,
To helpe thee curſe this poyſonous Bunch-backt Toade.
Haſt. Falſe boding Woman, end thy frantick Curſe,
Leaſt to thy harme, thou moue our patience.
Q.M. Foule ſhame vpon you, you haue all mou'd mine.
Ri. Were you well ſeru'd, you would be taught your duty.
Q.M. To ſerue me well, you all ſhould do me duty,
Teach me to be your Queene, and you my Subiects:
O ſerue me well, and teach your ſelues that duty.
Dorſ. Diſpute not with her, ſhee is lunaticke.
Q.M. Peace Maſter Marqueſſe, you are malapert,
Your fire-new ſtampe of Honor is ſcarce currant.

O that your yong Nobility could iudge
What 'twere to loſe it, and be miſerable.
They that ſtand high, haue many blaſts to ſhake them,
And if they fall, they daſh themſelues to peeces.
Rich. Good counſaile marry, learne it, learne it Marqueſſe.
Dor. It touches you my Lord, as much as me.
Rich. I, and much more: but I was borne ſo high:
Our ayerie buildeth in the Cedars top,
And dallies with the winde, and ſcornes the Sunne.
Mar. And turnes the Sun to ſhade: alas, alas,
Witneſſe my Sonne, now in the ſhade of death,
Whoſe bright out-ſhining beames, thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternall darkneſſe folded vp.
Your ayery buildeth in our ayeries Neſt:
O God that ſeeſt it, do not ſuffer it,
As it is wonne with blood, loſt be it ſo.
Buc. Peace, peace for ſhame: If not, for Charity.
Mar. Vrge neither charity, nor ſhame to me:
Vncharitably with me haue you dealt,
And ſhamefully my hopes (by you) are butcher'd.
My Charity is outrage, Life my ſhame,
And in that ſhame, ſtill liue my ſorrowes rage.
Buc. Haue done, haue done.
Mar. O Princely Buckingham, Ile kiſſe thy hand,
In ſigne of League and amity with thee:
Now faire befall thee, and thy Noble houſe:
Thy Garments are not ſpotted with our blood:
Nor thou within the compaſſe of my curſe.
Buc. Nor no one heere: for Curſes neuer paſſe
The lips of thoſe that breath them in the ayre.
Mar. I will not thinke but they aſcend the sky,
And there awake Gods gentle ſleeping peace.
O Buckingham, take heede of yonder dogge:
Looke when he fawnes, he bites; and when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.
Haue not to do with him, beware of him,
Sinne, death, and hell haue ſet their markes on him,
And all their Miniſters attend on him.
Rich. What doth ſhe ſay, my Lord of Buckingham.
Buc. Nothing that I reſpect my gracious Lord.
Mar. What doſt thou ſcorne me
For my gentle counſell?
And ſooth the diuell that I warne thee from.
O but remember this another day:
When he ſhall ſplit thy very heart with ſorrow:
And ſay (poore *Margaret*) was a Propheteſſe:
Liue each of you the ſubiects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*
Buc. My haire doth ſtand an end to heare her curſes.
Riu. And ſo doth mine, I muſe why ſhe's at libertie.
Rich. I cannot blame her, by Gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I haue done to her.
Mar. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Rich. Yet you haue all the vantage of her wrong:
I was too hot, to do ſomebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for *Clarence*, he is well repayed:
He is frank'd vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them, that are the cauſe thereof.
Riu. A vertuous, and a Chriſtian-like concluſion
To pray for them that haue done ſcath to vs.
Rich. So do I euer, being well aduis'd.
Speakes to himſelfe.
For had I curſt now, I had curſt my ſelfe.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Maieſty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and yours my gracious Lord.
Qu. *Catesby* I come, Lords will you go with mee.
Riu. We wait vpon your Grace.
Exeunt all but Gloſter.
Rich. I do the wrong, and firſt begin to brawle.
The ſecret Miſcheeſes that I ſet abroach,
I lay vnto the greeuous charge of others.
Clarence, who I indeede haue caſt in darkneſſe,
I do beweepe to many ſimple Gulles,
Namely to *Derby*, *Haſtings*, *Buckingham*,
And tell them 'tis the Queene, and her Allies,
That ſtirre the King againſt the Duke my Brother.
Now they beleeue it, and withall whet me
To be reueng'd on *Riuers*, *Dorſet*, *Grey*.
But then I ſigh, and with a peece of Scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked Villanie
With odde old ends, ſtolne forth of holy Writ,
And ſeeme a Saint, when moſt I play the deuill.

Enter two murtherers.
But ſoft, heere come my Executioners,
How now my hardy ſtout reſolued Mates,
Are you now going to diſpatch this thing?
Vil. We are my Lord, and come to haue the Warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Ric. Well thought vpon, I haue it heare about me:
When you haue done, repayre to *Crosby* place;
But firs be ſodaine in the execution,
Withall obdurate, do not heare him pleade;
For *Clarence* is well ſpoken, and perhappes
May moue your hearts to pitty, if you marke him.
Vil. Tut, tut, my Lord, we will not ſtand to prate,
Talkers are no good dooers, be aſſur'd:
We go to vſe our hands, and not our tongues.
Rich. Your eyes drop Mill-ſtones, when Fooles eyes fall Teares:
I like you Lads, about your buſineſſe ſtraight.
Go, go, diſpatch.
Vil. We will my Noble Lord.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Clarence and Keeper.
Keep. Why lookes your Grace ſo heauily to day.
Cla. O, I haue paſt a miſerable night,
So full of fearefull Dreames, of vgly ſights,
That as I am a Chriſtian faithfull man,
I would not ſpend another ſuch a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy daies:
So full of diſmall terror was the time.
Keep. What was your dream my Lord, I pray you tel me
Cla. Me thoughts that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to croſſe to Burgundy,
And in my company my Brother Glouſter,
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walke,
Vpon the Hatches: There we look'd toward England,
And cited vp a thouſand heauy times,

During

During the warres of Yorke and Lancaſter
That bad befalne vs. As we pac'd along
Vpon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Me thought that Glouſter ſtumbled, and in falling
Strooke me (that thought to ſtay him) ouer-boord,
Into the tumbling billowes of the maine.
O Lord, me thought what paine it was to drowne,
What dreadfull noiſe of water in mine eares,
What ſights of vgly death within mine eyes.
Me thoughts, I ſaw a thouſand fearfull wrackes:
A thouſand men that Fiſhes gnaw'd vpon:
Wedges of Gold, great Anchors, heapes of Pearle,
Ineſtimable Stones, vnvalewed Iewels,
All ſcattred in the bottome of the Sea,
Some lay in dead-mens Sculles, and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
(As 'twere in ſcorne of eyes) reflecting Gemmes,
That woo'd the ſlimy bottome of the deepe,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay ſcattred by.

Keep. Had you ſuch leyſure in the time of death
To gaze vpon theſe ſecrets of the deepe?

Cla. Me thought I had, and often did I ſtriue
To yeeld the Ghoſt: but ſtill the enuious Flood
Stop'd in my ſoule, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vaſt, and wand'ring ayre:
But ſmother'd it within my panting bulke,
Who almoſt burſt, to belch it in the Sea.

Keep. Awak'd you not in this ſore Agony?

Clar. No, no, my Dreame was lengthen'd after life.
O then, began the Tempeſt to my Soule.
I paſt (me thought) the Melancholly Flood,
With that ſowre Ferry-man which Poets write of,
Vnto the Kingdome of perpetuall Night.
The firſt that there did greet my Stranger-ſoule,
Was my great Father-in-Law, renowned Warwicke,
Who ſpake alowd: What ſcourge for Periurie,
Can this darke Monarchy affoord falſe *Clarence?*
And ſo he vaniſh'd. Then came wand'ring by,
A Shadow like an Angell, with bright hayre
Dabbel'd in blood, and he ſhriek'd out alowd
Clarence is come, falſe, fleeting, periur'd *Clarence*,
That ſtabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury:
Seize on him Furies, take him vnto Torment.
With that (me thought) a Legion of foule Fiends
Inuiron'd me, and bowled in mine eares
Such hiddeous cries, that with the very Noiſe,
I (trembling) wak'd, and for a ſeaſon after,
Could not beleeue, but that I was in Hell,
Such terrible Impreſsion made my Dreame.

Keep. No maruell Lord, though it affrighted you,
I am affraid (me thinkes) to heare you tell it.

Cla. Ah Keeper, Keeper, I haue done theſe things
(That now giue euidence againſt my Soule)
For *Edwards* ſake, and ſee how he requits mee.
O God! if my deepe prayres cannot appeaſe thee,
But thou wilt be aueng'd on my miſdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:
O ſpare my guiltleſſe Wife, and my poore children.
Keeper, I prythee ſit by me a-while,
My Soule is heauy, and I faine would ſleepe.

Keep. I will my Lord, God giue your Grace good reſt.

Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant.

Bra. Sorrow breakes Seaſons, and repoſing boures,
Makes the Nigbt Morning, and the Noon-tide night:
Princes haue but their Titles for their Glories,
An outward Honor, for an inward Toyle,
And for vnfelt Imaginations
They often feele a world of reſtleſſe Cares:
So that betweene their Titles, and low Name,
There's nothing differs, but the outward fame.

Enter two Murtherers.

1. *Mur.* Ho, who's heere?

Bra. What would'ſt thou Fellow? And how camm'ſt thou hither.

2. *Mur.* I would ſpeak with *Clarence*, and I came hither on my Legges.

Bra. What ſo breefe?

1. 'Tis better (Sir) then to be tedious:
Let him ſee our Commiſſion, and talke no more. *Reads*

Bra. I am in this, commanded to deliuer
The Noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.
I will not reaſon what is meant heereby,
Becauſe I will be guiltleſſe from the meaning.
There lies the Duke aſleepe, and there the Keyes.
Ile to the King, and ſignifie to him,
That thus I haue reſign'd to you my charge. *Exit.*

1 You may ſir, 'tis a point of wiſedome:
Far you well.

2 What, ſhall we ſtab him as he ſleepes.

1 No: hee'l ſay 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes

2 Why he ſhall neuer wake, vntill the great Iudgement day.

1 Why then hee'l ſay, we ſtab'd him ſleeping.

2 The vrging of that word Iudgement, hath bred a kinde of remorſe in me.

1 What? art thou affraid?

2 Not to kill him, hauing a Warrant,
But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which
No Warrant can defend me.

1 I thought thou had'ſt bin reſolute.

2 So I am, to let him liue.

1 Ile backe to the Duke of Glouſter, and tell him ſo.

2 Nay, I prythee ſtay a little:
I hope this paſſionate humor of mine, will change,
It was wont to bold me but while one tels twenty.

1 How do'ſt thou feele thy ſelfe now?

2 Some certaine dregges of conſcience are yet within mee.

1 Remember our Reward, when the deed's done.

2 Come, he dies: I had forgot the Reward.

1 Where's thy conſcience now.

2 O, in the Duke of Glouſters purſe.

1 When hee opens his purſe to giue vs our Reward, thy Conſcience flyes out.

2 'Tis no matter, let it goe: There's few or none will entertaine it.

1 What if it come to thee againe?

2 Ile not meddle with it, it makes a man a Coward: A man cannot ſteale, but it accuſeth him: A man cannot Sweare, but it Checkes him: A man cannot lye with his Neighbours Wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a bluſhing ſhamefac'd ſpirit, that mutinies in a mans boſome: It filles a man full of Obſtacles. It made me once reſtore a Purſſe of Gold that (by chance) I found: It beggars any man that keepes it: It is turn'd out of Townes and Cities for a dangerous thing, and euery man that means to liue well, endeuours to truſt to himſelfe, and liue without it.

1 'Tis

1 'Tis euen now at my elbow, perſwading me not to kill the Duke.

2 Take the diuell in thy minde, and beleeue him not: He would inſinuate with thee but to make thee ſigh.

1 I am ſtrong fram'd, he cannot preuaile with me.

2 Spoke like a tall man, that reſpects thy reputation. Come, ſhall we fall to worke?

1 Take him on the Coſtard, with the hiltes of thy Sword, and then throw him into the Malmeſey-Butte in the next roome.

2 O excellent deuice; and make a ſop of him.

1 Soft, he wakes.

2 Strike.

1 No, wee'l reaſon with him.

Cla. Where art thou Keeper? Giue me a cup of wine.

2 You ſhall haue Wine enough my Lord anon.

Cla. In Gods name, what art thou?

1 A man, as you are.

Cla. But not as I am Royall.

1 Nor you as we are, Loyall.

Cla. Thy voice is Thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 My voice is now the Kings, my lookes mine owne.

Cla. How darkly, and how deadly doſt thou ſpeake? Your eyes do menace me: why looke you pale? Who ſent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

2 To, to, to———

Cla. To murther me?

Both. I, I.

Cla. You ſcarſely haue the hearts to tell me ſo, And therefore cannot haue the hearts to do it. Wherein my Friends haue I offended you?

1 Offended vs you haue not, but the King.

Cla. I ſhall be reconcil'd to him againe.

2 Neuer my Lord, therefore prepare to dye.

Cla. Are you drawne forth among a world of men To ſlay the innocent? What is my offence? Where is the Euidence that doth accuſe me? What lawfull Queſt haue giuen their Verdict vp Vnto the frowning Iudge? Or who pronounc'd The bitter ſentence of poore *Clarence* death, Before I be conuict by courſe of Law? To threaten me with death, is moſt vnlawfull. I charge you, as you hope for any goodneſſe, That you depart, and lay no hands on me: The deed you vndertake is damnable.

1 What we will do, we do vpon command.

2 And he that hath commanded, is our King.

Cla. Erroneous Vaſſals, the great King of Kings Hath in the Table of his Law commanded Thbat thou ſhalt do no murther. Will you then Spurne at his Edict, and fulfill a Mans? Take heed: for he holds Vengeance in his hand, To hurle vpon their heads that breake his Law.

2 And that ſame Vengeance doth he hurle on thee, For falſe Forſwearing, and for murther too: Thou did'ſt receiue the Sacrament, to fight In quarrell of the Houſe of Lancaſter.

1 And like a Traitor to the name of God, Did'ſt breake that Vow, and with thy treacherous blade, Vnrip'ſt the Bowels of thy Sou'raignes Sonne.

2 Whom thou was't ſworne to cheriſh and defend.

1 How canſt thou vrge Gods dreadfull Law to vs, When thou haſt broke it in ſuch deere degree?

Cla. Alas! for whoſe ſake did I that ill deede? For *Edward*, for my Brother, for his ſake. He ſends you not to murther me for this: For in that ſinne, he is as deepe as I. If God will be auenged for the deed, O know you yet, he doth it publiquely, Take not the quarrell from his powrefull arme: He needs no indirect, or lawleſſe courſe, To cut off thoſe that haue offended him.

1 Who made thee then a bloudy miniſter, When gallant ſpringing braue *Plantagenet*, That Princely Nouice was ſtrucke dead by thee?

Cla. My Brothers loue, the Diuell, and my Rage.

1 Thy Brothers Loue, our Duty, and thy Faults, Prouoke vs hither now, to ſlaughter thee.

Cla. If you do loue my Brother, hate not me: I am his Brother, and I loue him well. If you are hyr'd for meed, go backe againe, And I will ſend you to my Brother Glouſter: Who ſhall reward you better for my life, Then *Edward* will for tydings of my death.

2 You are deceiu'd, Your Brother Glouſter hates you.

Cla. Oh no, he loues me, and he holds me deere: Go you to him from me.

1 I ſo we will.

Cla. Tell him, when that our Princely Father Yorke, Bleſt his three Sonnes with his victorious Arme, He little thought of this diuided Friendſhip: Bid Glouſter thinke on this, and he will weepe.

1 I Milſtones, as he leſſoned vs to weepe.

Cla. O do not ſlander him, for he is kinde.

1 Right, as Snow in Harueſt: Come, you deceiue your ſelfe, 'Tis he that ſends vs to deſtroy you heere.

Cla. It cannot be, for he bewept my Fortune, And hugg'd me in his armes, and ſwore with ſobs, That he would labour my deliuery.

1 Why ſo he doth, when he deliuers you From this earths thraldome, to the ioyes of heauen.

2 Make peace with God, for you muſt die my Lord.

Cla. Haue you that holy feeling in your ſoules, To counſaile me to make my peace with God, And are you yet to your owne ſoules ſo blinde, That you will warre with God, by murd'ring me. O ſirs conſider, they that ſet you on To do this deede, will hate you for the deede.

2 What ſhall we do?

Clar. Relent, and ſaue your ſoules: Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne, Being pent from Liberty, as I am now, If two ſuch murtherers as your ſelues came to you, Would not intreat for life, as you would begge Were you in my diſtreſſe.

1 Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womaniſh.

Cla. Not to relent, is beaſtly, ſauage, diuelliſh: My Friend, I ſpy ſome pitty in thy lookes: O, if thine eye be not a Flatterer, Come thou on my ſide, and intreate for mee, A begging Prince, what begger pitties not.

2 Looke behinde you, my Lord.

1 Take that, and that, if all this will not do, *Stabs him.* Ile drowne you in the Malmeſey-But within. *Exit.*

2 A bloody deed, and deſperately diſpatcht: How faine (like *Pilate*) would I waſh my hands Of this moſt greeuous murther. *Enter* 1. *Murtherer*

1 How now? what mean'ſt thou that thou help'ſt me not? By Heauen the Duke ſhall know how ſlacke you haue beene.

2. *Mur.* I would he knew that I had ſau'd his brother,
Take thou the Fee, and tell him what I ſay,
For I repent me that the Duke is ſlaine. *Exit.*
1. *Mur.* So do not I: go Coward as thou art.
Well, Ile go hide the body in ſome hole,
Till that the Duke giue order for his buriall:
And when I haue my meede, I will away,
For this will out, and then I muſt not ſtay. *Exit*

Actus Secundus. Scæna Prima.

Flouriſh.
Enter the King ſicke the Queene, Lord Marqueſſe Dorſet, Riuers, Haſtings, Catesby, Buckingham, Wooduill.

King. Why ſo: now haue I done a good daies work.
You Peeres, continue this vnited League:
I, euery day expect an Embaſſage
From my Redeemer, to redeeme me hence.
And more to peace my ſoule ſhall part to heauen,
Since I haue made my Friends at peace on earth.
Dorſet and *Riuers*, take each others hand,
Diſſemble not your hatred, Sweare your loue.
Riu. By heauen, my ſoule is purg'd from grudging hate
And with my hand I ſeale my true hearts Loue.
Haſt. So thriue I, as I truly ſweare the like.
King. Take heed you dally not before your King,
Leſt he that is the ſupreme King of Kings
Confound your hidden falſhood, and award
Either of you to be the others end.
Haſt. So proſper I, as I ſweare perfect loue.
Ri. And I, as I loue *Haſtings* with my heart.
King. Madam, your ſelfe is not exempt from this:
Nor you Sonne *Dorſet*, *Buckingham* nor you;
You haue bene factious one againſt the other.
Wife, loue Lord *Haſtings*, let him kiſſe your hand,
And what you do, do it vnfeignedly.
Qu. There *Haſtings*, I will neuer more remember
Our former hatred, ſo thriue I, and mine.
King. Dorſet, imbrace him:
Haſtings, loue Lord Marqueſſe.
Dor. This interchange of loue, I heere proteſt
Vpon my part, ſhall be inuiolable.
Haſt. And ſo ſweare I.
King. Now Princely *Buckingham*, ſeale ỹ this league
With thy embracements to my wiues Allies,
And make me happy in your vnity.
Buc. When euer *Buckingham* doth turne his hate
Vpon your Grace, but with all dutious loue,
Doth cheriſh you, and yours, God puniſh me
With hate in thoſe where I expect moſt loue,
When I haue moſt need to imploy a Friend,
And moſt aſſured that he is a Friend,
Deepe, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he vnto me: This do I begge of heauen,
When I am cold in loue, to you, or yours. *Embrace*
King. A pleaſing Cordiall, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy Vow, vnto my ſickely heart:
There wanteth now our Brother Gloſter heere,
To make the bleſſed period of this peace.
Buc. And in good time,
Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, and the Duke.

Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloſter.

Rich. Good morrow to my Soueraigne King & Queen
And Princely Peeres, a happy time of day.
King. Happy indeed, as we haue ſpent the day:
Gloſter, we haue done deeds of Charity,
Made peace of enmity, faire loue of hate,
Betweene theſe ſwelling wrong incenſed Peeres.
Rich. A bleſſed labour my moſt Soueraigne Lord:
Among this Princely heape, if any heere
By falſe intelligence, or wrong furmize
Hold me a Foe: If I vnwillingly, or in my rage,
Haue ought committed that is hardly borne,
To any in this preſence, I deſire
To reconcile me to his Friendly peace:
'Tis death to me to be at enmitie:
I hate it, and deſire all good mens loue,
Firſt Madam, I intreate true peace of you,
Which I will purchaſe with my dutious ſeruice.
Of you my Noble Coſin Buckingham,
If euer any grudge were lodg'd betweene vs.
Of you and you, Lord *Riuers* and of *Dorſet*,
That all without deſert haue frown'd on me:
Of you Lord *Wooduill*, and Lord *Scales* of you,
Dukes, Earles, Lords, Gentlemen, indeed of all.
I do not know that Engliſhman aliue,
With whom my ſoule is any iot at oddes,
More then the Infant that is borne to night:
I thanke my God for my Humility.
Qu. A holy day ſhall this be kept heereafter:
I would to God all ſtriſes were well compounded.
My Soueraigne Lord, I do beſeech your Highneſſe
To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.
Rich. Why Madam, haue I offred loue for this,
To be ſo flowted in this Royall preſence?
Who knowes not that the gentle Duke is dead? *They*
You do him iniurie to ſcorne his Coarſe. *all ſtart.*
King. Who knowes not he is dead?
Who knowes he is?
Qu. All-ſeeing heauen, what a world is this?
Buc. Looke I ſo pale Lord *Dorſet*, as the reſt?
Dor. I my good Lord, and no man in the preſence,
But his red colour hath forſooke his cheekes.
King. Is *Clarence* dead? The Order was reuerſt.
Rich. But he (poore man) by your firſt order dyed,
And that a winged Mercurie did beare:
Some tardie Cripple bare the Countermand,
That came too lagge to ſee him buried.
God grant, that ſome leſſe Noble, and leſſe Loyall,
Neerer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
Deſerue not worſe then wretched *Clarence* did,
And yet go currant from Suſpition.

Enter Earle of Derby.

Der. A boone my Soueraigne for my ſeruice done.
King. I prethee peace, my ſoule is full of ſorrow.
Der. I will not riſe, vnleſſe your Highnes heare me.
King. Then ſay at once, what is it thou requeſts.
Der. The forfeit (Soueraigne) of my ſeruants life.
Who ſlew to day a Riotous Gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolke.
King. Haue I a tongue to doome my Brothers death?
And ſhall that tongue giue pardon to a ſlaue?
My Brother kill'd no man, his fault was Thought,
And yet his puniſhment was bitter death.

Who

Who fued to me for him? Who (in my wrath)
Kneel'd and my feet, and bid me be aduis'd?
Who ſpoke of Brother-hood? who ſpoke of loue?
Who told me how the poore foule did forſake
The mighty Warwicke, and did fight for me?
Who told me in the field at Tewkesbury,
When Oxford had me downe, he refcued me:
And ſaid deare Brother liue, and be a King?
Who told me, when we both lay in the Field,
Frozen (almoſt) to death, how he did lap me
Euen in his Garments, and did giue himſelfe
(All thin and naked) to the numbe cold night?
All this from my Remembrance, brutiſh wrath
Sinfully pluckt, and not a man of you
Had ſo much grace to put it in my minde.
But when your Carters, or your wayting Vaſſalls
Haue done a drunken Slaughter, and defac'd
The precious Image of our deere Redeemer,
You ſtraight are on your knees for Pardon, pardon,
And I (vniuſtly too) muſt grant it you.
But for my Brother, not a man would ſpeake,
Nor I (vngracious) ſpeake vnto my ſelfe
For him poore Soule. The proudeſt of you all,
Haue bin beholding to him in his life:
Yet none of you, would once begge fur his life.
O God! I feare thy iuſtice will take hold
On me, and you; and mine, and yours for this.
Come *Haſtings* helpe me to my Cloſſet.
Ah poore *Clarence*. *Exeunt ſome with K. & Queen.*
Rich. This is the fruits of raſhnes: Markt you not,
How that the guilty Kindred of the Queene
Look'd pale, when they did heare of *Clarence* death.
O! they did vrge it ſtill vnto the King,
God will reuenge it. Come Lords will you go,
To comfort *Edward* with our company.
Buc. We wait vpon your Grace. *exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the old Dutcheſſe of Yorke, with the two children of Clarence.

Edw. Good Grandam tell vs, is our Father dead?
Dutch. No Boy.
Daugh. Why do weepe ſo oft? And beate your Breſt?
And cry, O *Clarence*, my vnhappy Sonne.
Boy. Why do you looke on vs, and ſhake your head,
And call vs Orphans, Wretches, Caſtawayes,
If that our Noble Father were aliue?
Dut. My pretty Coſins, you miſtake me both,
I do lament the ſickneſſe of the King,
As loath to loſe him, not your Fathers death:
It were loſt ſorrow to walle one that's loſt.
Boy. Then you conclude, (my Grandam) he is dead:
The King mine Vnckle is too blame for it.
God will reuenge it, whom I will importune
With earneſt prayers, all to that effect.
Daugh. And ſo will I.
Dut. Peace children peace, the King doth loue you wel.
Incapeable, and ſhallow Innocents,
You cannot gueſſe who caus'd your Fathers death.
Boy. Grandam we can: for my good Vnkle Gloſter
Told me, the King prouok'd to it by the Queene,
Deuis'd impeachments to impriſon him;
And when my Vnckle told me ſo, he wept,
And pittied me, and kindly kiſt my cheeke:
Bad me rely on him, as on my Father,
And he would loue me deerely as a childe.
Dut. Ah! that Deceit ſhould ſteale ſuch gentle ſhape,
And with a vertuous Vizor hide deepe vice.
He is my ſonne, I, and therein my ſhame,
Yet from my dugges, he drew not this deceit.
Boy. Thinke you my Vnkle did diſſemble Grandam?
Dut. I Boy.
Boy. I cannot thinke it. Hearke, what noiſe is this?

Enter the Queene with her haire about her ears, Riuers & Dorſet after her.

Qu. Ah! who ſhall hinder me to waile and weepe?
To chide my Fortune, and torment my Selfe.
Ile ioyne with blacke diſpaire againſt my Soule,
And to my ſelfe, become an enemie.
Dut. What meanes this Scene of rude impatience?
Qu. To make an act of Tragicke violence.
Edward my Lord, thy Sonne, our King is dead.
Why grow the Branches, when the Roote is gone?
Why wither not the leaues that want their ſap?
If you will liue, Lament: if dye, be breefe,
That our ſwift-winged Soules may catch the Kings,
Or like obedient Subiects follow him,
To his new Kingdome of nere-changing night.
Dut. Ah ſo much intereſt haue in thy ſorrow,
As I had Title in thy Noble Husband:
I haue bewept a worthy Husbands death,
And liu'd with looking on his Images:
But now two Mirrors of his Princely ſemblance,
Are crack'd in pieces, by malignant death,
And I for comfort, haue but one falſe Glaſſe,
That greeues me, when I ſee my ſhame in him.
Thou art a Widdow: yet thou art a Mother,
And haſt the comfort of thy Children left,
But death hath ſnatch'd my Husband from mine Armes,
And pluckt two Crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence, and *Edward*. O, what cauſe haue I,
(Thine being but a moity of my moane)
To ouer-go thy woes, and drowne thy cries.
Boy. Ah Aunt! you wept not for our Fathers death:
How can we ayde you with our Kindred teares?
Daugh. Our fatherleſſe diſtreſſe was left vnmoan'd,
Your widdow-dolour, likewiſe be vnwept.
Qu. Giue me no helpe in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All Springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I being gouern'd by the waterie Moone,
May ſend forth plenteous teares to drowne the World.
Ah, for my Husband, for my deere Lord *Edward*.
Chil. Ah for our Father, for our deere Lord *Clarence*.
Dut. Alas for both, both mine *Edward* and *Clarence*.
Qu. What ſtay had I but *Edward*, and hee's gone?
Chil. What ſtay had we but *Clarence?* and he's gone.
Dut. What ſtayes had I, but they? and they are gone.
Qu. Was neuer widdow had ſo deere a loſſe.
Chil. Were neuer Orphans had ſo deere a loſſe.
Dut. Was neuer Mother had ſo deere a loſſe.
Alas! I am the Mother of theſe Greefes,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine is generall.
She for an *Edward* weepes, and ſo do I:

I for a *Clarence* weepes, ſo doth not ſhee:
Theſe Babes for *Clarence* weepe, ſo do not they.
Alas! you three, on me threefold diſtreſt:
Power all your teares, I am your ſorrowes Nurſe,
And I will pamper it with Lamentation.
Dor. Comfort deere Mother, God is much diſpleas'd,
That you take with vnthankfulneſſe his doing.
In common worldly things, 'tis call'd vngratefull,
With dull vnwillingneſſe to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus oppoſite with heauen,
For it requires the Royall debt it lent.
Riuers. Madam, bethinke you like a carefull Mother
Of the young Prince your ſonne: ſend ſtraight for him,
Let him be Crown'd, in him your comfort liues.
Drowne deſperate ſorrow in dead *Edwards* graue,
And plant your ioyes in liuing *Edwards* Throne.

Enter Richard, Buckingham, Derbie, Haſtings, and Ratcliffe.

Rich. Siſter haue comfort, all of vs haue cauſe
To waile the dimming of our ſhining Starre:
But none can helpe our harmes by wayling them.
Madam, my Mother, I do cry you mercie,
I did not ſee your Grace. Humbly on my knee,
I craue your Bleſſing.
Dut. God bleſſe thee, and put meeknes in thy breaſt,
Loue Charity, Obedience, and true Dutie.
Rich. Amen, and make me die a good old man,
That is the butt-end of a Mothers bleſſing;
I maruell that her Grace did leaue it out.
Buc. You clowdy-Princes, & hart-ſorowing-Peeres,
That beare this heauie mutuall loade of Moane,
Now cheere each other, in each others Loue:
Though we haue ſpent our Harueſt of this King,
We are to reape the Harueſt of his Sonne.
The broken rancour of your high-ſwolne hates,
But lately ſplinter'd, knit, and ioyn'd together,
Muſt gently be preſeru'd, cheriſht, and kept:
Me ſeemeth good, that with ſome little Traine,
Forthwith from Ludlow, the young Prince be ſet
Hither to London, to be crown'd our King.
Riuers. Why with ſome little Traine,
My Lord of Buckingham?
Buc. Marrie my Lord, leaſt by a multitude,
The new-heal'd wound of Malice ſhould breake out,
Which would be ſo much the more dangerous,
By how much the eſtate is greene, and yet vngouern'd.
Where euery Horſe beares his commanding Reine,
And may direct his courſe as pleaſe himſelfe,
As well the feare of harme, as harme apparant,
In my opinion, ought to be preuented.
Rich. I hope the King made peace with all of vs,
And the compact is firme, and true in me.
Riu. And ſo in me, and ſo (I thinke) in all.
Yet ſince it is but greene, it ſhould be put
To no apparant likely-hood of breach,
Which haply by much company might be vrg'd:
Therefore I ſay with Noble Buckingham,
That it is meete ſo few ſhould fetch the Prince.
Haſt. And ſo ſay I.
Rich. Then be it ſo, and go we to determine
Who they ſhall be that ſtrait ſhall poſte to London.
Madam, and you my Siſter, will you go
To giue your cenſures in this buſineſſe. *Exeunt.*

Manet Buckingham, and Richard.

Buc. My Lord, who euer iournies to the Prince,
For God ſake let not vs two ſtay at home:
For by the way, Ile ſort occaſion,
As Index to the ſtory we late talk'd of,
To part the Queenes proud Kindred from the Prince.
Rich. My other ſelfe, my Counſailes Conſiſtory,
My Oracle, My Prophet, my deere Coſin,
I, as a childe, will go by thy direction,
Toward London then, for wee'l not ſtay behinde. *Exeunt*

Scena Tertia.

Enter one Citizen at one doore, and another at the other.

1.*Cit.* Good morrow Neighbour, whether away ſo faſt?
2.*Cit.* I promiſe you, I fearfely know my ſelfe:
Heare you the newes abroad?
1. Yes, that the King is dead.
2. Ill newes byrlady, ſeldome comes the better:
I feare, I feare, 'twill proue a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3. Neighbours, God ſpeed.
1. Giue you good morrow ſir.
3. Doth the newes hold of good king *Edwards* death?
2. I ſir, it is too true, God helpe the while.
3. Then Maſters looke to ſee a troublous world.
1. No, no, by Gods good grace, his Son ſhall reigne.
3. Woe to that Land that's gouern'd by a Childe.
2. In him there is a hope of Gouernment,
Which in his nonage, counſell vnder him,
And in his full and ripened yeares, himſelfe
No doubt ſhall then, and till then gouerne well.
1. So ſtood the State, when *Henry* the ſixt
Was crown'd in Paris, but at nine months old.
3. Stood the State ſo? No, no, good friends, God wot
For then this Land was famouſly enrich'd
With politike graue Counſell; then the King
Had vertuous Vnkles to protect his Grace.
1. Why ſo hath this, both by his Father and Mother.
3. Better it were they all came by his Father:
Or by his Father there were none at all:
For emulation, who ſhall now be neereſt,
Will touch vs all too neere, if God preuent not.
O full of danger is the Duke of Glouſter,
And the Queenes Sons, and Brother, haught and proud:
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This ſickly Land, might ſolace as before.
1. Come, come, we feare the worſt: all will be well.
3. When Clouds are ſeen, wiſemen put on their clokes;
When great leaues fall, then Winter is at hand;
When the Sun ſets, who doth not looke for night?
Vntimely ſtormes, make men expect a Dearth:
All may be well; but if God ſort it ſo,
'Tis more then we deſerue, or I expect.
2. Truly, the hearts of men are full of feare:
You cannot reaſon (almoſt) with a man,
That lookes not heauily, and full of dread.
3. Before the dayes of Change, ſtill is it ſo,
By a diuine inſtinct, mens mindes miſtruſt

Enſuing

Purſuing danger: as by proofe we ſee
The Water ſwell before a boyſt'rous ſtorme:
But leaue it all to God. Whither away?
2 Marry we were ſent for to the Iuſtices.
3 And ſo was I: Ile heare you company. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Arch-biſhop, yong Yorke, the Queene, and the Dutcheſſe.

Arch. Laſt night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do reſt to night:
To morrow, or next day, they will be heere.
Dut. I long with all my heart to ſee the Prince:
I hope he is much growne ſince laſt I ſaw him.
Qu. But I heare no, they ſay my ſonne of Yorke
Ha's almoſt ouertane him in his growth.
Yorke. I Mother, but I would not haue it ſo.
Dut. Why my good Coſin, it is good to grow.
Yor. Grandam, one night as we did ſit at Supper,
My Vnkle *Riuers* talk'd how I did grow
More then my Brother. I, quoth my Vnkle Glouſter,
Small Herbes haue grace, great Weeds do grow apace.
And ſince, me thinkes I would not grow ſo faſt,
Becauſe ſweet Flowres are ſlow, and Weeds make haſt.
Dut. Good faith, good faith, the ſaying did not hold
In him that did obiect the ſame to thee.
He was the wretched'ſt thing when he was yong,
So long a growing, and ſo leyſurely,
That if his rule were true, he ſhould be gracious.
Yor. And ſo no doubt he is, my gracious Madam.
Dut. I hope he is, but yet let Mothers doubt.
Yor. Now by my troth, if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vnkles Grace, a flout,
To touch his growth, neerer then he toucht mine.
Dut. How my yong Yorke,
I prythee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry (they ſay) my Vnkle grew ſo faſt,
That he could gnaw a cruſt at two houres old,
'Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would haue beene a byting Ieſt.
Dut. I prythee pretty Yorke, who told thee this?
Yor. Grandam, his Nurſſe.
Dut. His Nurſe? why ſhe was dead, ere ÿ waſt horne.
Yor. If 'twere not ſhe, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A parlous Boy: go too, you are too ſhrew'd.
Dut. Good Madam, be not angry with the Childe.
Qu. Pitchers haue eares.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Arch. Heere comes a Meſſenger: What Newes?
Meſ. Such newes my Lord, as greeues me to report.
Qu. How doth the Prince?
Meſ. Well Madam, and in health.
Dut. What is thy Newes?
Meſſ. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Grey*,
Are ſent to Pomfret, and with them,
Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, Priſoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Meſ. The mighty Dukes, *Glouſter* and *Buckingham*.
Arch. For what offence?
Meſ. The ſumme of all I can, I haue diſclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lord.
Qu. Aye me! I ſee the ruine of my Houſe:
The Tyger now hath ſeiz'd the gentle Hinde,
Inſulting Tiranny beginnes to Iutt
Vpon the innocent and aweleſſe Throne:
Welcome Deſtruction, Blood, and Maſſacre,
I ſee (as in a Map) the end of all.
Dut. Accurſed, and vnquiet wrangling dayes,
How many of you haue mine eyes beheld?
My Huſband loſt his life, to get the Crowne,
And often vp and downe my ſonnes were toſt
For me to ioy, and weepe, their gaine and loſſe.
And being ſeated, and Domeſticke broyles
Cleane ouer-blowne, themſelues the Conquerors,
Make warre vpon themſelues, Brother to Brother;
Blood to blood, ſelfe againſt ſelfe: O prepoſterous
And franticke outrage, end thy damned ſpleene,
Or let me dye, to looke on earth no more.
Qu. Come, come my Boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farwell.
Dut. Stay, I will go with you.
Qu. You haue no cauſe.
Arch. My Gracious Lady go,
And thether beare your Treaſure and your Goodes,
For my part, Ile reſigne vnto your Grace
The Seale I keepe, and ſo betide to me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours.
Go, Ile conduct you to the Sanctuary. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius. Scœna Prima.

The Trumpets ſound.
Enter yong Prince, the Dukes of Gloceſter, and Buckingham, Lord Cardinall, with others.

Buc. Welcome ſweete Prince to London,
To your Chamber.
Rich. Welcome deere Coſin, my thoughts Soueraign
The wearie way hath made you Melancholly.
Prin. No Vnkle, but our croſſes on the way,
Haue made it tedious, weariſome, and heauie.
I want more Vnkles heere to welcome me.
Rich. Sweet Prince, the vntainted vertue of your yeers
Hath not yet diu'd into the World's deceit:
No more can you diſtinguiſh of a man,
Then of his outward ſhew, which God he knowes,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth with the heart.
Thoſe Vnkles which you want, were dangerous:
Your Grace attended to their Sugred words,
But look'd not on the poyſon of their hearts:
God keepe you from them, and from ſuch falſe Friends.
Prin. God keepe me from falſe Friends,
But they were none.
Rich. My Lord, the Maior of London comes to greet you.

Enter Lord Maior.

Lo. Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, with health and happie dayes.
Prin. I thanke you, good my Lord, and thank you all:

I thought my Mother, and my Brother *Yorke*,
Would long, ere this, haue met vs on the way.
Fie, what a Slug is *Haſtings*, that he comes not
To tell vs, whether they will come, or no.

Enter Lord Haſtings.

Buck. And in good time, beere comes the ſweating Lord.

Prince. Welcome, my Lord: what, will our Mother come?

Haſt. On what occaſion God he knowes, not I;
The Queene your Mother, and your Brother *Yorke*,
Haue taken Sanctuarie: The tender Prince
Would faine haue come with me, to meet your Grace,
But by his Mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peeuiſh courſe
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinall, will your Grace
Perſwade the Queene, to ſend the Duke of Yorke
Vnto his Princely Brother preſently?
If ſhe denie, Lord *Haſtings* goe with him,
And from her iealous Armes pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weake Oratorie
Can from his Mother winne the Duke of Yorke,
Anon expect him here: but if ſhe be obdurate
To milde entreaties, God forbid
We ſhould infringe the holy Priuiledge
Of bleſſed Sanctuarie: not for all this Land,
Would I be guiltie of ſo great a ſinne.

Buck. You are too ſenceleſſe obſtinate, my Lord,
Too ceremonious, and traditionall.
Weigh it but with the groſſeneſſe of this Age,
You breake not Sanctuarie, in ſeizing him:
The benefit thereof is alwayes granted
To thoſe, whoſe dealings haue deſeru'd the place,
And thoſe who haue the wit to clayme the place:
This Prince hath neyther claym'd it, nor deſeru'd it,
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot haue it.
Then taking him from thence, that is not there,
You breake no Priuiledge, nor Charter there:
Oft haue I heard of Sanctuarie men,
But Sanctuarie children, ne're till now.

Card. My Lord, you ſhall o're-rule my mind for once.
Come on, Lord *Haſtings*, will you goe with me?

Haſt. I goe, my Lord. *Exit Cardinall and Haſtings.*

Prince. Good Lords, make all the ſpeedie haſt you may.
Say, Vnckle *Gloceſter*, if our Brother come,
Where ſhall we ſoiourne, till our Coronation?

Glo. Where it think'ſt beſt vnto your Royall ſelfe.
If I may counſaile you, ſome day or two
Your Highneſſe ſhall repoſe you at the Tower:
Then where you pleaſe, and ſhall be thought moſt fit
For your beſt health, and recreation.

Prince. I doe not like the Tower, of any place:
Did *Iulius Cæſar* build that place, my Lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,
Which ſince, ſucceeding Ages haue re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it vpon record? or elſe reported
Succeſſiuely from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Vpon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But ſay, my Lord, it were not regiſtred,
Me thinkes the truth ſhould liue from age to age,
As 'twere retayl'd to all poſteritie,
Euen to the generall ending day.

Glo. So wiſe, ſo young, they ſay doe neuer liue long.

Prince. What ſay you, Vnckle?

Glo. I ſay, without Characters, Fame liues long.
Thus, like the formall Vice, Iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That *Iulius Cæſar* was a famous man,
With what his Valour did enrich his Wit,
His Wit ſet downe, to make his Valour liue:
Death makes no Conqueſt of his Conqueror,
For now he liues in Fame, though not in Life.
Ile tell you what, my Couſin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile win our ancient Right in France againe,
Or dye a Souldier, as I liu'd a King.

Glo. Short Summers lightly haue a forward Spring.

Enter young Yorke, Haſtings, and Cardinall.

Buck. Now in good time, beere comes the Duke of Yorke.

Prince. *Richard* of Yorke, how fares our Noble Brother?

Yorke. Well, my deare Lord, ſo muſt I call you now.

Prince. I, Brother, to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dy'd, that might haue kept that Title,
Which by his death hath loſt much Maieſtie.

Glo. How fares our Couſin, Noble Lord of Yorke?

Yorke. I thanke you, gentle Vnckle. O my Lord,
You ſaid, that idle Weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince, my Brother, hath out-growne me farre.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

Yorke. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh my faire Couſin, I muſt not ſay ſo.

Yorke. Then he is more beholding to you, then I.

Glo. He may command me as my Soueraigne,
But you haue power in me, as in a Kinſman.

Yorke. I pray you, Vnckle, giue me this Dagger.

Glo. My Dagger, little Couſin? with all my heart.

Prince. A Begger, Brother?

Yorke. Of my kind Vnckle, that I know will giue,
And being but a Toy, which is no griefe to giue.

Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Couſin.

Yorke. A greater gift? O, that's the Sword to it.

Glo. I, gentle Couſin, were it light enough.

Yorke. O then I ſee, you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things you'le ſay a Begger nay.

Glo. It is too weightie for your Grace to weare.

Yorke. I weigh it lightly, were it heauier.

Glo. What, would you haue my Weapon, little Lord?

Yorke. I would that I might thanke you, as, as, you call me.

Glo. How?

Yorke. Little.

Prince. My Lord of Yorke will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vnckle, your Grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yorke. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vnckle, my Brother mockes both you and me,
Becauſe that I am little, like an Ape,
He thinkes that you ſhould beare me on your ſhoulders.

Buck. With what a ſharpe prouided wit he reaſons:
To mittigate the ſcorne he giues his Vnckle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himſelfe:
So cunning, and ſo young, is wonderfull.

Glo. My Lord, wilt pleaſe you paſſe along?
My ſelfe, and my good Couſin *Buckingham*,
Will to your Mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

Yorke. What,

Yorke. What, will you goe vnto the Tower, my Lord?
Prince. My Lord Protector will haue it so.
Yorke. I shall not sleepe in quiet at the Tower.
Glo. Why, what should you feare?
Yorke. Marry, my Vncle *Clarence* angry Ghost:
My Grandam told me he was murther'd there.
Prince. I feare no Vnckles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prince. And if they liue, I hope I need not feare.
But come my Lord: and with a heauie heart,
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the Tower.
A Senet. Exeunt Prince, Yorke, Hastings, and Dorset.

Manet Richard, Buckingham, and Catesby.

Buck. Thinke you, my Lord, this little prating *Yorke*
Was not incensed by his subtile Mother,
To taunt and scorne you thus opprobriously?
Glo. No doubt, no doubt: Oh 'tis a perillous Boy,
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, capable:
Hee is all the Mothers, from the top to toe.
Buck. Well, let them rest: Come hither *Catesby*,
Thou art sworne as deepely to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceale what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons vrg'd vpon the way.
What think'st thou? is it not an easie matter,
To make *William* Lord *Hastings* of our minde,
For the installment of this Noble Duke
In the Seat Royall of this famous Ile?
Cates. He for his fathers sake so loues the Prince,
That he will not be wonne to ought against him.
Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley?* Will not hee?
Cates. Hee will doe all in all as *Hastings* doth.
Buck. Well then, no more but this:
Goe gentle *Catesby*, and as it were farre off,
Sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose,
And summon him to morrow to the Tower,
To sit about the Coronation.
If thou do'st finde him tractable to vs,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icie, cold, vnwilling,
Be thou so too, and so breake off the talke,
And giue vs notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold diuided Councels,
Wherein thy selfe shalt highly be employ'd.
Rich. Commend me to Lord *William:* tell him *Catesby*,
His ancient Knot of dangerous Aduersaries
To morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle,
And bid my Lord, for ioy of this good newes,
Giue Mistresse *Shore* one gentle Kisse the more.
Buck. Good *Catesby*, goe effect this businesse soundly.
Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.
Rich. Shall we heare from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleepe?
Cates. You shall, my Lord.
Rich. At *Crosby* House, there shall you find vs both.
Exit Catesby.

Buck. Now, my Lord,
What shall wee doe, if wee perceiue
Lord *Hastings* will not yeeld to our Complots?
Rich. Chop off his Head:
Something wee will determine:
And looke when I am King, clayme thou of me
The Earledome of Hereford, and all the moueables
Whereof the King, my Brother, was possest.
Buck. Ile clayme that promise at your Graces hand.
Rich. And looke to haue it yeelded with all kindnesse.
Come, let vs suppe betimes, that afterwards
Wee may digest our complots in some forme.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Enter a Messenger to the Doore of Hastings.

Mess. My Lord, my Lord.
Hast. Who knockes?
Mess. One from the Lord *Stanley.*
Hast. What is't a Clocke?
Mess. Vpon the stroke of foure.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot my Lord *Stanley* sleepe these tedious Nights?
Mess. So it appeares, by that I haue to say:
First, he commends him to your Noble selfe.
Hast. What then?
Mess. Then certifies your Lordship, that this Night
He dreamt, the Bore had rased off his Helme:
Besides, he sayes there are two Councels kept;
And that may be determin'd at the one,
Which may make you and him to rue at th'other.
Therefore he sends to know your Lordships pleasure,
If you will presently take Horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the North,
To shun the danger that his Soule diuines.
Hast. Goe fellow, goe, returne vnto thy Lord,
Bid him not feare the seperated Councell:
His Honor and my selfe are at the one,
And at the other, is my good friend *Catesby;*
Where nothing can proceede, that toucheth vs,
Whereof I shall not haue intelligence:
Tell him his Feares are shallow, without instance,
And for his Dreames, I wonder hee's so simple,
To trust the mock'ry of vnquiet slumbers.
To flye the Bore, before the Bore pursues,
Were to incense the Bore to follow vs,
And make pursuit, where he did meane no chase.
Goe, bid thy Master rise, and come to me,
And we will both together to the Tower,
Where he shall see the Bore will vse vs kindly.
Mess. Ile goe, my Lord, and tell him what you say.
Exit.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrowes to my Noble Lord.
Hast. Good morrow *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What newes, what newes, in this our tott'ring State?
Cates. It is a reeling World indeed, my Lord:
And I beleeue will neuer stand vpright,
Till *Richard* weare the Garland of the Realme.
Hast. How weare the Garland?
Doest thou meane the Crowne?
Cates. I, my good Lord.
Hast. Ile haue this Crown of mine cut frō my shoulders,
Before Ile see the Crowne so soule mis-plac'd:
But canst thou guesse, that he doth ayme at it?
Cates. I,

Cates. I, on my life, and hopes to find you forward,
Vpon his partie, for the gaine thereof:
And thereupon he ſends you this good newes,
That this ſame very day your enemies,
The Kindred of the Queene, muſt dye at Pomfret.
Haſt. Indeed I am no mourner for that newes,
Becauſe they haue beene ſtill my aduerſaries:
But, that Ile giue my voice on *Richards* ſide,
To barre my Maſters Heires in true Deſcent,
God knowes I will not doe it, to the death.
Cates. God keepe your Lordſhip in that gracious minde.
Haſt. But I ſhall laugh at this a twelue-month hence,
That they which brought me in my Maſters hate,
I liue to looke vpon their Tragedie.
Well *Catesby*, ere a fort-night make me older,
Ile ſend ſome packing, that yet thinke not on't.
Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to dye, my gracious Lord,
When men are vnprepar'd, and looke not for it.
Haſt. O monſtrous, monſtrous! and ſo falls it out
With *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Grey:* and ſo 'twill doe
With ſome men elſe, that thinke themſelues as ſafe
As thou and I, who (as thou know'ſt) are deare
To Princely *Richard*, and to *Buckingham.*
Cates. The Princes both make high account of you,
For they account his Head vpon the Bridge.
Haſt. I know they doe, and I haue well deſeru'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your Bore-ſpeare man?
Feare you the Bore, and goe ſo vnprouided?
Stan. My Lord good morrow, good morrow *Catesby:*
You may ieaſt on, but by the holy Rood,
I doe not like theſe ſeuerall Councels, I.
Haſt. My Lord, I hold my Life as deare as yours,
And neuer in my dayes, I doe proteſt,
Was it ſo precious to me, as 'tis now:
Thinke you, but that I know our ſtate ſecure,
I would be ſo triumphant as I am?
Sta. The Lords at Pomfret, when they rode from London,
Were iocund, and ſuppos'd their ſtates were ſure,
And they indeed had no cauſe to miſtruſt:
But yet you ſee, how ſoone the Day o're-caſt.
This ſudden ſtab of Rancour I miſdoubt:
Pray God (I ſay) I proue a needleſſe Coward.
What, ſhall we toward the Tower? the day is ſpent.
Haſt. Come, come, haue with you:
Wot you what, my Lord,
To day the Lords you talke of, are beheaded.
Sta. They, for their truth, might better wear their Heads,
Then ſome that haue accus'd them, weare their Hats.
But come, my Lord, let's away.

Enter a Purſuiuant.

Haſt. Goe on before, Ile talke with this good fellow.
Exit Lord Stanley, and Catesby.
How now, Sirrha? how goes the World with thee?
Purſ. The better, that your Lordſhip pleaſe to aske.
Haſt. I tell thee man, 'tis better with me now,
Then when thou met'ſt me laſt, where now we meet:
Then was I going Priſoner to the Tower,
By the ſuggeſtion of the Queenes Allyes.
But now I tell thee (keepe it to thy ſelfe)
This day thoſe Enemies are put to death,
And I in better ſtate then ere I was.
Purſ. God hold it, to your Honors good content.
Haſt. Gramercie fellow: there, drinke that for me.
Throwes him his Purſe.
Purſ. I thanke your Honor. *Exit Purſuiuant.*

Enter a Prieſt.

Prieſt. Well met, my Lord, I am glad to ſee your Honor.
Haſt. I thanke thee, good Sir *Iohn*, with all my heart.
I am in your debt, for your laſt Exerciſe:
Come the next Sabboth, and I will content you.
Prieſt. Ile wait vpon your Lordſhip.

Enter Buckingham.

Buc. What, talking with a Prieſt, Lord Chamberlaine?
Your friends at Pomfret, they doe need the Prieſt,
Your Honor hath no ſhriuing worke in hand.
Haſt. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talke of, came into my minde.
What, goe you toward the Tower?
Buc. I doe, my Lord, but long I cannot ſtay there:
I ſhall returne before your Lordſhip, thence.
Haſt. Nay like enough, for I ſtay Dinner there.
Buc. And Supper too, although thou know'ſt it not.
Come, will you goe?
Haſt. Ile wait vpon your Lordſhip. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliffe, with Halberds, carrying the Nobles to death at Pomfret.

Riuers. Sir *Richard Ratcliffe*, let me tell thee this,
To day ſhalt thou behold a Subiect die,
For Truth, for Dutie, and for Loyaltie.
Grey. God bleſſe the Prince from all the Pack of you,
A Knot you are, of damned Blood-ſuckers.
Vaugh. You liue, that ſhall cry woe for this heere-after.
Rat. Diſpatch, the limit of your Liues is out.
Riuers. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody Priſon!
Fatall and ominous to Noble Peeres:
Within the guiltie Closure of thy Walls,
Richard the Second here was hackt to death:
And for more ſlander to thy diſmall Seat,
Wee giue to thee our guiltleſſe blood to drinke.
Grey. Now *Margarets* Curſe is falne vpon our Heads,
When ſhee exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For ſtanding by, when *Richard* ſtab'd her Sonne.
Riuers. Then curs'd ſhee *Richard*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Buckingham*,
Then curs'd ſhee *Hastings.* Oh remember God,
To heare her prayer for them, as now for vs:
And for my Siſter, and her Princely Sonnes,
Be ſatisfy'd, deare God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'ſt, vniuſtly muſt be ſpilt.
Rat. Make haſte, the boure of death is expiate.
Riuers. Come *Grey*, come *Vaughan*, let vs heere embrace.
Farewell, vntill we meet againe in Heauen.
Exeunt.

Scena

Scæna Quarta.

Enter Buckingham, Darby, Hastings, Biſhop of Ely, Norfolke, Ratcliffe, Louell, with others, at a Table.

Haſt. Now Noble Peeres, the cauſe why we are met,
Is to determine of the Coronation:
In Gods Name ſpeake, when is the Royall day?
Buck. Is all things ready for the Royall time?
Darb. It is, and wants but nomination.
Ely. To morrow then I iudge a happie day.
Buck. Who knowes the Lord Protectors mind herein?
Who is moſt inward with the Noble Duke?
Ely. Your Grace, we thinke, ſhould ſooneſt know his minde.
Buck. We know each others Faces: for our Hearts,
He knowes no more of mine, then I of yours,
Or I of his, my Lord, then you of mine:
Lord *Haſtings*, you and he are neere in loue.
Haſt. I thanke his Grace, I know he loues me well:
But for his purpoſe in the Coronation,
I haue not ſounded him, nor he deliuer'd
His gracious pleaſure any way therein:
But you, my Honorable Lords, may name the time,
And in the Dukes behalfe Ile giue my Voice,
Which I preſume hee'le take in gentle part.

Enter Glouceſter.

Ely. In happie time, here comes the Duke himſelfe.
Rich. My Noble Lords, and Couſins all, goodmorrow:
I haue beene long a ſleeper: but I truſt,
My abſence doth neglect no great deſigne,
Which by my preſence might haue beene concluded.
Buck. Had you not come vpon your Q my Lord,
William, Lord *Haſtings*, had pronounc'd your part;
I meane your Voice, for Crowning of the King.
Rich. Then my Lord *Haſtings*, no man might be bolder,
His Lordſhip knowes me well, and loues me well.
My Lord of Ely, when I was laſt in Holborne,
I ſaw good Strawberries in your Garden there,
I doe beſeech you, ſend for ſome of them.
Ely. Mary and will, my Lord, with all my heart.
Exit Biſhop.
Rich. Couſin of Buckingham, a word with you.
Catesby hath founded *Hastings* in our buſineſſe,
And findes the teſtie Gentleman ſo hot,
That he will loſe his Head, ere giue conſent
His Maſters Child, as worſhipfully he tearmes it,
Shall loſe the Royaltie of Englands Throne.
Buck. Withdraw your ſelfe a while, Ile goe with you.
Exeunt.
Darb. We haue not yet ſet downe this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my iudgement, is too ſudden,
For I my ſelfe am not ſo well prouided,
As elſe I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter the Biſhop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my Lord, the Duke of Gloſter?
I haue ſent for theſe Strawberries.
Ha. His Grace looks chearfully & ſmooth this morning,
There's ſome conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with ſuch ſpirit.
I thinke there's neuer a man in Chriſtendome
Can leſſer hide his loue, or hate, then hee,
For by his Face ſtraight ſhall you know his Heart.
Darb. What of his Heart perceiue you in his Face,
By any liuelyhood he ſhew'd to day?
Haſt. Mary, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had ſhewne it in his Lookes.

Enter Richard, and Buckingham.

Rich. I pray you all, tell me what they deſerue,
That doe conſpire my death with diuelliſh Plots
Of damned Witchcraft, and that haue preuail'd
Vpon my Body with their Helliſh Charmes.
Haſt. The tender loue I beare your Grace, my Lord,
Makes me moſt forward, in this Princely preſence,
To doome th'Offendors, whoſoe're they be:
I ſay, my Lord, they haue deſerued death.
Rich. Then be your eyes the witneſſe of their euill.
Looke how I am bewitch'd: behold, mine Arme
Is like a blaſted Sapling, wither'd vp:
And this is *Edwards* Wife, that monſtrous Witch,
Conſorted with that Harlot, Strumpet *Shore*,
That by their Witchcraft thus haue marked me.
Haſt. If they haue done this deed, my Noble Lord.
Rich. If? thou Protector of this damned Strumpet,
Talk'ſt thou to me of Ifs: thou art a Traytor,
Off with his Head: now by Saint *Paul* I ſweare,
I will not dine, vntill I ſee the ſame.
Louell and *Ratcliffe*, looke that it be done: *Exeunt.*
The reſt that loue me, riſe, and follow me.

Manet Louell and Ratcliffe, with the Lord Haſtings.

Haſt. Woe, woe for England, not a whit for me,
For I, too fond, might haue preuented this:
Stanley did dreame, the Bore did rowſe our Helmes,
And I did ſcorne it, and diſdaine to flye:
Three times to day my Foot-Cloth-Horſe did ſtumble,
And ſtarted, when he look'd vpon the Tower,
As loth to beare me to the ſlaughter-houſe.
O now I need the Prieſt, that ſpake to me:
I now repent I told the Purſuiuant,
As too triumphing, how mine Enemies
To day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I my ſelfe ſecure, in grace and fauour.
Oh *Margaret*, *Margaret*, now thy heauie Curſe
Is lighted on poore *Haſtings* wretched Head.
Ra. Come, come, diſpatch, the Duke would be at dinner:
Make a ſhort Shrift, he longs to ſee your Head.
Haſt. O momentarie grace of mortall men,
Which we more hunt for, then the grace of God!
Who builds his hope in ayre for your good Lookes,
Liues like a drunken Sayler on a Maſt,
Readie with euery Nod to tumble downe,
Into the fatall Bowels of the Deepe.
Lou. Come, come, diſpatch, 'tis bootleſſe to exclaime.
Haſt. O bloody *Richard:* miſerable England,
I prophecie the fearefull'ſt time to thee,
That euer wretched Age hath look'd vpon.
Come, lead me to the Block, beare him my Head,
They ſmile at me, who ſhortly ſhall be dead.
Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, maruellous ill-fauoured.

Richard. Come Couſin,
Canſt thou quake, and change thy colour,
Murther thy breath in middle of a word,
And then againe begin, and ſtop againe,
As if thou were diſtraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deepe Tragedian,
Speake, and looke backe, and prie on euery ſide,
Tremble and ſtart at wagging of a Straw:
Intending deepe ſuſpition, gaſtly Lookes
Are at my ſeruice, like enforced Smiles;
And both are ready in their Offices,
At any time to grace my Stratagemes.
But what, is *Catesby* gone?

Rich. He is, and ſee he brings the Maior along.

Enter the Maior, and Catesby.

Buck. Lord Maior.

Rich. Looke to the Draw-Bridge there.

Buck. Hearke, a Drumme.

Rich. Catesby, o're-looke the Walls.

Buck. Lord Maior, the reaſon we haue ſent.

Rich. Looke back, defend thee, here are Enemies.

Buck. God and our Innocencie defend, and guard vs.

Enter Louell and Ratcliffe, with Haſtings Head.

Rich. Be patient, they are friends: *Ratcliffe*, and *Louell.*

Louell. Here is the Head of that ignoble Traytor,
The dangerous and vnſuſpected *Haſtings.*

Rich. So deare I lou'd the man, that I muſt weepe:
I tooke him for the plaineſt harmeleſſe Creature,
That breath'd vpon the Earth, a Chriſtian.
Made him my Booke, wherein my Soule recorded
The Hiſtorie of all her ſecret thoughts.
So ſmooth he dawb'd his Vice with ſhew of Vertue,
That his apparant open Guilt omitted,
I meane, his Conuerſation with *Shores* Wife,
He liu'd from all attainder of ſuſpects.

Buck. Well, well, he was the couertſt ſheltred Traytor
That euer liu'd.
Would you imagine, or almoſt beleeue,
Wert not, that by great preſeruation
We liue to tell it, that the ſubtill Traytor
This day had plotted, in the Councell-Houſe,
To murther me, and my good Lord of Gloſter.

Maior. Had he done ſo?

Rich. What? thinke you we are Turkes, or Infidels?
Or that we would, againſt the forme of Law,
Proceed thus raſhly in the Villaines death,
But that the extreme perill of the caſe,
The Peace of England, and our Perſons ſafetie,
Enforc'd vs to this Execution.

Maior. Now faire befall you, he deſeru'd his death,
And your good Graces both haue well proceeded,
To warne falſe Traytors from the like Attempts.

Buck. I neuer look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Miſtreſſe *Shore:*
Yet had we not determin'd he ſhould dye,
Vntill your Lordſhip came to ſee his end,
Which now the louing haſte of theſe our friends,
Something againſt our meanings, haue preuented;
Becauſe, my Lord, I would haue had you heard
The Traytor ſpeake, and timorouſly confeſſe
The manner and the purpoſe of his Treaſons:
That you might well haue ſignify'd the ſame
Vnto the Citizens, who haply may
Miſconſter vs in him, and wayle his death.

Ma. But, my good Lord, your Graces words ſhal ſerue,
As well as I had ſeene, and heard him ſpeake:
And doe not doubt, right Noble Princes both,
But Ile acquaint our dutious Citizens
With all your iuſt proceedings in this caſe.

Rich. And to that end we wiſh'd your Lordſhip here,
T'auoid the Cenſures of the carping World.

Buck. Which ſince you come too late of our intent,
Yet witneſſe what you heare we did intend:
And ſo, my good Lord Maior, we bid farwell.

Exit Maior.

Rich. Goe after, after, Couſin *Buckingham.*
The Maior towards Guild-Hall hyes him in all poſte:
There, at your meeteſt vantage of the time,
Inferre the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children:
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Onely for ſaying, he would make his Sonne
Heire to the Crowne, meaning indeed his Houſe,
Which, by the Signe thereof, was tearmed ſo.
Moreouer, vrge his hatefull Luxurie,
And beaſtiall appetite in change of Luſt,
Which ſtretcht vnto their Seruants, Daughters, Wiues,
Euen where his raging eye, or fauage heart,
Without controll, luſted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus farre come neere my Perſon:
Tell them, when that my Mother went with Child
Of that inſatiate *Edward*; Noble *Yorke*,
My Princely Father, then had Warres in France,
And by true computation of the time,
Found, that the Iſſue was not his begot:
Which well appeared in his Lineaments,
Being nothing like the Noble Duke, my Father:
Yet touch this ſparingly, as 'twere farre off,
Becauſe, my Lord, you know my Mother liues.

Buck. Doubt not, my Lord, Ile play the Orator,
As if the Golden Fee, for which I plead,
Were for my ſelfe: and ſo, my Lord, adue.

Rich. If you thriue wel, bring them to Baynards Caſtle,
Where you ſhall finde me well accompanied
With reuerend Fathers, and well-learned Biſhops.

Buck. I goe, and towards three or foure a Clocke
Looke for the Newes that the Guild-Hall affoords.

Exit Buckingham.

Rich. Goe *Louell* with all ſpeed to Doctor *Shaw*,
Goe thou to Fryer *Peuker*, bid them both
Meet me within this houre at Baynards Caſtle. *Exit.*
Now will I goe to take ſome priuie order,
To draw the Brats of *Clarence* out of ſight,
And to giue order, that no manner perſon
Haue any time recourſe vnto the Princes. *Exeunt.*

Enter a Scriuener.

Scr. Here is the Indictment of the good Lord *Haſtings*,
Which in a ſet Hand fairely is engroſs'd,
That it may be to day read o're in *Paules.*
And marke how well the ſequell hangs together:
Eleuen houres I haue ſpent to write it ouer,
For yeſter-night by *Catesby* was it ſent me,
The Precedent was full as long a doing,
And yet within theſe fiue houres *Haſtings* liu'd,
Vntainted, vnexamin'd, free, at libertie.
Here's a good World the while.
Who is ſo groſſe, that cannot ſee this palpable deuice?

Yet

Yet who ſo bold, but ſayes he ſees it not?
Bad is the World, and all will come to nought,
When ſuch ill dealing muſt be ſeene in thought. *Exit.*

Enter Richard and Buckingham at ſeuerall Doores.

Rich. How now, how now, what ſay the Citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy Mother of our Lord,
The Citizens are mum, ſay not a word.
Rich. Toucht you the Baſtardie of *Edwards* Children?
Buck. I did, with his Contract with Lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputie in France,
Th'vnſatiate greedineſſe of his deſire,
And his enforcement of the Citie Wiues,
His Tyrannie for Trifles, his owne Baſtardie,
As being got, your Father then in France,
And his reſemblance, being not like the Duke.
Withall, I did inferre your Lineaments,
Being the right *Idea* of your Father,
Both in your forme, and Nobleneſſe of Minde:
Layd open all your Victories in Scotland,
Your Diſcipline in Warre, Wiſdome in Peace,
Your Bountie, Vertue, faire Humilitie:
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpoſe,
Vntoucht, or ſleightly handled in diſcourſe.
And when my Oratorie drew toward end,
I bid them that did loue their Countries good,
Cry, God ſaue *Richard*, Englands Royall King.
Rich. And did they ſo?
Buck. No, ſo God helpe me, they ſpake not a word,
But like dumbe Statues, or breathing Stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale:
Which when I ſaw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the Maior, what meant this wilfull ſilence?
His anſwer was, the people were not vſed
To be ſpoke to, but by the Recorder.
Then he was vrg'd to tell my Tale againe:
Thus ſayth the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
But nothing ſpoke, in warrant from himſelfe.
When he had done, ſome followers of mine owne,
At lower end of the Hall, hurld vp their Caps,
And ſome tenne voyces cry'd, God ſaue King *Richard:*
And thus I tooke the vantage of thoſe few.
Thankes gentle Citizens, and friends, quoth I,
This generall applauſe, and chearefull ſhowt,
Argues your wiſdome, and your loue to *Richard:*
And euen here brake off, and came away.
Rich. What tongue-leſſe Blockes were they,
Would they not ſpeake?
Will not the Maior then, and his Brethren, come?
Buck. The Maior is here at hand: intend ſome feare,
Be not you ſpoke with, but by mightie ſuit:
And looke you get a Prayer-Booke in your hand,
And ſtand betweene two Church-men, good my Lord,
For on that ground Ile make a holy Deſcant:
And be not eaſily wonne to our requeſts,
Play the Maids part, ſtill anſwer nay, and take it.
Rich. I goe: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can ſay nay to thee for my ſelfe,
No doubt we bring it to a happie iſſue.
Buck. Go, go vp to the Leads, the Lord Maior knocks.

Enter the Maior, and Citizens.

Welcome, my Lord, I dance attendance here,
I thinke the Duke will not be ſpoke withall.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. Now *Catesby*, what ſayes your Lord to my requeſt?
Catesby. He doth entreat your Grace, my Noble Lord,
To viſit him to morrow, or next day:
He is within, with two right reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to Meditation,
And in no Worldly ſuites would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy Exerciſe.
Buck. Returne, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke,
Tell him, my ſelfe, the Maior and Aldermen,
In deepe deſignes, in matter of great moment,
No leſſe importing then our generall good,
Are come to haue ſome conference with his Grace.
Catesby. Ile ſignifie ſo much vnto him ſtraight. *Exit.*
Buck. Ah ha, my Lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*,
He is not lulling on a lewd Loue-Bed,
But on his Knees, at Meditation:
Not dallying with a Brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not ſleeping, to engroſſe his idle Body,
But praying, to enrich his watchfull Soule.
Happie were England, would this vertuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Soueraignтie thereof.
But ſure I feare we ſhall not winne him to it.
Maior. Marry God defend his Grace ſhould ſay vs nay.
Buck. I feare he will: here *Catesby* comes againe.

Enter Catesby.

Now *Catesby*, what ſayes his Grace?
Catesby. He wonders to what end you haue aſſembled
Such troopes of Citizens, to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He feares, my Lord, you meane no good to him.
Buck. Sorry I am, my Noble Couſin ſhould
Suſpect me, that I meane no good to him:
By Heauen, we come to him in perfit loue,
And ſo once more returne, and tell his Grace. *Exit.*
When holy and deuout Religious men
Are at their Beades, 'tis much to draw them thence,
So ſweet is zealous Contemplation.

Enter Richard aloft, betweene two Biſhops.

Maior. See where his Grace ſtands, tweene two Clergie men.
Buck. Two Props of Vertue, for a Chriſtian Prince,
To ſtay him from the fall of Vanitie:
And ſee a Booke of Prayer in his hand,
True Ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*, moſt gracious Prince,
Lend fauourable eare to our requeſts,
And pardon vs the interruption
Of thy Deuotion, and right Chriſtian Zeale.
Rich. My Lord, there needes no ſuch Apologie:
I doe beſeech your Grace to pardon me,
Who earneſt in the ſeruice of my God,
Deferr'd the viſitation of my friends.
But leauing this, what is your Graces pleaſure?
Buck. Euen that (I hope) which pleaſeth God aboue,
And all good men, of this vngouern'd Ile.
Rich. I doe ſuſpect I haue done ſome offence,
That ſeemes diſgracious in the Cities eye,
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You

Buck. You haue, my Lord:
Would it might pleaſe your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.
Rich. Elſe wherefore breathe I in a Chriſtian Land.
Buck. Know then, it is your fault, that you reſigne
The Supreme Seat, the Throne Maieſticall,
The Sceptred Office of your Anceſtors,
Your State of Fortune, and your Deaw of Birth,
The Lineall Glory of your Royall Houſe,
To the corruption of a blemiſht Stock;
Whiles in the mildneſſe of your ſleepie thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Countries good,
The Noble Ile doth want his proper Limmes:
His Face deſac'd with ſkarres of Infamie,
His Royall Stock grafft with ignoble Plants,
And almoſt ſhouldred in the ſwallowing Gulfe
Of darke Forgetfulneſſe, and deepe Obliuion.
Which to recure, we heartily ſolicite
Your gracious ſelfe to take on you the charge
And Kingly Gouernment of this your Land:
Not as Protector, Steward, Subſtitute,
Or lowly Factor, for anothers gaine;
But as ſucceſſiuely, from Blood to Blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empyrie, your owne.
For this, conſorted with the Citizens,
Your very Worſhipfull and louing friends,
And by their vehement inſtigation,
In this iuſt Cauſe come I to moue your Grace.
Rich. I cannot tell, if to depart in ſilence,
Or bitterly to ſpeake in your reproofe,
Beſt fitteth my Degree, or your Condition.
If not to anſwer, you might haply thinke,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yeelded
To beare the Golden Yoake of Soueraignty,
Which fondly you would here impoſe on me.
If to reproue you for this ſuit of yours,
So ſeaſon'd with your faithfull loue to me,
Then on the other ſide I checke'd my friends.
Therefore to ſpeake, and to auoid the firſt,
And then in ſpeaking, not to incurre the laſt,
Definitiuely thus I anſwer you.
Your loue deſerues my thankes, but my deſert
Vnmeritable, ſhunnes your high requeſt.
Firſt, if all Obſtacles were cut away,
And that my Path were euen to the Crowne,
As the ripe Reuenue, and due of Birth:
Yet ſo much is my pouertie of ſpirit,
So mightie, and ſo manie my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my Greatneſſe,
Being a Barke to brooke no mightie Sea;
Then in my Greatneſſe couet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my Glory ſmother'd.
But God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
And much I need to helpe you, were there need:
The Royall Tree hath left vs Royall Fruit,
Which mellow'd by the ſtealing howres of time,
Will well become the Seat of Maieſtie,
And make (no doubt) vs happy by his Reigne.
On him I lay that, you would lay on me,
The Right and Fortune of his happie Starres,
Which God defend that I ſhould wring from him.
Buck. My Lord, this argues Conſcience in your Grace,
But the reſpects thereof are nice, and triuiall,
All circumſtances well conſidered.
You ſay, that *Edward* is your Brothers Sonne,
So ſay we too, but not by *Edwards* Wife:
For firſt was he contract to Lady *Lucie*,
Your Mother liues a Witneſſe to his Vow;
And afterward by ſubſtitute betroth'd
To *Bona*, Siſter to the King of France.
Theſe both put off, a poore Petitioner,
A Care-cras'd Mother to a many Sonnes,
A Beautie-waining, and diſtreſſed Widow,
Euen in the after-noone of her beſt dayes,
Made prize and purchaſe of his wanton Eye,
Seduc'd the pitch, and height of his degree,
To baſe declenſion, and loath'd Bigamie.
By her, in his vnlawfull Bed, he got
This *Edward*, whom our Manners call the Prince.
More bitterly could I expoſtulate,
Saue that for reuerence to ſome aliue,
I giue a ſparing limit to my Tongue.
Then good, my Lord, take to your Royall ſelfe
This proffer'd benefit of Dignitie:
If not to bleſſe vs and the Land withall,
Yet to draw forth your Noble Anceſtrie
From the corruption of abuſing times,
Vnto a Lineall true deriued courſe.
Maior. Do good my Lord, your Citizens entreat you.
Buck. Refuſe not, mightie Lord, this proffer'd loue.
Catesb. O make them ioyfull, grant their lawfull ſuit.
Rich. Alas, why would you heape this Care on me?
I am vnfit for State, and Maieſtie:
I doe beſeech you take it not amiſſe,
I cannot, nor I will not yeeld to you.
Buck. If you refuſe it, as in loue and zeale,
Loth to depoſe the Child, your Brothers Sonne,
As well we know your tenderneſſe of heart,
And gentle, kinde, effeminate remorſe,
Which we haue noted in you to your Kindred,
And egally indeede to all Eſtates:
Yet know, where you accept our ſuit, or no,
Your Brothers Sonne ſhall neuer reigne our King,
But we will plant ſome other in the Throne,
To the diſgrace and downe-fall of your Houſe:
And in this reſolution here we leaue you.
Come Citizens, we will entreat no more. *Exeunt.*
Catesb. Call him againe, ſweet Prince, accept their ſuit:
If you denie them, all the Land will rue it.
Rich. Will you enforce me to a world of Cares.
Call them againe, I am not made of Stones,
But penetrable to your kinde entreaties,
Albeit againſt my Conſcience and my Soule.
Enter Buckingham, and the reſt.
Couſin of Buckingham, and fage graue men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To heare her burthen, where I will or no.
I muſt haue patience to endure the Load:
But if blacke Scandall, or foule-fac'd Reproach,
Attend the ſequell of your Impoſition,
Your meere enforcement ſhall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and ſtaynes thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly ſee,
How farre I am from the deſire of this.
Maior. God bleſſe your Grace, wee ſee it, and will ſay it.
Rich. In ſaying ſo, you ſhall but ſay the truth.
Buck. Then I ſalute you with this Royall Title,
Long liue King *Richard*, Englands worthie King.
All. Amen.
Buck. To morrow may it pleaſe you to be Crown'd.
Rich. Euen when you pleaſe, for you will haue it ſo.

Buck. To

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And ſo moſt ioyfully we take our leaue.
Rich. Come, let vs to our holy Worke againe.
Farewell my Couſins, farewell gentle friends. *Exeunt.*

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter the Queene, Anne Ducheſſe of Glouceſter, the Ducheſſe of Yorke, and Marqueſſe Dorſet.

Duch.Yorke. Who meetes vs heere?
My Neece *Plantagenet*,
Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of Gloſter?
Now, for my Life, ſhee's wandring to the Tower,
On pure hearts loue, to greet the tender Prince.
Daughter, well met.
Anne. God giue your Graces both, a happie
And a ioyfull time of day.
Qu. As much to you, good Siſter: whither away?
Anne. No farther then the Tower, and as I gueſſe,
Vpon the like deuotion as your ſelues,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.
Qu. Kind Siſter thankes, wee'le enter all together:

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time, here the Lieutenant comes.
Maſter Lieutenant, pray you, by your leaue,
How doth the Prince, and my young Sonne of *Yorke?*
Lieu. Right well, deare Madame: by your patience,
I may not ſuffer you to viſit them,
The King hath ſtrictly charg'd the contrary.
Qu. The King? who's that?
Lieu. I meane, the Lord Protector.
Qu. The Lord protect him from that Kingly Title.
Hath he ſet hounds betweene their loue, and me?
I am their Mother, who ſhall harre me from them?
Duch.Yorke. I am their Fathers Mother, I will ſee them.
Anne. Their Aunt I am in law, in loue their Mother:
Then bring me to their ſights, Ile heare thy blame,
And take thy Office from thee, on my perill.
Lieu. No, Madame, no; I may not leaue it ſo:
I am bound by Oath, and therefore pardon me.
Exit Lieutenant.

Enter Stanley.

Stanley. Let me but meet you Ladies one howre hence,
And Ile ſalute your Grace of Yorke as Mother,
And reuerend looker on of two faire Queenes.
Come Madame, you muſt ſtraight to Weſtminſter,
There to be crowned *Richards* Royall Queene.
Qu. Ah, cut my Lace aſunder,
That my pent heart may haue ſome ſcope to beat,
Or elſe I ſwoone with this dead-killing newes.
Anne. Deſpightfull tidings, O vnpleaſing newes.
Dorſ. Be of good cheare: Mother, how fares your Grace?
Qu. O *Dorſet*, ſpeake not to me, get thee gone,
Death and Deſtruction dogges thee at thy heeles,
Thy Mothers Name is ominous to Children.
If thou wilt out-ſtrip Death, goe croſſe the Seas,
And liue with *Richmond*, from the reach of Hell.
Goe hye thee, hye thee from this ſlaughter-houſe,
Leſt thou encreaſe the number of the dead,
And make me dye the thrall of *Margarets* Curſe,
Nor Mother, Wife, nor Englands counted Queene.
Stanley. Full of wiſe care, is this your counſaile, Madame:
Take all the ſwift aduantage of the howres:
You ſhall haue Letters from me to my Sonne,
In your behalfe, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'ne tardie by vnwiſe delay.
Duch.Yorke. O ill diſperſing Winde of Miſerie,
O my accurſed Wombe, the Bed of Death:
A Cockatrice haſt thou hatcht to the World,
Whoſe vnauoided Eye is murtherous.
Stanley. Come, Madame, come, I in all haſte was ſent.
Anne. And I with all vnwillingneſſe will goe.
O would to God, that the incluſiue Verge
Of Golden Mettall, that muſt round my Brow,
Were red hot Steele, to ſeare me to the Braines,
Anoynted let me be with deadly Venome,
And dye ere men can ſay, God ſaue the Queene.
Qu. Goe, goe, poore ſoule, I enuie not thy glory,
To feed my humor, wiſh thy ſelfe no harme.
Anne. No: why? When he that is my Husband now,
Came to me, as I follow'd *Henries* Corſe,
When ſcarſe the blood was well waſht from his hands,
Which iſſued from my other Angell Husband,
And that deare Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O, when I ſay I look'd on *Richards* Face,
This was my Wiſh: Be thou (quoth I) accurſt,
For making me, ſo young, ſo old a Widow:
And when thou wed'ſt, let ſorrow haunt thy Bed;
And be thy Wife, if any be ſo mad,
More miſerable, by the Life of thee,
Then thou haſt made me, by my deare Lords death.
Loe, ere I can repeat this Curſe againe,
Within ſo ſmall a time, my Womans heart
Groſſely grew captiue to his honey words,
And prou'd the ſubiect of mine owne Soules Curſe,
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from reſt:
For neuer yet one howre in his Bed
Did I enioy the golden deaw of ſleepe,
But with his timorous Dreames was ſtill awak'd.
Beſides, he hates me for my Father *Warwicke*,
And will (no douht) ſhortly be rid of me.
Qu. Poore heart adieu, I pittie thy complaining.
Anne. No more, then with my ſoule I mourne for yours.
Dorſ. Farewell, thou woſull welcommer of glory.
Anne. Adieu, poore ſoule, that tak'ſt thy leaue of it.
Du.Y. Go thou to *Richmond*, & good fortune guide thee,
Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee,
Go thou to Sanctuarie, and good thoughts poſſeſſe thee,
I to my Graue, where peace and reſt lye with mee.
Eightie odde yeeres of ſorrow haue I ſeene,
And each howres ioy wrackt with a weeke of teene.
Qu. Stay, yet looke backe with me vnto the Tower.
Pitty, you ancient Stones, thoſe tender Babes,
Whom Enuie hath immur'd within your Walls,
Rough Cradle for ſuch little prettie ones,
Rude ragged Nurſe, old ſullen Play-fellow,
For tender Princes: vſe my Babies well;
So fooliſh Sorrowes bids your Stones farewell.
Exeunt.

Scena Secunda.

Sound a Sennet. Enter Richard in pompe, Buckingham, Catesby, Ratcliffe, Louel.

Rich. Stand all apart. Couſin of Buckingham.
Buck. My gracious Soueraigne.
Rich. Giue me thy hand. *Sound.*
Thus high, by thy aduice, and thy aſſiſtance,
Is King *Richard* ſeated:
But ſhall we weare theſe Glories for a day?
Or ſhall they laſt, and we reioyce in them?
Buck. Still liue they, and for euer let them laſt.
Rich. Ah *Buckingham*, now doe I play the Touch,
To trie if thou be currant Gold indeed:
Young *Edward* liues, thinke now what I would ſpeake.
Buck. Say on my louing Lord.
Rich. Why *Buckingham*, I ſay I would be King.
Buck. Why ſo you are, my thrice-renowned Lord.
Rich. Ha? am I King? 'tis ſo: but *Edward* liues.
Buck. True, Noble Prince.
Rich. O bitter conſequence!
That *Edward* ſtill ſhould liue true Noble Prince.
Couſin, thou waſt not wont to be ſo dull.
Shall I be plaine? I wiſh the Baſtards dead,
And I would haue it ſuddenly perform'd.
What ſay'ſt thou now? ſpeake ſuddenly, be briefe.
Buck. Your Grace may doe your pleaſure.
Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all Ice, thy kindneſſe freezes:
Say, haue I thy conſent, that they ſhall dye?
Buc. Giue me ſome litle breath, ſome pawſe, deare Lord,
Before I poſitiuely ſpeake in this:
I will reſolue you herein preſently. *Exit Buck.*
Catesby. The King is angry, ſee he gnawes his Lippe.
Rich. I will conuerſe with Iron-witted Fooles,
And vnreſpectiue Boyes: none are for me,
That looke into me with conſiderate eyes,
High-reaching *Buckingham* growes circumſpect.
Boy.
Page. My Lord.
Rich. Know'ſt thou not any, whom corrupting Gold
Will tempt vnto a cloſe exploit of Death?
Page. I know a diſcontented Gentleman,
Whoſe humble meanes match not his haughtie ſpirit:
Gold were as good as twentie Orators,
And will (no doubt) tempt him to any thing.
Rich. What is his Name?
Page. His Name, my Lord, is *Tirrell.*
Rich. I partly know the man: goe call him hither,
Boy. *Exit.*
The deepe reuoluing wittie *Buckingham*,
No more ſhall be the neighbor to my counſailes.
Hath he ſo long held out with me, vntyr'd,
And ſtops he now for breath? Well, be it ſo.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the newes?
Stanley. Know my louing Lord, the Marqueſſe *Dorſet*
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
Rich. Come hither *Catesby*, rumor is abroad,
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous ſicke,
I will take order for her keeping cloſe.
Inquire me out ſome meane poore Gentleman,
Whom I will marry ſtraight to *Clarence* Daughter:
The Boy is fooliſh, and I feare not him.
Looke how thou dream'ſt: I ſay againe, giue out,
That *Anne*, my Queene, is ſicke, and like to dye.
About it, for it ſtands me much vpon
To ſtop all hopes, whoſe growth may dammage me.
I muſt be marryed to my Brothers Daughter,
Or elſe my Kingdome ſtands on brittle Glaſſe:
Murther her Brothers, and then marry her,
Vncertaine way of gaine. But I am in
So farre in blood, that ſinne will pluck on ſinne,
Teare-falling Pittie dwells not in this Eye.

Enter Tyrrel.

Is thy Name *Tyrrel?*
Tyr. Iames Tyrrel, and your moſt obedient ſubiect.
Rich. Art thou indeed?
Tyr. Proue me, my gracious Lord.
Rich. Dar'ſt thou reſolue to kill a friend of mine?
Tyr. Pleaſe you:
But I had rather kill two enemies.
Rich. Why then thou haſt it: two deepe enemies,
Foes to my Reſt, and my ſweet ſleepes diſturbers,
Are they that I would haue thee deale vpon:
Tyrrel, I meane thoſe Baſtards in the Tower.
Tyr. Let me haue open meanes to come to them,
And ſoone Ile rid you from the feare of them.
Rich. Thou ſing'ſt ſweet Muſique:
Hearke, come hither *Tyrrel*,
Goe by this token: riſe, and lend thine Eare, *Whiſpers.*
There is no more but ſo: ſay it is done,
And I will loue thee, and preferre thee for it.
Tyr. I will diſpatch it ſtraight. *Exit.*

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I haue conſider'd in my minde,
The late requeſt that you did ſound me in.
Rich. Well, let that reſt: *Dorſet* is fled to *Richmond.*
Buck. I heare the newes, my Lord.
Rich. Stanley, hee is your Wiues Sonne: well, looke vnto it.
Buck. My Lord, I clayme the gift, my due by promiſe,
For which your Honor and your Faith is pawn'd,
Th'Earledome of Hertford, and the moueables,
Which you haue promiſed I ſhall poſſeſſe.
Rich. Stanley looke to your Wife: if ſhe conuey
Letters to *Richmond*, you ſhall anſwer it.
Buck. What ſayes your Highneſſe to my iuſt requeſt?
Rich. I doe remember me, *Henry* the Sixt
Did prophecie, that *Richmond* ſhould be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peeuiſh Boy.
A King perhaps.
Buck. May it pleaſe you to reſolue me in my ſuit.
Rich. Thou troubleſt me, I am not in the vaine. *Exit.*
Buck. And is it thus? repayes he my deepe ſeruice
With ſuch contempt? made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Haſtings*, and be gone
To Brecnock, while my fearefull Head is on. *Exit.*

Enter Tyrrel.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The moſt arch deed of pittious maſſacre

That

That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forreſt*, who I did ſuborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were ſoure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.
A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which one (quoth *Forreſt*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

Enter Richard.

And heere he comes. All health my Soueraigne Lord.
Ric. Kinde *Tirrell*, am I happy in thy Newes.
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge,
Beget your happineſſe, be happy then,
For it is done.
Rich. But did'ſt thou ſee them dead.
Tir. I did my Lord.
Rich. And buried gentle *Tirrell*.
Tir. The Chaplaine of the Tower hath buried them,
But where (to ſay the truth) I do not know.
Rich. Come to me *Tirrel* ſoone, and after Supper,
When thou ſhalt tell the proceſſe of their death.
Meane time, but thinke how I may do the good,
And be inheritor of thy deſire.
Farewell till them.
Tir. I humbly take my leaue.
Rich. The Sonne of *Clarence* haue I pent vp cloſe,
His daughter meanly haue I matcht in marriage,
The Sonnes of *Edward* ſleepe in *Abrahams* boſome,
And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now for I know the Britaine *Richmond* aymes
At yong *Elizabeth* my brothers daughter,
And by that knot lookes proudly on the Crowne,
To her go I, a iolly thriuing wooer.

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Good or bad newes, that thou com'ſt in ſo bluntly?
Rat. Bad news my Lord, *Mourton* is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham backt with the hardy Welſhmen
Is in the field, and ſtill his power encreaſeth.
Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more neere,
Then Buckingham and his raſh leuied Strength.
Come, I haue learn'd, that fearfull commenting
Is leaden ſeruitor to dull delay.
Delay leds impotent and Snaile-pac'd Beggery:
Then fierie expedition be my wing,
Ioues Mercury, and Herald for a King:
Go muſter men: My counſaile is my Sheeld,
We muſt be breefe, when Traitors braue the Field.
Exeunt.

Scena Tertia.

Enter old Queene Margaret.

Mar. So now proſperity begins to mellow,
And drop into the rotten mouth of death:
Heere in theſe Confines ſlily haue I lurkt,
To watch the waining of mine enemies.
A dire induction, am I witneſſe to,
And will to France, hoping the conſequence
Will proue as bitter, blacke, and Tragicall.
Withdraw thee wretched *Margaret*, who comes heere?

Enter Dutcheſſe and Queene.

Qu. Ah my poore Princes! ah my tender Babes:
My vnblowed Flowres, new appearing ſweets:
If yet your gentle ſoules flye in the Ayre,
And be not fixt in doome perpetuall,
Houer about me with your ayry wings,
And heare your mothers Lamentation.
Mar. Houer about her, ſay that right for right
Hath dim'd your Infant morne, to Aged night.
Dut. So many miſeries haue craz'd my voyce,
That my woe-wearied tongue is ſtill and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?
Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward*, payes a dying debt?
Qu. Wilt thou, O God, flye from ſuch gentle Lambs,
And throw them in the intrailes of the Wolfe?
When didſt thou ſleepe, when ſuch a deed was done?
Mar. When holy *Harry* dyed, and my ſweet Sonne.
Dut. Dead life, blind ſight, poore mortall liuing ghoſt,
Woes Scene, Worlds ſhame, Graues due, by life vſurpt,
Breefe abſtract and record of tedious dayes,
Reſt thy vnreſt on Englands lawfull earth,
Vnlawfully made drunke with innocent blood.
Qu. Ah that thou would'ſt aſſoone affoord a Graue,
As thou canſt yeeld a melancholly ſeate:
Then would I hide my bones, not reſt them heere,
Ah who hath any cauſe to mourne but wee?
Mar. If ancient ſorrow be moſt reuerent,
Giue mine the benefit of ſigneurie,
And let my greefes frowne on the vpper hand
If ſorrow can admit Society.
I had an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a Husband, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt an *Edward*, till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'ſt a *Richard*, till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Dut. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'ſt kill him;
I had a *Rutland* too, thou hop'ſt to kill him.
Mar. Thou had'ſt a *Clarence* too,
And *Richard* kill'd him.
From forth the kennell of thy wombe hath crept
A Hell-hound that doth hunt vs all to death:
That Dogge, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry Lambes, and lap their gentle blood:
That foule defacer of Gods handy worke:
That reignes in gauled eyes of weeping ſoules:
That excellent grand Tyrant of the earth,
Thy wombe let looſe to chaſe vs to our graues.
O vpright, iuſt, and true-diſpoſing God,
How do I thanke thee, that this carnall Curre

Prayes

Prayes on the iſſue of his Mothers body,
And makes her Pue-fellow with others mone.
Dut. Oh *Harries* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witneſſe with me, I haue wept for thine.
Mar. Beare with me: I am hungry for reuenge,
And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*,
The other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward:*
Yong Yorke, he is but boote, becauſe both they
Matcht not the high perfection of my loſſe.
Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that ſtab'd my *Edward*,
And the beholders of this franticke play,
Th'adulterate *Haſtings*, *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
Vntimely ſmother'd in their dusky Graues.
Richard yet liues, Hels blacke Intelligencer,
Onely reſeru'd their Factor, to buy ſoules,
And ſend them thither: But at hand, at hand
Inſues his pittious and vnpittied end.
Earth gapes, Hell burnes, Fiends roare, Saints pray,
To haue him ſodainly conuey'd from hence:
Cancell his bond of life, deere God I pray,
That I may liue and ſay, The Dogge is dead.
Qu. O thou did'ſt prophecie, the time would come,
That I ſhould wiſh for thee to helpe me curſe
That bottel'd Spider, that ſoule bunch-back'd Toad.
Mar. I call'd thee then, vaine flouriſh of my fortune:
I call'd thee then, poore Shadow, painted Queen,
The preſentation of but what I was;
The flattering Index of a direfull Pageant;
One heau'd a high, to be hurl'd downe below:
A Mother onely mockt with two faire Babes;
A dreame of what thou waſt, a gariſh Flagge
To be the ayme of euery dangerous Shot;
A ſigne of Dignity, a Breath, a Bubble;
A Queene in ieaſt, onely to fill the Scene.
Where is thy Huſband now? Where be thy Brothers?
Where be thy two Sonnes? Wherein doſt thou Ioy?
Who ſues, and kneeles, and ſayes, God ſaue the Queene?
Where be the bending Peeres that flattered thee?
Where be the thronging Troopes that followed thee?
Decline all this, and ſee what now thou art.
For happy Wife, a moſt diſtreſſed Widdow:
For ioyfull Mother, one that wailes the name:
For one being ſued too, one that humbly ſues:
For Queene, a very Caytiffe, crown'd with care:
For ſhe that ſcorn'd at me, now ſcorn'd of me:
For ſhe being feared of all, now fearing one:
For ſhe commanding all, obey'd of none.
Thus hath the courſe of Iuſtice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time,
Hauing no more but Thought of what thou waſt.
To torture thee the more, being what thou art,
Thou didſt vſurpe my place, and doſt thou not
Vſurpe the iuſt proportion of my Sorrow?
Now thy proud Necke, beares halfe my burthen'd yoke,
From which, euen heere I ſlip my wearied head,
And leaue the burthen of it all, on thee.
Farwell Yorkes wife, and Queene of ſad miſchance,
Theſe Engliſh woes, ſhall make me ſmile in France.
Qu. O thou well skill'd in Curſes, ſtay a-while,
And teach me how to curſe mine enemies.
Mar. Forbeare to ſleepe the night, and faſt the day:
Compare dead happineſſe, with liuing woe:
Thinke that thy Babes were ſweeter then they were,
And he that ſlew them fowler then he is:
Bett'ring thy loſſe, makes the bad caufer worſe,
Reuoluing this, will teach thee how to Curſe.
Qu. My words are dull, O quicken them with thine.
Mar. Thy woes will make them ſharpe,
And pierce like mine. *Exit Margaret.*
Dut. Why ſhould calamity be full of words?
Qu. Windy Atturnies to their Clients Woes,
Ayery ſucceeders of inteſtine ioyes,
Poore breathing Orators of miſeries,
Let them haue ſcope, though what they will impart,
Helpe nothing els, yet do they eaſe the hart.
Dut. If ſo then, be not Tongue-ty'd: go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words, let's ſmother
My damned Son, that thy two ſweet Sonnes ſmother'd.
The Trumpet ſounds, be copious in exclaimes.

Enter King Richard, and his Traine.

Rich. Who intercepts me in my Expedition?
Dut. O ſhe, that might haue intercepted thee
By ſtrangling thee in her accurſed wombe,
From all the ſlaughters (Wretch) that thou haſt done.
Qu. Hid'ſt thou that Forhead with a Golden Crowne
Where't ſhould be branded, if that right were right?
The ſlaughter of the Prince that ow'd that Crowne,
And the dyre death of my poore Sonnes, and Brothers.
Tell me thou Villaine-ſlaue, where are my Children?
Dut. Thou Toad, thou Toade,
Where is thy Brother *Clarence?*
And little *Ned Plantagenet* his Sonne?
Qu. Where is the gentle *Riuers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray?*
Dut. Where is kinde *Haſtings?*
Rich. A flouriſh Trumpets, ſtrike Alarum Drummes:
Let not the Heauens heare theſe Tell-tale women
Raile on the Lords Annointed. Strike I ſay.
Flouriſh. *Alarums.*
Either be patient, and intreat me fayre,
Or with the clamorous report of Warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.
Dut. Art thou my Sonne?
Rich. I, I thanke God, my Father, and your ſelfe.
Dut. Then patiently heare my impatience.
Rich. Madam, I haue a touch of your condition,
That cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.
Dut. O let me ſpeake.
Rich. Do then, but Ile not heare.
Dut: I will be milde, and gentle in my words.
Rich. And breefe (good Mother) for I am in haſt.
Dut. Art thou ſo haſty? I haue ſtaid for thee
(God knowes) in torment and in agony.
Rich. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?
Dut. No by the holy Rood, thou know'ſt it well,
Thou cam'ſt on earth, to make the earth my Hell.
A greeuous burthen was thy Birth to me,
Tetchy and wayward was thy Infancie.
Thy School-daies frightfull, deſp'rate, wilde, and furious,
Thy prime of Manhood, daring, bold, and venturous:
Thy Age confirm'd, proud, ſubtle, ſlye, and bloody,
More milde, but yet more harmfull; Kinde in hatred:
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer grac'd me with thy company?
Rich. Faith none, but *Humfrey Hower*,
That call'd your Grace
To Breakefaſt once, forth of my company.
If I be ſo diſgracious in your eye,
Let me march on, and not offend you Madam.
Strike vp the Drumme.
Dut. I prythee heare me ſpeake.

Rich.

Rich. You ſpeake too bitterly.
Dut. Heare me a word:
For I ſhall neuer ſpeake to thee againe.
Rich. So.
Dut. Either thou wilt dye, by Gods iuſt ordinance
Ere from this warre thou turne a Conqueror:
Or I with greeſe and extreame Age ſhall periſh,
And neuer more behold thy face againe.
Therefore take with thee my moſt greeuous Curſe,
Which in the day of Battell tyre thee more
Then all the compleat Armour that thou wear'ſt.
My Prayers on the aduerſe party fight,
And there the little ſoules of *Edwards* Children,
Whiſper the Spirits of thine Enemies,
And promiſe them Succeſſe and Victory:
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end:
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*
Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to her.
Rich. Stay Madam, I muſt talke a word with you.
Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the Royall Blood
For thee to ſlaughter. For my Daughters (*Richard*)
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes:
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.
Rich. You haue a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Vertuous and Faire, Royall and Gracious?
Qu. And muſt ſhe dye for this? O let her liue,
And Ile corrupt her Manners, ſtaine her Beauty,
Slander my Selfe, as falſe to *Edwards* bed:
Throw ouer her the vaile of Infamy,
So ſhe may liue vnſcarr'd of bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not *Edwards* daughter.
Rich. Wrong not her Byrth, ſhe is a Royall Princeſſe.
Qu. To ſaue her life, Ile ſay ſhe is not ſo.
Rich. Her life is ſafeſt onely in her byrth.
Qu. And onely in that ſafety, dyed her Brothers.
Rich. Loe at their Birth, good ſtarres were oppoſite.
Qu. No, to their liues, ill friends were contrary.
Rich. All vnauoyded is the doome of Deſtiny.
Qu. True: when auoyded grace makes Deſtiny.
My Babes were deſtin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.
Rich. You ſpeake as if that I had ſlaine my Coſins?
Qu. Coſins indeed, and by their Vnckle couzend,
Of Comfort, Kingdome, Kindred, Freedome, Life,
Whoſe hand ſoeuer lanch'd their tender hearts,
Thy head (all indirectly) gaue direction.
No doubt the murd'rous Knife was dull and blunt,
Till it was whetted on thy ſtone-hard heart,
To reuell in the Intrailes of my Lambes.
But that ſtill vſe of greeſe, makes wilde greeſe tame,
My tongue ſhould to thy eares not name my Boyes,
Till that my Nayles were anchor'd in thine eyes:
And I in ſuch a deſp'rate Bay of death,
Like a poore Barke, of ſailes and tackling reft,
Ruſh all to peeces on thy Rocky boſome.
Rich. Madam, ſo thriue I in my enterprize
And dangerous ſucceſſe of bloody warres,
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Then euer you and yours by me were harm'd.
Qu. What good is couer'd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouered, that can do me good.
Rich. Th'aduancement of your children, gentle Lady
Qu. Vp to ſome Scaffold, there to loſe their heads.
Rich. Vnto the dignity and height of Fortune,
The high Imperiall Type of this earths glory.
Qu. Flatter my ſorrow with report of it:
Tell me, what State, what Dignity, what Honor,
Canſt thou demiſe to any childe of mine.
Rich. Euen all I haue; I, and my ſelfe and all,
Will I withall indow a childe of thine:
So in the Lethe of thy angry ſoule,
Thou drowne the ſad remembrance of thoſe wrongs,
Which thou ſuppoſeſt I haue done to thee.
Qu. Be breefe, leaſt that the proceſſe of thy kindneſſe
Laſt longer telling then thy kindneſſe date.
Rich. Then know,
That from my Soule, I loue thy Daughter.
Qu. My daughters Mother thinkes it with her ſoule.
Rich. What do you thinke?
Qu. That thou doſt loue my daughter from thy ſoule
So from thy Soules loue didſt thou loue her Brothers,
And from my hearts loue, I do thanke thee for it.
Rich. Be not ſo haſty to confound my meaning:
I meane that with my Soule I loue thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queene of England.
Qu. Well then, who doſt ỹ meane ſhall be her King.
Rich. Euen he that makes her Queene:
Who elſe ſhould bee?
Qu. What, thou?
Rich. Euen ſo: How thinke you of it?
Qu. How canſt thou woo her?
Rich. That I would learne of you,
As one being beſt acquainted with her humour.
Qu. And wilt thou learne of me?
Rich. Madam, with all my heart.
Qu. Send to her by the man that ſlew her Brothers,
A paire of bleeding hearts: thereon ingraue
Edward and *Yorke*, then haply will ſhe weepe:
Therefore preſent to her, as ſometime *Margaret*
Did to thy Father, ſteept in Rutlands blood,
A hand-kercheeſe, which ſay to her did dreyne
The purple ſappe from her ſweet Brothers body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withall.
If this inducement moue her not to loue,
Send her a Letter of thy Noble deeds:
Tell her, thou mad'ſt away her Vnckle *Clarence*,
Her Vnckle *Riuers*, I (and for her ſake)
Mad'ſt quicke conueyance with her good Aunt *Anne*.
Rich. You mocke me Madam, this not the way
To win your daughter.
Qu. There is no other way,
Vnleſſe thou could'ſt put on ſome other ſhape,
And not be *Richard*, that hath done all this.
Ric. Say that I did all this for loue of her.
Qu. Nay then indeed ſhe cannot chooſe but hate thee
Hauing bought loue, with ſuch a bloody ſpoyle.
Rich. Looke what is done, cannot be now amended:
Men ſhall deale vnaduiſedly ſometimes,
Which after-houres giues leyſure to repent.
If I did take the Kingdome from your Sonnes,
To make amends, Ile giue it to your daughter:
If I haue kill'd the iſſue of your wombe,
To quicken your encreaſe, I will beget
Mine yſſue of your blood, vpon your Daughter:
A Grandams name is little leſſe in loue,
Then is the doting Title of a Mother;
They are as Children but one ſteppe below,
Euen of your mettall, of your very blood:
Of all one paine, ſaue for a night of groanes
Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like ſorrow.
Your Children were vexation to your youth,

But

But mine ſhall be a comfort to your Age,
The loſſe you haue, is but a Sonne being King,
And by that loſſe, your Daughter is made Queene.
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept ſuch kindneſſe as I can.
Dorſet your Sonne, that with a fearfull foule
Leads diſcontented ſteppes in Forraine foyle,
This faire Alliance, quickly ſhall call home
To high Promotions, and great Dignity.
The King that calles your beauteous Daughter Wife,
Familiarly ſhall call thy *Dorſet*, Brother:
Againe ſhall you be Mother to a King:
And all the Ruines of diſtreſſefull Times,
Repayr'd with double Riches of Content.
What? we haue many goodly dayes to fee:
The liquid drops of Teares that you haue ſhed,
Shall come againe, transform'd to Orient Pearle,
Aduantaging their Loue, with intereſt
Of ten-times double gaine of happineſſe.
Go then (my Mother) to thy Daugbter go,
Make bold her baſhfull yeares, with your experience,
Prepare her eares to heare a Woers Tale.
Put in her tender heart, th'aſpiring Flame
Of Golden Soueraignty: Acquaint the Princeſſe
With the ſweet ſilent houres of Marriage ioyes:
And when this Arme of mine hath chaſtiſed
The petty Rebell, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
Bound with Triumphant Garlands will I come,
And leade thy daughter to a Conquerors bed:
To whom I will retaile my Conqueſt wonne,
And ſhe ſhalbe ſole Victoreſſe, *Cæſars Cæſar*.

Qu. What were I beſt to ſay, her Fathers Brother
Would be her Lord? Or ſhall I ſay her Vnkle?
Or he that ſlew her Brothers, and her Vnkles?
Vnder what Title ſhall I woo for thee,
That God, the Law, my Honor, and her Loue,
Can make ſeeme pleaſing to her tender yeares?

Rich. Inferre faire Englands peace by this Alliance.

Qu. Which ſhe ſhall purchaſe with ſtil laſting warre.

Rich. Tell her, the King that may command, intreats.

Qu. That at her hands, which the kings King forbids.

Rich. Say ſhe ſhall be a High and Mighty Queene.

Qu. To vaile the Title, as her Mother doth.

Rich. Say I will loue her euerlaſtingly.

Qu. But how long ſhall that title euer laſt?

Rich. Sweetly in force, vnto her faire liues end.

Qu. But how long fairely ſhall her ſweet life laſt?

Rich. As long as Heauen and Nature lengthens it.

Qu. As long as Hell and *Richard* likes of it.

Rich. Say, I her Soueraigne, am her Subiect low.

Qu. But ſhe your Subiect, lothes ſuch Soueraignty.

Rich. Be eloquent in my behalfe to her.

Qu. An honeſt tale ſpeeds beſt, being plainly told.

Rich. Then plainly to her, tell my louing tale.

Qu. Plaine and not honeſt, is too harſh a ſtyle.

Rich. Your Reaſons are too ſhallow, and to quicke.

Qu. O no, my Reaſons are too deepe and dead,
Too deepe and dead (poore Infants) in their graues,
Harpe on it ſtill ſhall I, till heart-ſtrings breake.

Rich. Harpe not on that ſtring Madam, that is paſt.
Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crowne.

Qu. Prophan'd, diſhonor'd, and the third vſurpt.

Rich. I ſweare.

Qu. By nothing, for this is no Oath:
Thy George prophan'd, hath loſt his Lordly Honor;
Thy Garter blemiſh'd, pawn'd his Knightly Vertue;
Thy Crowne vſurp'd, diſgrac'd his Kingly Glory:
If ſomething thou would'ſt ſweare to be beleeu'd,
Sweare then by ſomething, that thou haſt not wrong'd.

Rich. Then by my Selfe.

Qu. Thy Selfe, is ſelfe-miſvs'd.

Rich. Now by the World.

Qu. 'Tis full of thy foule wrongs.

Rich. My Fathers death.

Qu. Thy life hath it diſhonor'd.

Rich. Why then, by Heauen.

Qu. Heauens wrong is moſt of all:
If thou didd'ſt feare to breake an Oath with him,
The vnity the King my husband made,
Thou had'ſt not broken, nor my Brothers died.
If thou had'ſt fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th'Imperiall mettall, circling now thy head,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender Bed-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'ſt thou ſweare by now.

Rich. The time to come.

Qu. That thou haſt wronged in the time ore-paſt:
For I my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time, for time paſt, wrong'd by thee.
The Children liue, whoſe Fathers thou haſt ſlaughter'd,
Vngouern'd youth, to waile it with their age:
The Parents liue, whoſe Children thou haſt butcher'd,
Old barren Plants, to waile it with their Age.
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſvs'd ere vs'd, by times ill-vs'd repaſt.

Rich. As I entend to proſper, and repent:
So thriue I in my dangerous Affayres
Of hoſtile Armes: My ſelfe, my ſelfe confound:
Heauen, and Fortune barre me happy houres:
Day, yeeld me not thy light; nor Night, thy reſt.
Be oppoſite all Planets of good lucke
To my proceeding, if with deere hearts loue,
Immaculate deuotion, holy thoughts,
I tender not thy beautious Princely daughter.
In her, confiſts my Happineſſe, and thine:
Without her, followes to my ſelfe, and thee;
Her ſelfe, the Land, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Death, Defolation, Ruine, and Decay;
It cannot be auoyded, but by this:
It will not be auoyded, but by this.
Therefore deare Mother (I muſt call you ſo)
Be the Atturney of my loue to her:
Pleade what I will be, not what I haue beene;
Not my deſerts, but what I will deſerue:
Vrge the Neceſſity and ſtate of times,
And be not peeuiſh found, in great Deſignes.

Qu. Shall I be tempted of the Diuel thus?

Rich. I, if the Diuell tempt you to do good.

Qu. Shall I forget my ſelfe, to be my ſelfe.

Rich. I, if your ſelfes remembrance wrong your ſelfe.

Qu. Yet thou didſt kil my Children.

Rich. But in your daughters wombe I bury them.
Where in that Neſt of Spicery they will breed
Selues of themſelues, to your recomforture.

Qu. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

Rich. And be a happy Mother by the deed.

Qu. I go, write to me very ſhortly,
And you ſhal vnderſtand from me her mind. *Exit Q.*

Rich. Beare her my true loues kiſſe, and ſo farewell.
Relenting Foole, and ſhallow-changing Woman.

How

How now, what newes?

Enter Ratcliffe

Rat. Moſt mightie Soueraigne, on the Weſterne Coaſt
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie: to our Shores
Throng many doubtfull hollow-hearted friends,
Vnarm'd, and vnreſolu'd to beat them backe.
'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admirall:
And there they hull, expecting but the aide
Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them aſhore.
Rich. Some light-foot friend poſt to ỹ Duke of Norfolk:
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or *Catesby*, where is hee?
Cat. Here, my good Lord.
Rich. Catesby, flye to the Duke.
Cat. I will, my Lord, with all conuenient haſte.
Rich. Catesby come hither, poſte to Salisbury:
When thou com'ſt thither: Dull vnmindfull Villaine,
Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the Duke?
Cat. Firſt, mighty Liege, tell me your Highneſſe pleaſure,
What from your Grace I ſhall deliuer to him.
Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, bid him leuie ſtraight
The greateſt ſtrength and power that he can make,
And meet me ſuddenly at Salisbury.
Cat. I goe. *Exit.*
Rat. What, may it pleaſe you, ſhall I doe at Salisbury?
Rich. Why, what would'ſt thou doe there, before I goe?
Rat. Your Highneſſe told me I ſhould poſte before.
Rich. My minde is chang'd:

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what newes with you?
Sta. None, good my Liege, to pleaſe you with ỹ hearing,
Nor none ſo bad, but well may be reported.
Rich. Hoyday, a Riddle, neither good nor bad:
What need'ſt thou runne ſo many miles about,
When thou mayeſt tell thy Tale the neereſt way?
Once more, what newes?
Stan. Richmond is on the Seas.
Rich. There let him ſinke, and be the Seas on him,
White-liuer'd Runnagate, what doth he there?
Stan. I know not, mightie Soueraigne, but by gueſſe.
Rich. Well, as you gueſſe.
Stan. Stirr'd vp by *Dorſet*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for England, here to clayme the Crowne.
Rich. Is the Chayre emptie? is the Sword vnſway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire vnpoſſeſt?
What Heire of *Yorke* is there aliue, but wee?
And who is Englands King, but great *Yorkes* Heire?
Then tell me, what makes he vpon the Seas?
Stan. Vnleſſe for that, my Liege, I cannot gueſſe.
Rich. Vnleſſe for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot gueſſe wherefore the Welchman comes.
Thou wilt reuolt, and flye to him, I feare.
Stan. No, my good Lord, therefore miſtruſt me not.
Rich. Where is thy Power then, to beat him back?
Where be thy Tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the Weſterne Shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their Shippes?
Stan. No, my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the North,
When they ſhould ſerue their Soueraigne in the Weſt?
Stan. They haue not been commanded, mighty King:
Pleaſeth your Maieſtie to giue me leaue,
Ile muſter vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Maieſtie ſhall pleaſe.
Rich. I, thou would'ſt be gone, to ioyne with *Richmond:*
But Ile not truſt thee.
Stan. Moſt mightie Soueraigne,
You haue no cauſe to hold my friendſhip doubtfull,
I neuer was, nor neuer will be falſe.
Rich. Goe then, and muſter men: but leaue behind
Your Sonne *George Stanley:* looke your heart be firme,
Or elſe his Heads aſſurance is but fraile.
Stan. So deale with him, as I proue true to you.
Exit Stanley.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My gracious Soueraigne, now in Deuonſhire,
As I by friends am well aduertiſed,
Sir *Edward Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Biſhop of Exeter, his elder Brother,
With many moe Confederates, are in Armes.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. In Kent, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in Armes,
And euery houre more Competitors
Flocke to the Rebels, and their power growes ſtrong.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, the Armie of great *Buckingham.*
Rich. Out on ye, Owles, nothing but Songs of Death,
He ſtriketh him.
There, take thou that, till thou bring better newes.
Meſſ. The newes I haue to tell your Maieſtie,
Is, that by ſudden Floods, and fall of Waters,
Buckinghams Armie is diſpers'd and ſcatter'd,
And he himſelfe wandred away alone,
No man knowes whither.
Rich. I cry thee mercie:
There is my Purſe, to cure that Blow of thine.
Hath any well-aduiſed friend proclaym'd
Reward to him that brings the Traytor in?
Meſſ. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Lord.

Enter another Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord Marqueſſe *Dorſet*,
'Tis ſaid, my Liege, in Yorkeſhire are in Armes:
But this good comfort bring I to your Highneſſe,
The Brittaine Nauie is diſpers'd by Tempeſt.
Richmond in Dorſetſhire ſent out a Boat
Vnto the ſhore, to aske thoſe on the Banks,
If they were his Aſſiſtants, yea, or no?
Who anſwer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*,
Vpon his partie: he miſtruſting them,
Hoys'd ſayle, and made his courſe againe for Brittaine.
Rich. March on, march on, ſince we are vp in Armes,
If not to fight with forraine Enemies,
Yet to beat down theſe Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken,
That is the beſt newes: that the Earle of Richmond

Is

Is with a mighty power Landed at Milford,
Is colder Newes, hut yet they muſt he told.
Rich. Away towards Salshury, while we reaſon here,
A Royall batteil might he wonne and loſt:
Some one take order Buckingham he brought
To Salshury, the reſt marcb on with me. *Floriſh. Exeunt*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Derby, and Sir Chriſtopher.

Der. Sir *Chriſtopher*, tell *Richmond* this from me,
That in the ſtye of the moſt deadly Bore,
My Sonne *George Stanley* is frankt vp in hold:
If I reuolt, off goes yong *Georges* head,
The feare of that, holds off my prefent ayde.
So get thee gone: commend me to thy Lord.
Withall ſay, that the Queene hath heartily confented
He ſhould eſpouſe *Elizabeth* hir daughter.
But tell me, where is Princely Richmond now?
Chri. At Penhroke, or at Hertford Weſt in Wales.
Der. What men of Name reſort to him.
Chri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned Souldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redouhted *Pembroke*, Sir *Iames Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant Crew,
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withall.
Der. Well hye thee to thy Lord: I kiſſe his hand,
My Letter will refolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt*

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Buckingham with Halberds, led to Execution.

Buc. Will not King *Richard* let me ſpeake with him?
Sher. No my good Lord, therefore he patient.
Buc. Haſtings, and *Edwards* children, *Gray* & *Riuers*,
Holy King *Henry*, and thy faire Sonne *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried
By vnder-hand corrupted foule iniuſtice,
If that your moody diſcontented ſoules,
Do through the clowds behold this prefent houre,
Euen for reuenge mocke my deſtruction.
This is All-ſoules day (Fellow) is it not?
Sher. It is.
Buc. Why then Al-ſoules day, is my bodies doomſday
This is the day, which in King *Edwards* time
I wiſh'd might fall on me, when I was found
Falſe to his Children, and his Wiues Allies.
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall
By the falſe Faith of him whom moſt I truſted.
This, this All-ſoules day to my fearfull Soule,
Is the determin'd reſpit of my wrongs:
That high All-ſeer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my fained Prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt, what I begg'd in ieſt.
Thus doth he force the ſwords of wicked men
To turne their owne points in their Maſters boſomes.
Thus *Margarets* curſe falles heauy on my necke:
When he (quoth ſhe) ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow,
Remember *Margaret* was a Propheteſſe:
Come leade me Officers to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.
Exeunt Buckingham with Officers.

Scena Secunda.

Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and others, with drum and colours.

Richm. Fellowes in Armes, and my moſt louing Frends
Bruis'd vnderneath the yoake of Tyranny,
Thus farre into the bowels of the Land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment;
And heere receiue we from our Father *Stanley*
Lines of faire comfort and encouragement:
The wretched, bloody, and vſurping Boare,
(That ſpoyl'd your Summer Fields, and fruitfull Vines)
Swilles your warm blood like waſh, & makes his trough
In your embowel'd boſomes: This foule Swine
Is now euen in the Centry of this Iſle,
Ne're to the Towne of Leiceſter, as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one dayes march.
In Gods name cheerely on, couragious Friends,
To reape the Harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloody tryall of ſharpe Warre.
Oxf. Euery mans Conſcience is a thouſand men,
To fight againſt this guilty Homicide.
Her. I douht not hut his Friends will turne to vs.
Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear,
Which in his deereſt neede will flye from him.
Richm. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flyes with Swallowes wings,
Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.
Exeunt Omnes.

Enter King Richard in Armes, with Norfolke, Ratcliffe, and the Earle of Surrey.

Rich. Here pitch our Tent, euen here in Boſworth field,
My Lord of Surrey, why looke you ſo ſad?
Sur. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
Rich. My Lord of Norfolke.
Nor. Heere moſt gracious Liege.
Rich. Norfolke, we muſt haue knockes:
Ha, muſt we not?
Nor. We muſt both giue and take my louing Lord.
Rich. Vp with my Tent, heere wil I lye to night,
But where to morrow? Well, all's one for that.
Who hath deſcried the number of the Traitors?
Nor. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their vtmoſt power.
Rich. Why our Battalia trebbles that account:
Beſides, the Kings name is a Tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe Faction want.
Vp with the Tent: Come Noble Gentlemen,
Let vs ſurucy the vantage of the ground.
Call for ſome men of ſound direction:

Let's

Let's lacke no Diſcipline, make no delay,
For Lords, to morrow is a buſie day. *Exeunt*

Enter Richmond, Sir William Branden, Oxford, and Dorſet.

Richm. The weary Sunne, hath made a Golden ſet,
And by the bright Tract of his fiery Carre,
Giues token of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir *William Brandon*, you ſhall beare my Standard:
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper in my Tent:
Ile draw the Forme and Modell of our Battaile,
Limit each Leader to his ſeuerall Charge,
And part in iuſt proportion our ſmall Power.
My Lord of Oxford, you *Sir William Brandon*,
And your Sir *Walter Herbert* ſtay with me:
The Earle of Pembroke keepes his Regiment;
Good Captaine *Blunt*, beare my goodnight to him,
And by the ſecond houre in the Morning,
Deſire the Earle to ſee me in my Tent:
Yet one thing more (good Captaine) do for me:
Where is Lord *Stanley* quarter'd, do you know?
Blunt. Vnleſſe I haue miſtane his Colours much,
(Which well I am aſſur'd I haue not done)
His Regiment lies halfe a Mile at leaſt
South, from the mighty Power of the King.
Richm. If without perill it be poſſible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make ſome good meanes to ſpeak with him
And giue him from me, this moſt needfull Note.
Blunt. Vpon my life, my Lord, Ile vndertake it,
And ſo God giue you quiet reſt to night.
Richm. Good night good Captaine *Blunt*:
Come Gentlemen,
Let vs conſult vpon to morrowes Buſineſſe;
Into my Tent, the Dew is rawe and cold.
They withdraw into the Tent.

Enter Richard, Ratcliffe, Norfolke, & Catesby.

Rich. What is't a Clocke?
Cat. It's Supper time my Lord, it's nine a clocke.
King. I will not ſup to night,
Giue me ſome Inke and Paper:
What, is my Beauer eaſier then it was?
And all my Armour laid into my Tent?
Cat. It is my Liege: and all things are in readineſſe.
Rich. Good Norfolke, hye thee to thy charge,
Vſe carefull Watch, chooſe truſty Centinels.
Nor. I go my Lord.
Rich. Stir with the Larke to morrow, gentle Norfolk.
Nor. I warrant you my Lord. *Exit*
Rich. Ratcliffe.
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Send out a Purſuiuant at Armes
To *Stanleys* Regiment: bid him bring his power
Before Sun-riſing, leaſt his Sonne *George* fall
Into the blinde Caue of eternall night.
Fill me a Bowle of Wine: Giue me a Watch,
Saddle white Surrey for the Field to morrow:
Look that my Staues be found, and not too heauy. *Ratcliff.*
Rat. My Lord.
Rich. Saw'ſt the melancholly Lord Northumberland?
Rat. Thomas the Earle of Surrey, and himſelfe,
Much about Cockſhut time, from Troope to Troope
Went through the Army, cheering vp the Souldiers.
King. So, I am ſatisfied: Giue me a Bowle of Wine,
I haue not that Alacrity of Spirit,
Nor cheere of Minde that I was wont to haue.
Set it downe. Is Inke and Paper ready?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Rich. Bid my Guard watch. Leaue me.
Ratcliffe, about the mid of night come to my Tent
And helpe to arme me. Leaue me I ſay. *Exit Ratclif.*

Enter Derby to Richmond in his Tent.

Der. Fortune, and Victory ſit on thy Helme.
Rich. All comfort that the darke night can affoord,
Be to thy Perſon, Noble Father in Law.
Tell me, how fares our Noble Mother?
Der. I by Attourney, bleſſe thee from thy Mother,
Who prayes continually for Richmonds good:
So much for that. The ſilent houres ſteale on,
And flakie darkeneſſe breakes within the Eaſt.
In breefe, for ſo the ſeaſon bids vs be,
Prepare thy Battell early in the Morning,
And put thy Fortune to th'Arbitrement
Of bloody ſtroakes, and mortall ſtaring Warre:
I, as I may, that which I would I cannot,
With beſt aduantage will deceiue the time,
And ayde thee in this doubtfull ſhocke of Armes.
But on thy ſide I may not be too forward,
Leaſt being ſeene, thy Brother, tender *George*
Be executed in his Fathers ſight.
Farewell: the leyſure, and the fearfull time
Cuts off the ceremonious Vowes of Loue,
And ample enterchange of ſweet Diſcourſe,
Which ſo long ſundred Friends ſhould dwell vpon:
God giue vs leyſure for theſe rites of Loue.
Once more Adieu, be valiant, and ſpeed well.
Richm. Good Lords conduct him to his Regiment:
Ile ſtriue with troubled noiſe, to take a Nap,
Leſt leaden ſlumber peize me downe to morrow,
When I ſhould mount with wings of Victory:
Once more, good night kinde Lords and Gentlemen.
Exeunt. Manet Richmond.
O thou, whoſe Captaine I account my ſelfe,
Looke on my Forces with a gracious eye:
Put in their hands thy bruiſing Irons of wrath,
That they may cruſh downe with a beauy fall,
Th'vſurping Helmets of our Aduerſaries:
Make vs thy miniſters of Chaſticement,
That we may praiſe thee in thy victory:
To thee I do commend my watchfull ſoule,
Ere I let fall the windowes of mine eyes:
Sleeping, and waking, oh defend me ſtill. *Sleeps.*
Enter the Ghoſt of Prince Edward, Sonne to Henry the ſixt.
Gh. to Ri. Let me ſit heauy on thy ſoule to morrow:
Thinke how thou ſtab'ſt me in my prime of youth
At Teukesbury: Diſpaire therefore, and dye.
Ghoſt to Richm. Be chearefull Richmond,
For the wronged Soules
Of butcher'd Princes, fight in thy behalfe:
King *Henries* iſſue Richmond comforts thee.
Enter the Ghoſt of Henry the ſixt.
Ghoſt. When I was mortall, my Annointed body
By thee was punched full of holes;
Thinke on the Tower, and me: Diſpaire, and dye,
Harry the ſixt, bids thee diſpaire, and dye.
To Richm. Vertuous and holy be thou Conqueror:
Harry that propheſied thou ſhould'ſt be King,
Doth comfort thee in ſleepe: Liue, and flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſt of Clarence.

Ghoſt. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow.
I that was waſh'd to death with Fulſome Wine:
Poore *Clarence* by thy guile betray'd to death:
To morrow in the battell thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.

To Richm. Thou off-ſpring of the houſe of Lancaſter
The wronged heyres of Yorke do pray for thee,
Good Angels guard thy battell, Liue and Flouriſh.

Enter the Ghoſts of Riuers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riu. Let me ſit heauy in thy ſoule to morrow,
Riuers, that dy'de at Pomfret: diſpaire, and dye.

Grey. Thinke vpon *Grey*, and let thy ſoule diſpaire.

Vaugh. Thinke vpon *Vaughan*, and with guilty feare
Let fall thy Lance, diſpaire and dye.

All to Richm. Awake,
And thinke our wrongs in *Richards* Boſome,
Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day.

Enter the Ghoſt of Lord Haſtings.

Gho. Bloody and guilty: guiltily awake,
And in a bloody Battell end thy dayes.
Thinke on Lord Haſtings: diſpaire, and dye.

Haſt. to Rich. Quiet vntroubled ſoule,
Awake, awake:
Arme, fight, and conquer, for faire Englands ſake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two yong Princes.

Ghoſts. Dreame on thy Couſins
Smothered in the Tower:
Let vs be laid within thy boſome *Richard*,
And weigh thee downe to ruine, ſhame, and death,
Thy Nephewes ſoule bids thee diſpaire and dye.

Ghoſts to Richm. Sleepe Richmond,
Sleepe in Peace, and wake in Ioy,
Good Angels guard thee from the Boares annoy,
Liue, and beget a happy race of Kings,
Edwards vnhappy Sonnes, do bid thee flouriſh.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghoſt to Rich. Richard, thy Wife,
That wretched *Anne* thy Wife,
That neuer ſlept a quiet houre with thee,
Now filles thy ſleepe with perturbations,
To morrow in the Battaile, thinke on me,
And fall thy edgeleſſe Sword, diſpaire and dye.

Ghoſt to Richm. Thou quiet ſoule,
Sleepe thou a quiet ſleepe:
Dreame of Succeſſe, and Happy Victory,
Thy Aduerſaries Wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghoſt to Rich. The firſt was I
That help'd thee to the Crowne:
The laſt was I that felt thy Tyranny.
O, in the Battaile thinke on Buckingham,
And dye in terror of thy guiltineſſe.
Dreame on, dreame on, of bloody deeds and death,
Fainting diſpaire; diſpairing yeeld thy breath.

Ghoſt to Richm. I dyed for hope
Ere I could lend thee Ayde;
But cheere thy heart, and be thou not diſmayde:
God, and good Angels fight on Richmonds ſide,
And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

Richard ſtarts out of his dreame.

Rich. Giue me another Horſe, bind vp my Wounds:
Haue mercy Ieſu. Soft, I did but dreame.
O coward Conſcience! how doſt thou afflict me?
The Lights burne blew. It is not dead midnight.
Cold fearefull drops ſtand on my trembling fleſh.
What? do I feare my Selfe? There's none elſe by,
Richard loues *Richard*, that is, I am I.
Is there a Murtherer heere? No; Yes, I am:
Then flye; What from my Selfe? Great reaſon: why?
Leſt I Reuenge. What? my Selfe vpon my Selfe?
Alacke, I loue my Selfe. Wherefore? For any good
That I my Selfe, haue done vnto my Selfe?
O no. Alas, I rather hate my Selfe,
For hatefull Deeds committed by my Selfe.
I am a Villaine: yet I Lye, I am not.
Foole, of thy Selfe ſpeake well: Foole, do not flatter.
My Conſcience hath a thouſand ſeuerall Tongues,
And euery Tongue brings in a ſeuerall Tale,
And euery Tale condemnes me for a Villaine;
Periurie, in the high'ſt Degree,
Murther, ſterne murther, in the dyr'ſt degree,
All ſeuerall ſinnes, all vs'd in each degree,
Throng all to'th'Barre, crying all, Guilty, Guilty.
I ſhall diſpaire, there is no Creature loues me;
And if I die, no ſoule ſhall pittie me.
Nay, wherefore ſhould they? Since that I my Selfe,
Finde in my Selfe, no pittie to my Selfe.
Me thought, the Soules of all that I had murther'd
Came to my Tent, and euery one did threat
To morrowes vengeance on the head of *Richard.*

Enter Ratcliffe.

Rat. My Lord.

King. Who's there?

Rat. Ratcliffe my Lord, 'tis I: the early Village Cock
Hath twice done ſalutation to the Morne,
Your Friends are vp, and buckle on their Armour.

King. O *Ratcliffe*, I feare, I feare.

Rat. Nay good my Lord, be not affraid of Shadows.

King. By the Apoſtle *Paul*, ſhadowes to night
Haue ſtroke more terror to the ſoule of *Richard*,
Then can the ſubſtance of ten thouſand Souldiers
Armed in prooſe, and led by ſhallow *Richmond.*
'Tis not yet neere day. Come go with me,
Vnder our Tents Ile play the Eaſe-dropper,
To heare if any meane to ſhrinke from me.

Exeunt Richard & Ratcliffe,

Enter the Lords to Richmond ſitting in his Tent.

Richm. Good morrow Richmond.

Rich. Cry mercy Lords, and watchfull Gentlemen,
That you haue tane a tardie ſluggard heere?

Lords. How haue you ſlept my Lord?

Rich. The ſweeteſt ſleepe,
And faireſt boading Dreames,
That euer entred in a drowſie head,
Haue I ſince your departure had my Lords.
Me thought their Soules, whoſe bodies *Rich.* murther'd,
Came to my Tent, and cried on Victory:
I promiſe you my Heart is very iocond,
In the remembrance of ſo faire a dreame,
How farre into the Morning is it Lords?

Lor. Vpon the ſtroke of foure.

Rich. Why then 'tis time to Arme, and giue direction.

His Oration to his Souldiers.

More then I haue ſaid, louing Countrymen,
The leyſure and inforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell vpon: yet remember this,

God

God, and our good cauſe, fight vpon our ſide,
The Prayers of holy Saints and wronged ſoules,
Like high rear'd Bulwarkes, ſtand before our Faces,
(*Richard* except) thoſe whom we fight againſt,
Had rather haue vs win, then him they follow.
For, what is he they follow? Truly Gentlemen,
A bloudy Tyrant, and a Homicide:
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood eſtabliſh'd;
One that made meanes to come by what he hath,
And ſlaughter'd thoſe that were the meanes to help him:
A baſe foule Stone, made precious by the foyle
Of Englands Chaire, where he is falſely ſet:
One that hath euer beene Gods Enemy.
Then if you fight againſt Gods Enemy,
God will in iuſtice ward you as his Soldiers.
If you do ſweare to put a Tyrant downe,
You ſleepe in peace, the Tyrant being ſlaine:
If you do fight againſt your Countries Foes,
Your Countries Fat ſhall pay your paines the hyre,
If you do fight in ſafegard of your wiues,
Your wiues ſhall welcome home the Conquerors.
If you do free your Children from the Sword,
Your Childrens Children quits it in your Age.
Then in the name of God and all theſe rights,
Aduance your Standards, draw your willing Swords.
For me, the ranſome of my bold attempt,
Shall be this cold Corpes on the earth's cold face.
But if I thriue, the gaine of my attempt,
The leaſt of you ſhall ſhare his part thereof.
Sound Drummes and Trumpets boldly, and cheerefully,
God, and Saint *George*, *Richmond*, and Victory.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliffe, and Catesby.

K. What ſaid Nortbumberland as touching Richmond?
Rat. That he was neuer trained vp in Armes.
King. He ſaid the truth: and what ſaid Surrey then?
Rat. He ſmil'd and ſaid, the better for our purpoſe.
King. He was in the right, and ſo indeed it is.
Tell the clocke there. *Clocke ſtrikes.*
Giue me a Kalender: Who ſaw the Sunne to day?
Rat. Not I my Lord.
King. Then he diſdaines to ſhine: for by the Booke
He ſhould haue brau'd the Eaſt an houre ago,
A blacke day will it be to ſomebody. *Ratcliffe.*
Rat. My Lord.
King. The Sun will not be ſeene to day,
The ſky doth frowne, and lowre vpon our Army.
I would theſe dewy teares were from the ground.
Not ſhine to day? Why, what is that to me
More then to Richmond? For the ſelfe-ſame Heauen
That frownes on me, lookes ſadly vpon him.

Enter Norfolke.

Nor. Arme, arme, my Lord: the foe vaunts in the field.
King. Come, buſtle, buſtle. Capariſon my horſe.
Call vp Lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his power,
I will leade forth my Soldiers to the plaine,
And thus my Battell ſhal be ordred.
My Foreward ſhall be drawne in length,
Conſiſting equally of Horſe and Foot:
Our Archers ſhall be placed in the mid'ſt;
Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Thomas* Earle of Surrey,
Sball haue the leading of the Foot and Horſe,
They thus directed, we will follow
In the maine Battell, whoſe puiſſance on either ſide
Shall be well-winged with our cheefeſt Horſe:
This, and Saint George to boote.
What think'ſt thou Norfolke.
Nor. A good direction warlike Soueraigne,
This found I on my Tent this Morning.
Iockey of Norfolke, be not ſo bold,
For Dickon thy maiſter is bought and ſold.
King. A thing deuiſed by the Enemy.
Go Gentlemen, euery man to his Charge,
Let not our babling Dreames affrigbt our ſoules:
For Conſcience is a word that Cowards vſe,
Deuis'd at firſt to keepe the ſtrong in awe,
Our ſtrong armes be our Conſcience, Swords our Law.
March on, ioyne brauely, let vs too't pell mell,
If not to heauen, then hand in hand to Hell.
What ſhall I ſay more then I haue inferr'd?
Remember whom you are to cope withall,
A ſort of Vagabonds, Raſcals, and Run-awayes,
A ſcum of Brittaines, and baſe Lackey Pezants,
Whom their o're-cloyed Country vomits forth
To deſperate Aduentures, and aſſur'd Deſtruction.
You ſleeping ſafe, they bring you to vnreſt:
You hauing Lands, and bleſt with beauteous wiues,
They would reſtraine the one, diſtaine the other,
And who dotb leade them, but a paltry Fellow?
Long kept in Britaine at our Mothers coſt,
A Milke-ſop, one that neuer in his life
Felt ſo much cold, as ouer ſhooes in Snow:
Let's whip theſe ſtraglers o're the Seas againe,
Laſh hence theſe ouer-weening Ragges of France,
Theſe famiſh'd Beggers, weary of their liues,
Who (but for dreaming on this fond exploit)
For want of meanes (poore Rats) had hang'd themſelues.
If we be conquered, let men conquer vs,
And not theſe baſtard Britaines, whom our Fathers
Haue in their owne Land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
And on Record, left them the heires of ſhame.
Shall theſe enioy our Lands? lye with our Wiues?
Rauiſh our daughters? *Drum afarre off*
Hearke, I heare their Drumme,
Right Gentlemen of England, fight boldly yeomen,
Draw Archers draw your Arrowes to the head,
Spurre your proud Horſes hard, and ride in blood,
Amaze the welkin with your broken ſtaues.
Enter a Meſſenger.
What ſayes Lord *Stanley*, will he bring his power?
Meſ. My Lord, he doth deny to come.
King. Off with his ſonne *Georges* head.
Nor. My Lord, the Enemy is paſt the Marſh:
After the battaile, let *George Stanley* dye.
King. A thouſand hearts are great within my boſom.
Aduance our Standards, ſet vpon our Foes,
Our Ancient word of Courage, faire S. *George*
Inſpire vs with the ſpleene of fiery Dragons:
Vpon them, Victorie ſits on our helpes.

Alarum, excurſions. Enter Catesby.

Cat. Reſcue my Lord of Norfolke,
Reſcue, Reſcue:
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger:
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot be fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.
Alarums. *Enter*

Enter Richard.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.
Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horſe.
Rich. Slaue, I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there he ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Alarum, Enter Richard and Richmond, they fight, Richard is ſlaine.

Retreat, and Flouriſh. Enter Richmond, Derby bearing the Crowne, with diuers other Lords.

Richm. God, and your Armes
Be prais'd Victorious Friends;
The day is ours, the bloudy Dogge is dead.
Der. Couragious Richmond,
Well haſt thou acquit thee: Loe,
Heere theſe long vſurped Royalties,
From the dead Temples of this bloudy Wretch,
Haue I pluck'd off, to grace thy Browes withall.
Weare it, and make much of it.
Richm. Great God of Heauen, ſay Amen to all.
But tell me, is yong *George Stanley* liuing?
Der. He is my Lord, and ſafe in Leiceſter Towne,
Whither (if you pleaſe) we may withdraw vs.
Richm. What men of name are ſlaine on either ſide?
Der. Iohn Duke of Norfolke, *Walter* Lord Ferris,
Sir *Robert Brokenbury*, and Sir *William Brandon.*
Richm. Interre their Bodies, as become their Births,
Proclaime a pardon to the Soldiers fled,
That in ſubmiſsion will returne to vs,
And then as we haue tane the Sacrament,
We will vnite the White Roſe, and the Red.
Smile Heauen vpon this faire Coniunction,
That long haue frown'd vpon their Enmity:
What Traitor heares me, and ſayes not Amen?
England hath long beene mad, and ſcarr'd her ſelfe;
The Brother blindely ſhed the Brothers blood;
The Father, raſhly ſlaughtered his owne Sonne;
The Sonne compell'd, beene Butcher to the Sire;
All this diuided Yorke and Lancaſter,
Diuided, in their dire Diuiſion.
O now, let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,
The true Succeeders of each Royall Houſe,
By Gods faire ordinance, conioyne together:
And let thy Heires (God if thy will be ſo)
Enrich the time to come, with Smooth-fac'd Peace,
With ſmiling Plenty, and faire Proſperous dayes.
Abate the edge of Traitors, Gracious Lord,
That would reduce theſe bloudy dayes againe,
And make poore England weepe in Streames of Blood;
Let them not liue to taſte this Lands increaſe,
That would with Treaſon, wound this faire Lands peace.
Now Ciuill wounds are ſtopp'd, Peace liues agen;
That ſhe may long liue heere, God ſay, Amen. *Exeunt*

FINIS.

The Famous Hiſtory of the Life of

King HENRY the Eight.

THE PROLOGVE.

I Come no more to make you laugh, Things now,
That beare a Weighty, and a Serious Brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of State and Woe:
Such Noble Scœnes, as draw the Eye to flow
We now preſent. Thoſe that can Pitty, heere
May (if they thinke it well) let fall a Teare,
The Subiect will deſerue it. Such as giue
Their Money out of hope they may beleeue,
May heere finde Truth too. Thoſe that come to ſee
Onely a ſhow or two, and ſo agree,
The Play may paſſe: If they be ſtill, and willing,
Ile vndertake may ſee away their ſhilling
Richly in two ſhort houres. Onely they
That come to heare a Merry, Bawdy Play,
A noyſe of Targets: Or to ſee a Fellow
In a long Motley Coate, garded with Yellow,
Will be deceyu'd. For gentle Hearers, know
To ranke our choſen Truth with ſuch a ſhow
As Foole, and Fight is, beſide forfeyting
Our owne Braines, and the Opinion that we bring
To make that onely true, we now intend,
Will leaue vs neuer an vnderſtanding Friend.
Therefore, for Goodneſſe ſake, and as you are knowne
The Firſt and Happieſt Hearers of the Towne,
Be ſad, as we would make ye. Thinke ye ſee
The very Perſons of our Noble Story,
As they were Liuing: Thinke you ſee them Great,
And follow'd with the generall throng, and ſweat
Of thouſand Friends: Then, in a moment, ſee
How ſoone this Mightineſſe, meets Miſery:
And if you can be merry then, Ile ſay,
A Man may weepe vpon his Wedding day.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke at one doore. At the other, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aburgauenny.

Buckingham.

GOod morrow, and well met. How haue ye done
Since laſt we ſaw in France?

Norf. I thanke your Grace:
Healthfull, and euer ſince a freſh Admirer
Of what I ſaw there.

Buck. An vntimely Ague
Staid me a Priſoner in my Chamber, when
Thoſe Sunnes of Glory, thoſe two Lights of Men
Met in the vale of Andren.

Nor. 'Twixt Guynes and Arde,
I was then preſent, ſaw them ſalute on Horſebacke,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their Embracement, as they grew together,
Which had they,
What foure Thron'd ones could haue weigh'd
Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time
I was my Chambers Priſoner.

Nor. Then you loſt
The view of earthly glory: Men might ſay
Till this time Pompe was ſingle, but now married
To one aboue it ſelfe. Each following day
Became the next dayes maſter, till the laſt
Made former Wonders, it's. To day the French,
All Clinquant all in Gold, like Heathen Gods
Shone downe the Engliſh; and to morrow, they
Made Britaine, India: Euery man that ſtood,
Shew'd like a Mine. Their Dwarfiſh Pages were
As Cherubins, all gilt: the Madams too,
Not vs'd to toyle, did almoſt ſweat to beare
The Pride vpon them, that their very labour
Was to them, as a Painting. Now this Maske
Was cry'de incompareable; and th'enſuing night
Made it a Foole, and Begger. The two Kings
Equall in luſtre, were now beſt, now worſt
As preſence did preſent them: Him in eye,
Still him in praiſe, and being preſent both,
'Twas ſaid they ſaw but one, and no Diſcerner
Durſt wagge his Tongue in cenſure, when theſe Sunnes
(For ſo they phraſe 'em) by their Heralds challeng'd
The Noble Spirits to Armes, they did performe

Beyond

Beyond thoughts Compaſſe, that former fabulous Storie
Being now ſeene, poſſible enough, got credit
That *Beuis* was heleeu'd.
Buc. Oh you go farre.
Nor. As I belong to worſhip, and affect
In Honor, Honeſty, the tract of eu'ry thing,
Would by a good Diſcourſer looſe ſome life,
Which Actions ſelfe, was tongue too.
Buc. All was Royall,
To the diſpoſing of it nought rehell'd,
Order gaue each thing view. The Office did
Diſtinctly his full Function : who did guide,
I meane who ſet the Body, and the Limbes
Of this great Sport together ?
Nor. As you gueſſe :
One certes, that promiſes no Element
In ſuch a huſineſſe.
Buc. I pray you who, my Lord ?
Nor. All this was ordred by the good Diſcretion
Of the right Reuerend Cardinall of Yorke.
Buc. The diuell ſpeed him : No mans Pye is freed
From his Ambitious finger. What had he
To do in theſe fierce Vanities ? I wonder,
That ſuch a Keech can with his very bulke
Take vp the Rayes o'th'beneficial Sun,
And keepe it from the Earth.
Nor. Surely Sir,
There's in him ſtuffe, that put's him to theſe ends :
For being not propt by Auncеſtry, whoſe grace
Chalkes Succeſſors their way ; nor call'd vpon
For high feats done to'th'Crowne ; neither Allied
To eminent Aſſiſtants ; but Spider-like
Out of his Selfe-drawing Web. O giues vs note,
The force of his owne merit makes his way
A guift that heauen giues for him, which buyes
A place next to the King.
Abur. I cannot tell
What Heauen hath giuen him : let ſome Grauer eye
Pierce into that, but I can ſee his Pride
Peepe through each part of him : whence ha's he that,
If not from Hell ? The Diuell is a Niggard,
Or ha's giuen all before, and he begins
A new Hell in himſelfe.
Buc. Why the Diuell,
Vpon this French going out, tooke he vpon him
(Without the priuity o'th'King) t'appoint
Who ſhould attend on him ? He makes vp the File
Of all the Gentry ; for the moſt part ſuch
To whom as great a Charge, as little Honor
He meant to lay vpon : and his owne Letter
The Honourable Board of Councell, out
Muſt fetch him in, he Papers.
Abur. I do know
Kinſmen of mine, three at the leaſt, that haue
By this, ſo ſicken'd their Eſtates, that neuer
They ſhall abound as formerly.
Buc. O many
Haue broke their backes with laying Mannors on 'em
For this great Iourney. What did this vanity
But miniſter communication of
A moſt poore iſſue.
Nor. Greeuingly I thinke,
The Peace betweene the French and vs, not valewes
The Coſt that did conclude it.
Buc. Euery man,
After the hideous ſtorme that follow'd, was
A thing Inſpir'd, and not conſulting, broke
Into a generall Propheſie ; That this Tempeſt
Daſhing the Garment of this Peace, abouded
The ſodaine breach on't.
Nor. Which is hudded out,
For France hath flaw'd the League, and hath attach'd
Our Merchants goods at Burdeux.
Abur. Is it therefore
Th'Ambaſſador is ſilenc'd ?
Nor. Marry is't.
Abur. A proper Title of a Peace, and purchas'd
At a ſuperfluous rate.
Buc. Why all this Buſineſſe
Our Reuerend Cardinall carried.
Nor. Like it your Grace,
The State takes notice of this priuate difference
Betwixt you, and the Cardinall. I aduiſe you
(And take it from a heart, that wiſhes towards you
Honor, and plenteous ſafety) that you reade
The Cardinals Malice, and his Potency
Together ; To conſider further, that
What his high Hatred would effect, wants not
A Miniſter in his Power. You know his Nature,
That he's Reuengefull ; and I know, his Sword
Hath a ſharpe edge : It's long, and't may he ſaide
It reaches farre, and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Boſome vp my counſell,
You'l finde it wholeſome. Loe, where comes that Rock
That I aduice your ſhunning.

Enter Cardinall Wolſey, the Purſe borne before him, certaine of the Guard, and two Secretaries with Papers : The Cardinall in his paſſage, fixeth his eye on Buckham, and Buckingham on him, both full of diſdaine.

Car. The Duke of *Buckinghams* Surueyor ? Ha?
Where's his Examination ?
Secr. Heere ſo pleaſe you.
Car. Is he in perſon, ready ?
Secr. I, pleaſe your Grace.
Car. Well, we ſhall then know more, & *Buckingham*
Shall leſſen this higge looke.
Exeunt Cardinall, and his Traine.
Buc. This Butchers Curre is venom'd-mouth'd, and I
Haue not the power to muzzle him, therefore heſt
Not wake him in his ſlumber. A Beggers booke,
Out-worths a Nobles blood.
Nor. What are you chaff'd ?
Aske God for Temp'rance, that's th'appliance onely
Which your diſeaſe requires.
Buc. I read in's looks
Matter againſt me, and his eye reuil'd
Me as his abiect obiect, at this inſtant
He hores me with ſome tricke ; He's gone to'th'King :
Ile follow, and out-ſtare him.
Nor. Stay my Lord,
And let your Reaſon with your Choller queſtion
What 'tis you go about : to climbe ſteepe hilles
Requires ſlow pace at firſt. Anger is like
A full hot Horſe, who being allow'd his way
Selfe-mettle tyres him : Not a man in England
Can aduiſe me like you : Be to your ſelfe,
As you would to your Friend.
Buc. Ile to the King,
And from a mouth of Honor, quite cry downe

This

This *Ipſwich* fellowes inſolence; or proclaime,
There's difference in no perſons.
Norf. Be aduiſ'd;
Heat not a Furnace for your foe ſo hot
That it do ſindge your ſelfe. We may out-runne
By violent ſwiftneſſe that which we run at;
And loſe by ouer-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor til't run ore,
In ſeeming to augment it, waſts it: be aduiſ'd;
I ſay againe there is no Engliſh Soule
More ſtronger to direct you then your ſelfe;
If with the ſap of reaſon you would quench,
Or but allay the fire of paſſion.
Buck. Sir,
I am thankfull to you, and Ile goe along
By your preſcription: but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From ſincere motions, by Intelligence,
And prooſes as cleere as Founts in *July*, when
Wee ſee each graine of grauell; I doe know
To be corrupt and treaſonous.
Norf. Say not treaſonous.
Buck. To th'King Ile fay't, & make my vouch as ſtrong
As ſhore of Rocke: attend. This holy Foxe,
Or Wolſe, or both (for he is equall rau'nous
As he is ſubtile, and as prone to miſchiefe,
As able to perform't) his minde, and place
Infecting one another, yea reciprocally,
Only to ſhew his pompe, as well in France,
As here at home, ſuggeſts the King our Maſter
To this laſt coſtly Treaty: Th'enteruiew,
That ſwallowed ſo much treaſure, and like a glaſſe
Did breake ith'wrenching.
Norf. Faith, and ſo it did.
Buck. Pray giue me fauour Sir: This cunning Cardinall
The Articles o'th' Combination drew
As himſelfe pleas'd; and they were ratified
As he cride thus let be, to as much end,
As giue a Crutch to th'dead. But our Count-Cardinall
Has done this, and tis well: for worthy *Wolſey*
(Who cannot erre) he did it. Now this followes,
(Which as I take it, is a kinde of Puppie
To th'old dam Treaſon) *Charles* the Emperour,
Vnder pretence to ſee the Queene his Aunt,
(For twas indeed his colour, but he came
To whiſper *Wolſey*) here makes viſitation,
His feares were that the Interview betwixt
England and France, might through their amity
Breed him ſome preiudice; for from this League,
Peep'd harmes that menac'd him. Priuily
Deales with our Cardinal, and as I troa
Which I doe well; for I am ſure the Emperour
Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his Suit was granted
Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made
And pau'd with gold: the Emperor thus deſir'd,
That he would pleaſe to alter the Kings courſe,
And breake the foreſaid peace. Let the King know
(As ſoone he ſhall by me) that thus the Cardinall
Does buy and ſell his Honour as he pleaſes,
And for his owne aduantage.
Norf. I am ſorry
To heare this of him; and could wiſh he were
Somthing miſtaken in't.
Buck. No, not a fillable:
I doe pronounce him in that very ſhape
He ſhall appeare in proofe.

Enter Brandon, a Sergeant at Armes before him, and two or three of the Guard.

Brandon. Your Office Sergeant: execute it.
Sergeant. Sir,
My Lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earle
Of *Hertford Stafford* and *Northampton*, I
Arreſt thee of High Treaſon, in the name
Of our moſt Soueraigne King.
Buck. Lo you my Lord,
The net has falne vpon me, I ſhall periſh
Vnder deuice, and practiſe:
Bran. I am ſorry,
To ſee you tane from liberty, to looke on
The buſines preſent. Tis his Higbnes pleaſure
You ſhall to th'Tower.
Buck. It will helpe me nothing
To plead mine Innocence; for that dye is on me
Which makes my whit'ſt part, black. The will of Heau'n
Be done in this and all things: I obey.
O my Lord *Aburgany:* Fare you well.
Bran. Nay, he muſt beare you company. The King
Is pleas'd you ſhall to th'Tower, till you know
How he determines further.
Abur. As the Duke ſaid,
The will of Heauen be done, and the Kings pleaſure
By me obey'd.
Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach Lord *Mountacute*, and the Bodies
Of the Dukes Confeſſor, *John de la Car*,
One *Gilbert Pecke*, his Councellour.
Buck. So, ſo;
Theſe are the limbs o'th'Plot: no more I hope.
Bra. A Monke o'th' *Chartreux*.
Buck. O *Michaell Hopkins?*
Bra. He.
Buck. My Surueyor is falſe: The ore-great *Cardinall*
Hath ſhew'd him gold; my liſe is ſpand already:
I am the ſhadow of poore *Buckingham*,
Whoſe Figure euen this inſtant Clowd puts on,
By Darkning my cleere Sunne. My Lords farewell. *Exe.*

Scena Secunda.

Cornets. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinals ſhoulder, the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Louell: the Cardinall places himſelfe vnder the Kings feete on his right ſide.

King. My life it ſelfe, and the beſt heart of it,
Thankes you for this great care: I ſtood i'th'leuell
Of a full-charg'd confederacie, and giue thankes
To you that choak'd it. Let be cald before vs
That Gentleman of *Buckinghams*, in perſon,
Ile heare him his confeſſions iuſtifie,
And point by point the Treaſons of his Maiſter,
He ſhall againe relate.
A noyſe within crying roome for the Queene, vſher'd by the Duke of Norfolke. Enter the Queene, Norfolke and Suffolke: ſhe kneels. King riſeth from his State, takes her vp, kiſſes and placeth her by him.
Queen. Nay, we muſt longer kneele; I am a Suitor.
King. Ariſe, and take place by vs; halfe your Suit
Neuer name to vs; you haue halfe our power:

The

The other moity ere you aske is giuen,
Repeat your will, and take it.
Queen. Thanke your Maiesty
That you would loue your selfe, and in that loue
Not vnconsidered leaue your Honour, nor
The dignity of your Office; is the poynt
Of my Petition.
Kin. Lady mine proceed.
Queen. I am solicited not by a few,
And those of true condition; That your Subiects
Are in great grieuance: There haue heene Commissions
Sent downe among 'em, which hath flaw'd the heart
Of all their Loyalties; wherein, although
My good Lord Cardinall, they vent reproches
Most bitterly on you, as putter on
Of these exactions: yet the King, our Maister (not
Whose Honor Heauen shield from soile; euen he escapes
Language vnmannerly; yea, such which breakes
The sides of loyalty, and almost appeares
In lowd Rebellion.
Norf. Not almost appeares,
It doth appeare; for, vpon these Taxations,
The Clothiers all not able to maintaine
The many to them longing, haue put off
The Spinsters, Carders, Fullers, Weauers, who
Vnfit for other life, compeld by hunger
And lack of other meanes, in desperate manner
Daring th'euent too th'teeth, are all in vprore,
And danger serues among them.
Kin. Taxation?
Wherein? and what Taxation? My Lord Cardinall,
You that are blam'd for it alike with vs,
Know you of this Taxation?
Card. Please you Sir,
I know but of a single part in ought
Pertaines to th'State; and front but in that File
Where others tell steps with me.
Queen. No, my Lord?
You know no more then others? But you frame
Things that are knowne alike, which are not wholsome
To those which would not know them, and yet must
Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
(Whereof my Soueraigne would haue note) they are
Most pestilent to th'hearing, and to beare 'em,
The Backe is Sacrifice to th'load; They say
They are deuis'd by you, or else you suffer
Too hard an exclamation.
Kin. Still Exaction:
The nature of it, in what kinde let's know,
Is this Exaction?
Queen. I am much too venturous
In tempting of your patience; but am boldned
Vnder your promis'd pardon. The Subiects griefe
Comes through Commissions, which compels from each
The sixt part of his Substance, to be leuied
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your warres in France: this makes bold mouths,
Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegeance in them; their curses now
Liue where their prayers did: and it's come to passe,
This tractable obedience is a Slaue
To each incensed Will: I would your Highnesse
Would giue it quicke consideration; for
There is no primer basenesse.
Kin. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.
Card. And for me,
I haue no further gone in this, then by
A single voice, and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the Iudges: If I am
Traduc'd by ignorant Tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person, yet will he
The Chronicles of my doing: Let me say,
'Tis but the fate of Place, and the rough Brake
That Vertue must goe through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the feare
To cope malicious Censurers, which euer,
As rau'nous Fishes doe a Vessell follow
That is new trim'd; but benefit no further
Then vainly longing. What we oft doe best,
By sicke Interpreters (once weake ones) is
Not ours, or not allow'd; what worst, as oft
Hitting a grosser quality, is cride vp
For our best Act: if we shall stand still,
In feare our motion will be mock'd, or carp'd at,
We should take roote here, where we sit;
Or sit State-Statues onely.
Kin. Things done well,
And with a care, exempt themselues from feare:
Things done without example, in their issue
Are to be fear'd. Haue you a President
Of this Commission? I beleeue, not any.
We must not rend our Subiects from our Lawes,
And stick them in our Will. Sixt part of each?
A trembling Contribution; why we take
From euery Tree, lop, barke, and part o'th' Timber:
And though we leaue it with a roote thus hackt,
The Ayre will drinke the Sap. To euery County
Where this is question'd, send our Letters, with
Free pardon to each man that has deny'de
The force of this Commission: pray looke too't;
I put it to your care.
Card. A word with you.
Let there be Letters writ to euery Shire,
Of the Kings grace and pardon: the greeued Commons
Hardly conceiue of me. Let it be nois'd,
That through our Intercession, this Reuokement
And pardon comes: I shall anon aduise you
Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secret.*

Enter Surueyor.

Queen. I am sorry, that the Duke of *Buckingham*
Is run in your displeasure.
Kin. It grieues many:
The Gentleman is Learn'd, and a most rare Speaker,
To Nature none more bound; his trayning such,
That he may furnish and instruct great Teachers,
And neuer seeke for ayd out of himselfe: yet see,
When these so Noble benefits shall proue
Not well dispos'd, the minde growing once corrupt,
They turne to vicious formes, ten times more vgly
Then euer they were faire. This man so compleat,
Who was enrold 'mongst wonders; and when we
Almost with rauish'd listning, could not finde
His houre of speech, a minute: He, (my Lady)
Hath into monstrous habits put the Graces
That once were his, and is become as blacke,
As if besmear'd in hell. Sit by Vs, you shall heare
(This was his Gentleman in trust) of him
Things to strike Honour sad. Bid him recount
The fore-recited practises, whereof
We cannot feele too little, heare too much.

Card.

Card. Stand forth, & with bold ſpirit relate what you
Moſt like a carefull Subiect haue collected
Out of the Duke of *Buckingham.*
Kin. Speake freely.
Sur. Firſt, it was vſuall with him; euery day
It would infect his Speech: That if the King
Should without iſſue dye; hee'l carry it ſo
To make the Scepter his. Theſe very words
I'ue heard him vtter to his Sonne in Law,
Lord *Aburgany*, to whom by oth he menac'd
Reuenge vpon the *Cardinall.*
Card. Pleaſe your Highneſſe note
This dangerous conception in this point,
Not frended by his wiſh to your High perſon;
His will is moſt malignant, and it ſtretches
Beyond you to your friends.
Queen. My learn'd Lord *Cardinall*,
Deliuer all with Charity.
Kin. Speake on;
How grounded hee his Title to the Crowne
Vpon our faile; to this poynt haſt thou heard him,
At any time ſpeake ought?
Sur. He was brought to this,
By a vaine Propheſie of *Nicholas Henton.*
Kin. What was that *Henton?*
Sur. Sir, a *Chartreux* Fryer,
His Confeſſor, who fed him euery minute
With words of Soueraignty.
Kin. How know'ſt thou this?
Sur. Not long before your Higneſſe ſped to France,
The Duke being at the Roſe, within the Pariſh
Saint *Laurence Poultney*, did of me demand
What was the ſpeech among the Londoners,
Concerning the French Iourney. I replide,
Men feare the French would proue perfidious
To the Kings danger: preſently, the Duke
Said, 'twas the feare indeed, and that he doubted
'Twould proue the verity of certaine words
Spoke by a holy Monke, that oft, ſayes he,
Hath ſent to me, wiſhing me to permit
John de la Car, my Chaplaine, a choyce howre
To heare from him a matter of ſome moment:
Whom after vnder the Commiſſions Seale,
He ſollemnly had ſworne, that what he ſpoke
My Chaplaine to no Creature liuing, but
To me, ſhould vtter, with demure Confidence,
This paſingly enſu'de; neither the King, nor's Heyres
(Tell you the Duke) ſhall proſper, bid him ſtriue
To the loue o'th'Commonalty, the Duke
Shall gouerne England.
Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Dukes Surueyor, and loſt your Office
On the complaint o'th' Tenants; take good heed
You charge not in your ſpleene a Noble perſon,
And ſpoyle your nobler Soule; I ſay, take heed;
Yes, heartily beſeech you.
Kin. Let him on: Goe forward.
Sur. On my Soule, Ile ſpeake but truth,
I told my Lord the Duke, by th'Diuels illuſions
The Monke might be deceiu'd, and that 'twas dangerous
For this to ruminate on this ſo farre, vntill
It forg'd him ſome deſigne, which being beleeu'd
It was much like to doe: He anſwer'd, Tuſh,
It can doe me no damage; adding further,
That had the King in his laſt Sickneſſe faild,
The Cardinals and Sir *Thomas Louels* heads
Should haue gone off.
Kin. Ha? What, ſo rancke? Ah, ha,
There's miſchiefe in this man; canſt thou ſay further?
Sur. I can my Liedge.
Kin. Proceed.
Sur. Being at *Greenwich*,
After your Highneſſe had reprou'd the Duke
About Sir *William Blumer.* (uant,
Kin. I remember of ſuch a time, being my ſworn ſer-
The Duke retein'd him his. But on: what hence?
Sur. If (quoth he) I for this had beene committed,
As to the Tower, I thought; I would haue plaid
The Part my Father meant to act vpon
Th'Vſurper *Richard*, who being at *Salsbury*,
Made ſuit to come in's preſence; which if granted,
(As he made ſemblance of his duty) would
Haue put his knife into him.
Kin. A Gyant Traytor.
Card. Now Madam, may his Highnes liue in freedome,
And this man out of Priſon.
Queen. God mend all. (ſay'ſt?
Kin. Ther's ſomthing more would out of thee; what
Sur. After the Duke his Father, with the knife
He ſtretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
Another ſpread on's breaſt, mounting his eyes,
He did diſcharge a horrible Oath, whoſe tenor
Was, were he euill vs'd, he would outgoe
His Father, by as much as a performance
Do's an irrefolute purpoſe.
Kin. There's his period,
To ſheath his knife in vs: he is attach'd,
Call him to preſent tryall: if he may
Finde mercy in the Law, 'tis his; if none,
Let him not ſeek't of vs: By day and night
Hee's Traytor to th' heigbt. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Tertia.

Enter L. Chamberlaine, and L. Sandys.

L. Ch. Is't poſſible the ſpels of France ſhould iuggle
Men into ſuch ſtrange myſteries?
L. San. New cuſtomes,
Though they be neuer ſo ridiculous,
(Nay let 'em be vnmanly) yet are follow'd.
L. Ch. As farre as I ſee, all the good our Engliſh
Haue got by the late Voyage, is but meerely
A fit or two o'th'face, (but they are ſhrewd ones)
For when they hold 'em, you would ſweare directly
Their very noſes had been Councellours
To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*, they keepe State ſo.
L. San. They haue all new legs,
And lame ones; one would take it,
That neuer ſee 'em pace before, the Spauen
A Spring-halt rain'd among 'em.
L. Ch. Death my Lord,
Their cloathes are after ſuch a Pagan cut too't,
That ſure th'haue worne out Chriſtendome: how now?
What newes, Sir *Thomas Louell?*

Enter Sir Thomas Louell.

Louell. Faith my Lord,
I heare of none but the new Proclamation,
That's clapt vpon the Court Gate.

L. Cham. What is't for?
Lou. The reformation of our trauel'd Gallants,
That fill the Court with quarrels, talke, and Taylors.
L.Cham. I'm glad 'tis there;
Now I would pray our Monſieurs
To thinke an Engliſh Courtier may be wiſe,
And neuer ſee the *Louure*.
Lou. They muſt either
(For ſo run the Conditions) leaue thoſe remnants
Of Foole and Feather, that they got in France,
With all their honourable points of ignorance
Pertaining thereunto; as Fights and Fire-workes,
Abuſing better men then they can be
Out of a forreigne wiſedome, renouncing cleane
The faith they haue in Tennis and tall Stockings,
Short bliſtred Breeches, and thoſe types of Trauell;
And vnderſtand againe like honeſt men,
Or pack to their old Playfellowes; there, I take it,
They may *Cum Priuilegio*, wee away
The lag end of their lewdneſſe, and be laugh'd at.
L.San. Tis time to giue 'em Phyſicke, their diſeaſes
Are growne ſo catching.
L. Cham. What a loſſe our Ladies
Will haue of theſe trim vanities?
Louell. I marry,
There will be woe indeed Lords, the ſlye whorſons
Haue got a ſpeeding tricke to lay downe Ladies.
A French Song, and a Fiddle, ha's no Fellow.
L. San. The Diuell fiddle 'em,
I am glad they are going,
For ſure there's no conuerting of 'em: now
An honeſt Country Lord as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plaine ſong,
And haue an houre of hearing, and by'r Lady
Held currant Muſicke too.
L. Cham. Well ſaid Lord *Sands*,
Your Colts tooth is not caſt yet?
L.San. No my Lord,
Nor ſhall not while I haue a ſtumpe.
L. Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither were you a going?
Lou. To the Cardinals;
Your Lordſhip is a gueſt too.
L. Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a Supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The Beauty of this Kingdome Ile aſſure you.
Lou. That Churchman
Beares a bounteous minde indeed,
A hand as fruitfull as the Land that feeds vs,
His dewes fall euery where.
L. Cham. No doubt hee's Noble;
He had a blacke mouth that ſaid other of him.
L. San. He may my Lord,
Ha's wherewithall in him;
Sparing would ſhew a worſe ſinne, then ill Doctrine,
Men of his way, ſhould be moſt liberall,
They are ſet heere for examples.
L. Cham. True, they are ſo;
But few now giue ſo great ones:
My Barge ſtayes;
Your Lordſhip ſhall along: Come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We ſhall be late elſe, which I would not be,
For I was ſpoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*
This night to be Comptrollers.
L. San. I am your Lordſhips. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Hoboies. A ſmall Table vnder a State for the Cardinall, a longer Table for the Gueſts. Then Enter Anne Bullen, and diuers other Ladies, & Gentlemen, as Gueſts at one Doore; at an other Doore enter Sir Henry Guilford.

S.Hen.Guilf. Ladyes,
A generall welcome from his Grace
Salutes ye all; This Night he dedicates
To faire content, and you: None heere he hopes
In all this Noble Beuy, has brought with her
One care abroad: hee would haue all as merry:
As firſt, good Company, good wine, good welcome,
Can make good people.

Enter L. Chamberlaine L. Sands, and Louell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thought of this faire Company,
Clapt wings to me.
Cham. You are young Sir *Harry Guilford.*
San. Sir *Thomas Louell*, had the Cardinall
But halfe my Lay-thoughts in him, ſome of theſe
Should finde a running Banket, ere they reſted,
I thinke would better pleaſe 'em: by my life,
They are a ſweet ſociety of faire ones.
Lou. O that your Lordſhip were but now Confeſſor,
To one or two of theſe.
San. I would I were,
They ſhould finde eaſie pennance.
Lou. Faith how eaſie?
San. As eaſie as a downe bed would affoord it.
Cham. Sweet Ladies will it pleaſe you ſit; Sir *Harry*
Place you that ſide, Ile take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring. Nay, you muſt not freeze,
Two women plac'd together, makes cold weather:
My Lord *Sands*, you are one will keepe 'em waking:
Pray ſit betweene theſe Ladies.
San. By my faith,
And thanke your Lordſhip: by your leaue ſweet Ladies,
If I chance to talke a little wilde, forgiue me:
I had it from my Father.
An.Bul. Was he mad Sir?
San. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in loue too;
But he would bite none, iuſt as I doe now,
He would Kiſſe you Twenty with a breath.
Cham. Well ſaid my Lord:
So now y'are fairely ſeated: Gntlemen,
The pennance lyes on you; if theſe faire Ladies
Paſſe away frowning.
San. For my little Cure,
Let me alone.

Hoboyes. Enter Cardinall Wolſey, and takes his State.
Card. Y'are welcome my faire Gueſts; that noble Lady
Or Gentleman that is not freely merry
Is not my Friend. This to confirme my welcome,
And to you all good health.
San. Your Grace is Noble,
Let me haue ſuch a Bowle may hold my thankes,
And ſaue me ſo much talking.
Card. My Lord *Sands*,

I am beholding to you: cheere your neighbours:
Ladies you are not merry; Gentlemen,
Whoſe fault is this?
San. The red wine firſt muſt riſe
In their faire cheekes my Lord, then wee ſhall hauc'em,
Talke vs to ſilence.
An.B. You are a merry Gamſter
My Lord *Sands*.
San. Yes, if I make my play:
Heer's to your Ladiſhip, and pledge it Madam:
For tis to ſuch a thing.
An.B. You cannot ſhew me.
Drum and Trumpet, Chambers diſchargd.
San. I told your Grace, they would talke anon.
Card. What's that?
Cham. Looke out there, ſome of ye.
Card. What warlike voyce,
And to what end is this? Nay, Ladies, feare not;
By all the lawes of Warre y'are priuiledg'd.

Enter a Seruant.

Cham. How now, what is't?
Seru. A noble troupe of Strangers,
For ſo they ſeeme; th'hauc left their Barge and landed,
And hither make, as great Embaſſadors
From forraigne Princes.
Card. Good Lord Chamberlaine,
Go, giue 'em welcome; you can ſpeake the French tongue
And pray receiue 'em Nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our preſence, where this heauen of beauty
Shall ſhine at full vpon them. Some attend him.
All riſe, and Tables remou'd.
You haue now a broken Banket, but wee'l mend it.
A good digeſtion to you all; and once more
I ſhowre a welcome on yee: welcome all.

Hoboyes. Enter King and others as Maskers, habited like Shepheards, vſher'd by the Lord Chamberlaine. They paſſe directly before the Cardinall, and gracefully ſalute him.

A noble Company: what are their pleaſures?
Cham. Becauſe they ſpeak no Engliſh, thus they praid
To tell your Grace: That hauing heard by fame
Of this ſo Noble and ſo faire aſſembly,
This night to meet heere they could doe no leſſe,
(Out of the great reſpect they beare to beauty)
But leaue their Flockes, and vnder your faire Conduct
Craue leaue to view theſe Ladies, and entreat
An houre of Reuels with 'em.
Card. Say, Lord *Chamberlaine*,
They haue done my poore houſe grace:
For which I pay 'em a thouſand thankes,
And pray 'em take their pleaſures.
Chooſe Ladies, King and An Bullen.
King. The faireſt hand I euer touch'd: O Beauty,
Till now I neuer knew thee.
Muſicke, Dance.
Card. My Lord.
Cham. Your Grace.
Card. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There ſhould be one amongſt 'em by his perſon
More worthy this place then my ſelfe, to whom
(If I but knew him) with my loue and duty
I would ſurrender it. *Whiſper.*
Cham. I will my Lord.
Card. What ſay they?
Cham. Such a one, they all confeſſe
There is indeed, which they would haue your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.
Card. Let me ſee then,
By all your good leaues Gentlemen; heere Ile make
My royall choyce.
Kin. Ye haue found him Cardinall,
You hold a faire Aſſembly; you doe well Lord:
You are a Churchman, or Ile tell you Cardinall,
I ſhould iudge now vnhappily.
Card. I am glad
Your Grace is growne ſo pleaſant.
Kin. My Lord Chamberlaine,
Prethee come hither, what faire Ladie's that?
Cham. An't pleaſe your Grace,
Sir *Thomas Bullens* Daughter, the Viſcount *Rochford*,
One of her Highneſſe women.
Kin. By Heauen ſhe is a dainty one. Sweet heart,
I were vnmannerly to take you out,
And not to kiſſe you. A health Gentlemen,
Let it goe round.
Card. Sir *Thomas Louell*, is the Banket ready
I'th' Priuy Chamber?
Lou. Yes, my Lord.
Card. Your Grace
I feare, with dancing is a little heated.
Kin. I feare too much.
Card. There's freſher ayre my Lord,
In the next Chamber.
Kin. Lead in your Ladies eu'ry one: Sweet Partner,
I muſt not yet forſake you: Let's be merry,
Good my Lord Cardinall: I haue halfe a dozen healths,
To drinke to theſe faire Ladies, and a meaſure
To lead 'em once againe, and then let's dreame
Who's beſt in fauour. Let the Muſicke knock it.
Exeunt with Trumpets.

Actus Secundus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen at ſeuerall Doores.

1. Whether away ſo faſt?
2. O, God ſaue ye:
Eu'n to the Hall, to heare what ſhall become
Of the great Duke of Buckingham.
1. Ile ſaue you
That labour Sir. All's now done but the Ceremony
Of bringing backe the Priſoner.
2. Were you there?
1. Yes indeed was I.
2. Pray ſpeake what ha's happen'd.
1. You may gueſſe quickly what.
2. Is he found guilty?
1. Yes truely is he,
And condemn'd vpon't
2. I am ſorry for't.
1. So are a number more.
2. But pray how paſt it?
1. Ile tell you in a little. The great Duke
Came to the Bar; where, to his accuſations
He pleaded ſtill not guilty, and alleadged
Many ſharpe reaſons to defeat the Law.
The Kings Atturney on the contrary,
Vrg'd on the Examinations, proofes, confeſſions

Of

Of diuers witneſſes, which the Duke deſir'd
To him brought *viua voce* to his face;
At which appear'd againſt him, his Surueyor
Sir *Gilbert Pecke* his Chancellour, and *Iohn Car*,
Confeſſor to him, with that Diuell Monke,
Hopkins, that made this miſchiefe.
2. That was hee
That fed him with his Prophecies.
1. The fame,
All theſe accus'd him ſtrongly, which he faine
Would haue flung from him; but indeed he could not;
And ſo his Peeres vpon this euidence,
Haue found him guilty of high Treaſon. Much
He ſpoke, and learnedly for life: But all
Was either pittied in him, or forgotten.
2. After all this, how did he beare himſelfe?
1. When he was brought agen to th' Bar, to heare
His Knell rung out, his Iudgement, he was ſtir'd
With ſuch an Agony, he ſweat extreamly,
And ſomthing ſpoke in choller, ill, and haſty:
But he fell to himſelfe againe, and ſweetly,
In all the reſt ſhew'd a moſt Noble patience.
2. I doe not thinke he feares death.
1. Sure he does not,
He neuer was ſo womaniſh, the cauſe
He may a little grieue at.
2. Certainly,
The Cardinall is the end of this.
1. Tis likely,
By all coniectures: Firſt *Kildares* Attendure;
Then Deputy of Ireland, who remou'd
Earle *Surrey*, was ſent thither, and in haſt too,
Leaſt he ſhould helpe his Father.
2. That tricke of State
Was a deepe enuious one.
1. At his returne,
No doubt he will requite it; this is noted
(And generally) who euer the King fauours,
The Cardnall inſtantly will finde imployment,
And farre enough from Court too.
2. All the Commons
Hate him perniciouſly, and o' my Conſcience
Wiſh him ten fadom deepe: This Duke as much
They loue and doate on: call him bounteous *Buckingham*,
The Mirror of all courteſie.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, Tipſtaues before him, the Axe with the edge towards him, Halberds on each ſide, accompanied with Sir Thomas Louell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir Walter Sands, and common people, &c.

1. Stay there Sir,
And ſee the noble ruin'd man you ſpeake of.
2. Let's ſtand cloſe and behold him.
Buck. All good people,
You that thus farre haue come to pitty me;
Heare what I ſay, and then goe home and loſe me.
I haue this day receiu'd a Traitors iudgement,
And by that name muſt dye; yet Heauen beare witnes,
And if I haue a Conſcience, let it ſincke me,
Euen as the Axe falls, if I be not faithfull.
The Law I beare no mallice for my death,
T'has done vpon the premiſes, but Iuſtice:
But thoſe that ſought it, I could wiſh more Chriſtians:
(Be what they will) I heartily forgiue 'em;
Yet let 'em looke they glory not in miſchiefe;
Nor build their euils on the graues of great men;
For then, my guiltleſſe blood muſt cry againſt 'em.
For further life in this world I ne're hope,
Nor will I ſue, although the King haue mercies
More then I dare make faults.
You few that lou'd me,
And dare be bold to weepe for *Buckingham*,
His Noble Friends and Fellowes; whom to leaue
Is only bitter to him, only dying:
Goe with me like good Angels to my end,
And as the long diuorce of Steele fals on me,
Make of your Prayers one ſweet Sacrifice,
And lift my Soule to Heauen.
Lead on a Gods name.
Louell. I doe beſeech your Grace, for charity
If euer any mallice in your heart
Were hid againſt me, now to forgiue me frankly.
Buck. Sir *Thomas Louell*, I as free forgiue you
As I would be forgiuen: I forgiue all.
There cannot be thoſe numberleſſe offences
Gainſt me, that I cannot take peace with:
No blacke Enuy ſhall make my Graue.
Commend mee to his Grace:
And if he ſpeake of *Buckingham*; pray tell him,
You met him halfe in Heauen: my vowes and prayers
Yet are the Kings; and till my Soule forſake,
Shall cry for bleſſings on him. May he liue
Longer then I haue time to tell his yeares;
Euer belou'd and louing, may his Rule be;
And when old Time ſhall lead him to his end,
Goodneſſe and he, fill vp one Monument.
Lou. To th' water-ſide I muſt conduct your Grace,
Then giue my Charge vp to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
Who vndertakes you to your end.
Vaux. Prepare there,
The Duke is comming: See the Barge be ready;
And fit it with ſuch furniture as ſuites
The Greatneſſe of his Perſon.
Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
Let it alone; my State now will but mocke me.
When I came hither, I was Lord High Conſtable,
And Duke of *Buckingham:* now, poore *Edward Bohun;*
Yet I am richer then my baſe Accuſers,
That neuer knew what Truth meant: I now ſeale it;
And with that bloud will make 'em one day groane for't.
My Noble Father *Henry* of *Buckingham*,
Who firſt rais'd head againſt Vſurping *Richard*,
Flying for ſuccour to his Seruant *Baniſter*,
Being diſtreſt; was by that wretch betraid,
And without Tryall, fell; Gods peace be with him.
Henry the Seauenth ſucceeding, truly pittying
My Fathers loſſe; like a moſt Royall Prince
Reſtor'd me to my Honours: and out of ruines
Made my Name once more Noble. Now his Sonne,
Henry the Eight, Life, Honour, Name and all
That made me happy; at one ſtroake ha's taken
For euer from the World. I had my Tryall,
And muſt needs ſay a Noble one; which makes me
A little happier then my wretched Father:
Yet thus farre we are one in Fortunes; both
Fell by our Seruants, by thoſe Men we lou'd moſt:
A moſt vnnaturall and faithleſſe Seruice.
Heauen ha's an end in all: yet, you that heare me,
This from a dying man receiue as certaine:
Where you are liberall of your loues and Councels,
Be ſure you be not looſe; for thoſe you make friends,

And

And giue your hearts to; when they once perceiue
The leaſt rub in your fortunes, fall away
Like water from ye, neuer found againe
But where they meane to ſinke ye: all good people
Pray for me, I muſt now forſake ye; the laſt houre
Of my long weary life is come vpon me:
Farewell; and when you would ſay ſomthing that is ſad,
Speake how I fell.
I haue done; and God forgiue me.
Exeunt Duke and Traine.
1. O, this is full of pitty; Sir, it cals
I feare, too many curſes on their heads
That were the Authors.
2. If the Duke be guiltleſſe,
'Tis full of woe: yet I can giue you inckling
Of an enſuing euill, if it fall,
Greater then this.
1. Good Angels keepe it from vs:
What may it be? you doe not doubt my faith Sir?
2. This Secret is ſo weighty, 'twill require
A ſtrong faith to conceale it.
1. Let me haue it:
I doe not talke much.
2. I am confident;
You ſhall Sir: Did you not of late dayes heare
A buzzing of a Separation
Betweene the King and *Katherine?*
1. Yes, but it held not;
For when the King once heard it, out of anger
He ſent command to the Lord Mayor ſtraight
To ſtop the rumor; and allay thoſe tongues
That durſt diſperſe it.
2. But that ſlander Sir,
Is found a truth now: for it growes agen
Freſher then e're it was; and held for certaine
The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinall,
Or ſome about him neere, haue out of malice
To the good Queene, poſſeſt him with a ſcruple
That will vndoe her: To confirme this too,
Cardinall *Campeius* is arriu'd, and lately,
As all thinke for this buſines.
1. Tis the Cardinall;
And meerely to reuenge him on the Emperour,
For not beſtowing on him at his asking,
The Archbiſhopricke of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.
2. I thinke
You haue hit the marke; but is't not cruell,
That ſhe ſhould feele the ſmart of this: the Cardinall
Will haue his will, and ſhe muſt fall.
1. 'Tis wofull.
Wee are too open heere to argue this:
Let's thinke in priuate more. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine, reading this Letter

My Lord, the Horſes your Lordſhip ſent for, with all the care I had, I ſaw well choſen, ridden, and furniſh'd. They were young and handſome, and of the beſt breed in the North. When they were ready to ſet out for London, a man of my Lord Cardinalls, by Commiſſion, and maine power tooke 'em from me, with this reaſon: his maiſter would bee ſeru'd before a Subiect, if not before the King, which ſtop'd our mouthes Sir.

I feare he will indeede; well, let him haue them; hee will haue all I thinke.

Enter to the Lord Chamberlaine, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke.

Norf. Well met my Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Cham. Good day to both your Graces.
Suff. How is the King imployd?
Cham. I left him priuate,
Full of ſad thoughts and troubles.
Norf. What's the cauſe?
Cham. It ſeemes the Marriage with his Brothers Wife
Ha's crept too neere his Conſcience.
Suff. No, his Conſcience
Ha's crept too neere another Ladie.
Norf. 'Tis ſo;
This is the Cardinals doing: The King-Cardinall,
That blinde Prieſt, like the eldeſt Sonne of Fortune,
Turnes what he liſt. The King will know him one day.
Suff. Pray God he doe,
Hee'l neuer know himſelfe elſe.
Norf. How holily he workes in all his buſineſſe,
And with what zeale? For now he has crackt the League
Between vs & the Emperor (the Queens great Nephew)
He diues into the Kings Soule, and there ſcatters
Dangers, doubts, wringing of the Conſcience,
Feares, and deſpaires, and all theſe for his Marriage.
And out of all theſe, to reſtore the King,
He counſels a Diuorce, a loſſe of her
That like a Iewell, ha's bung twenty yeares
About his necke, yet neuer loſt her luſtre;
Of her that loues him with that excellence,
That Angels loue good men with: Euen of her,
That when the greateſt ſtroake of Fortune falls
Will bleſſe the King: and is not this courſe pious?
Cham. Heauen keep me from ſuch councel: tis moſt true
Theſe newes are euery where, euery tongue ſpeaks 'em,
And euery true heart weepes for't. All that dare
Looke into theſe affaires, ſee this maine end,
The French Kings Siſter. Heauen will one day open
The Kings eyes, that ſo long haue ſlept vpon
This bold bad man.
Suff. And free vs from his ſlauery.
Norf. We had need pray,
And heartily, for our deliuerance;
Or this imperious man will worke vs all
From Princes into Pages: all mens honours
Lie like one lumpe before him, to be faſhion'd
Into what pitch he pleaſe.
Suff. For me, my Lords,
I loue him not, nor feare him, there's my Creede:
As I am made without him, ſo Ile ſtand,
If the King pleaſe: his Curſes and his bleſſings
Touch me alike: th'are breath I not beleeue in.
I knew him, and I know him: ſo I leaue him
To him that made him proud; the Pope.
Norf. Let's in;
And with ſome other buſines, put the King
From theſe ſad thoughts, that work too much vpon him:
My Lord, youle beare vs company?
Cham. Excuſe me,
The King ha's ſent me otherwhere: Beſides
You'l finde a moſt vnfit time to diſturbe him:
Health to your Lordſhips.

Nor.

Norfolke. Thankes my good Lord *Chamberlaine.*
Exit Lord Chamberlaine, and the King drawes the Curtaine and ſits reading penſiuely.
Suff. How ſad he lookes; ſure he is much afflicted.
Kin. Who's there? Ha?
Norff. Pray God he be not angry. (ſelues
Kin. Who's there I ſay? How dare you thruſt your
Into my priuate Meditations?
Who am I? Ha?
Norff. A gracious King, that pardons all offences
Malice ne're meant: Our breach of Duty this way,
Is buſineſſe of Eſtate; in which, we come
To know your Royall pleaſure.
Kin. Ye are too bold:
Go too; Ile make ye know your times of buſineſſe:
Is this an howre for temporall affaires? Ha?
Enter Wolſey and Campeius with a Commiſſion.
Who's there? my good Lord Cardinall? O my *Wolſey*,
The quiet of my wounded Conſcience;
Thou art a cure fit for a King; you'r welcome
Moſt learned Reuerend Sir, into our Kingdome,
Vſe vs, and it: My good Lord, haue great care,
I be not found a Talker.
Wol. Sir, you cannot;
I would your Grace would giue vs but an houre
Of priuate conference.
Kin. We are buſie: goe.
Norff. This Prieſt ha's no pride in him?
Suf. Not to ſpeake of:
I would not be ſo ſicke though for his place:
But this cannot continue.
Norff. If it doe, Ile venture one; haue at him.
Suff. I another.
Exunt Norfolke and Suffolke.
Wol. Your Grace ha's giuen a Preſident of wiſedome
Aboue all Princes, in committing freely
Your ſcruple to the voyce of Chriſtendome:
Who can be angry now? What Enuy reach you?
The Spaniard tide by blood and fauour to her,
Muſt now confeſſe, if they haue any goodneſſe,
The Tryall, iuſt and Noble. All the Clerkes,
(I meane the learned ones in Chriſtian Kingdomes)
Haue their free voyces. Rome (the Nurſe of Iudgement)
Inuited by your Noble ſelfe, hath ſent
One generall Tongue vnto vs. This good man,
This iuſt and learned Prieſt, Cardnall *Campeius*,
Whom once more, I preſent vnto your Highneſſe.
Kin. And once more in mine armes I bid him welcome,
And thanke the holy Conclaue for their loues,
They haue ſent me ſuch a Man, I would haue wiſh'd for.
Cam. Your Grace muſt needs deſerue all ſtrangers loues,
You are ſo Noble: To your Highneſſe hand
I tender my Commiſſion; by whoſe vertue,
The Court of Rome commanding. You my Lord
Cardinall of *Yorke*, are ioyn'd with me their Seruant,
In the vnpartiall iudging of this Buſineſſe. (ted
Kin. Two equall men: The Queene ſhall be acquain-
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner?*
Wol. I know your Maieſty, ha's alwayes lou'd her
So deare in heart, not to deny her that
A Woman of leſſe Place might aske by Law;
Schollers allow'd freely to argue for her.
Kin. I, and the beſt ſhe ſhall haue; and my fauour
To him that does beſt, God forbid els: Cardinall,
Prethee call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary.
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.
Wol. Giue me your hand: much ioy & fauour to you;
You are the Kings now.
Gard. But to be commanded
For euer by your Grace, whoſe hand ha's rais'd me.
Kin. Come hither *Gardiner.*
Walkes and whiſpers.
Camp. My Lord of *Yorke*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this mans place before him?
Wol. Yes, he was.
Camp. Was he not held a learned man?
Wor. Yes furely.
Camp. Beleeue me, there's an ill opinion ſpread then,
Euen of your ſelfe Lord Cardinall.
Wol. How? of me?
Camp. They will not ſticke to ſay, you enuide him;
And fearing he would rife (he was ſo vertuous)
Kept him a forraigne man ſtill, which ſo greeu'd him,
That he ran mad, and dide.
Wol. Heau'ns peace be with him:
That's Chriſtian care enough: for liuing Murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a Foole;
For he would needs be vertuous. That good Fellow,
If I command him followes my appointment,
I will haue none ſo neere els. Learne this Brother,
We liue not to be grip'd by meaner perſons.
Kin. Deliuer this with modeſty to th' Queene.
Exit Gardiner.
The moſt conuenient place, that I can thinke of
For ſuch receipt of Learning, is Black-Fryers:
There ye ſhall meete about this waighty buſines.
My *Wolſey*, ſee it furniſh'd, O my Lord,
Would it not grieue an able man to leaue
So ſweet a Bedfellow? But Conſcience, Conſcience;
O 'tis a tender place, and I muſt leaue her. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

An. Not for that neither; here's the pang that pinches.
His Highneſſe, hauing liu'd ſo long with her, and ſhe
So good a Lady, that no Tongue could euer
Pronounce diſhonour of her; by my life,
She neuer knew harme-doing: Oh, now after
So many courſes of the Sun enthroaned,
Still growing in a Maieſty and pompe, the which
To leaue, a thouſand fold more bitter, then
'Tis ſweet at firſt t'acquire. After this Proceſſe,
To giue her the auaunt, it is a pitty
Would moue a Monſter.
Old La. Hearts of moſt hard temper
Melt and lament for her.
An. Oh Gods will, much better
She ne're had knowne pompe; though't be temporall,
Yet if that quarrell, Fortune, do diuorce
It from the bearer, 'tis a ſufferance, panging
As ſoule and bodies feuering.
Old L. Alas poore Lady,
Shee's a ſtranger now againe.
An. So much the more
Muſt pitty drop vpon her; verily
I ſweare, tis better to be lowly borne,

And

And range with humble liuers in Content,
Then to be perk'd vp in a gliſtring griefe,
And weare a golden ſorrow.
Old L. Our content
Is our beſt hauing.
Anne. By my troth, and Maidenhead,
I would not be a Queene.
Old. L. Beſhrew me, I would,
And venture Maidenhead for't, and ſo would you
For all this ſpice of your Hipocriſie:
You that haue ſo faire parts of Woman on you,
Haue (too) a Womans heart, which euer yet
Affected Eminence, Wealth, Soueraignty;
Which, to ſay ſooth, are Bleſſings; and which guifts
(Sauing your mincing) the capacity
Of your ſoft Chiuerell Conſcience, would receiue,
If you might pleaſe to ſtretch it.
Anne. Nay, good troth.
Old L. Yes troth, & troth; you would not be a Queen?
Anne. No, not for all the riches vnder Heauen.
Old.L. Tis ſtrange; a threepence bow'd would hire me
Old as I am, to Queene it: but I pray you,
What thinke you of a Dutcheſſe? Haue you limbs
To beare that load of Title?
An. No in truth.
Old.L. Then you are weakly made; plucke off a little,
I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more then bluſhing comes to: If your backe
Cannot vouchſafe this burthen, tis too weake
Euer to get a Boy.
An. How you doe talke;
I ſweare againe, I would not be a Queene,
For all the world:
Old. L. In faith, for little England
You'ld venture an emballing: I my ſelfe
Would for *Carnaruanſhire*, although there long'd
No more to th'Crowne but that: Lo, who comes here?

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

L.Cham. Good morrow Ladies; what wer't worth to know
The ſecret of your conference?
An. My good Lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our Miſtris Sorrowes we were pittying.
Cham. It was a gentle buſineſſe, and becomming
The action of good women, there is hope
All will be well.
An. Now I pray God, *Amen.*
Cham. You beare a gentle minde, & heau'nly bleſſings
Follow ſuch Creatures. That you may, faire Lady
Perceiue I ſpeake ſincerely, and high notes
Tane of your many vertues; the Kings Maieſty
Commends his good opinion of you, to you; and
Doe's purpoſe honour to you no leſſe flowing,
Then Marchioneſſe of *Pembrooke*; to which Title,
A Thouſand pound a yeare, Annuall ſupport,
Out of his Grace, he addes.
An. I doe not know
What kinde of my obedience, I ſhould tender;
More then my All, is Nothing: Nor my Prayers
Are not words duely hallowed; nor my Wiſhes
More worth, then empty vanities: yet Prayers & Wiſhes
Are all I can returne. 'Beſeech your Lordſhip,
Vouchſafe to ſpeake my thankes, and my obedience,
As from a bluſhing Handmaid, to his Highneſſe;
Whoſe health and Royalty I pray for.
Cham. Lady;
I ſhall not faile t'approue the faire conceit
The King hath of you. I haue perus'd her well,
Beauty and Honour in her are ſo mingled,
That they haue caught the King: and who knowes yet
But from this Lady, may proceed a Iemme,
To lighten all this Ile. I'le to the King,
And ſay I ſpoke with you.

Exit Lord Chamberlaine.

An. My honour'd Lord.
Old.L. Why this it is: See, ſee,
I haue beene begging ſixteene yeares in Court
(Am yet a Courtier beggerly) nor could
Come pat betwixt too early, and too late
For any ſuit of pounds: and you, (oh fate)
A very freſh Fiſh heere; fye, fye, fye vpon
This compel'd fortune: haue your mouth fild vp,
Before you open it.
An. This is ſtrange to me.
Old L. How taſts it? Is it bitter? Forty pence, no:
There was a Lady once (tis an old Story)
That would not be a Queene, that would ſhe not
For all the mud in Egypt; haue you heard it?
An. Come you are pleaſant.
Old.L. With your Theame, I could
O're-mount the Larke: The Marchioneſſe of *Pembrooke?*
A thouſand pounds a yeare, for pure reſpect?
No other obligation? by my Life,
That promiſes mo thouſands: Honours traine
Is longer then his fore-skirt; by this time
I know your backe will beare a Dutcheſſe. Say,
Are you not ſtronger then you were?
An. Good Lady,
Make your ſelfe mirth with your particular fancy,
And leaue me out on't. Would I had no being
If this ſalute my blood a iot; it faints me
To thinke what followes.
The Queene is comfortleſſe, and wee forgetfull
In our long abſence: pray doe not deliuer,
What heere y'haue heard to her.
Old L. What doe you thinke me———*Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets.

Enter two Vergers, with ſhort ſiluer wands; next them two Scribes in the habite of Doctors: after them, the Biſhop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Biſhops of Lincolne, Ely, Rocheſter, and S. Aſaph: Next them, with ſome ſmall diſtance, followes a Gentleman bearing the Purſe, with the great Seale, and a Cardinals Hat: Then two Prieſts, bearing each a Siluer Croſſe: Then a Gentleman Vſher bare-headed, accompanyed with a Sergeant at Armes, bearing a Siluer Mace: Then two Gentlemen bearing two great Siluer Pillers: After them, ſide by ſide, the two Cardinals, two Noblemen, with the Sword and Mace. The King takes place vnder the Cloth of State. The two Cardinalls ſit vnder him as Iudges. The Queene takes place ſome diſtance from the King. The Biſhops place themſelues on each ſide the Court in manner of a Conſiſtory: Below them the Scribes. The Lords ſit next the Biſhops. The reſt of the Attendants ſtand in conuenient order about the Stage.

Car. Whil'ſt our Commiſſion from Rome is read,
Let ſilence be commanded.
King. What's the need?
It hath already publiquely bene read,
And on all ſides th'Authority allow'd,
You may then ſpare that time.
Car. Bee't ſo, proceed.
Scri. Say, *Henry* K. of England, come into the Court.
Crier. Henry King of England, &c.
King. Heere.
Scribe. Say, *Katherine* Queene of England,
Come into the Court.
Crier. Katherine Queene of England, &c.
The Queene makes no anſwer, riſes out of her Chaire, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneeles at his Feete. Then ſpeakes.
Sir, I deſire you do me Right and Iuſtice,
And to beſtow your pitty on me; for
I am a moſt poore Woman, and a Stranger,
Borne out of your Dominions: hauing heere
No Iudge indifferent, nor no more aſſurance
Of equall Friendſhip and Proceeding. Alas Sir
In what haue I offended you? What cauſe
Hath my behauiour giuen to your diſpleaſure,
That thus you ſhould proceede to put me off
And take your good Grace from me? Heauen witneſſe,
I haue bene to you, a true and humble Wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Euer in feare to kindle your Diſlike,
Yea, ſubiect to your Countenance: Glad, or ſorry,
As I ſaw it inclin'd? When was the houre
I euer contradicted your Deſire?
Or made it not mine too? Or which of your Friends
Haue I not ſtroue to loue, although I knew
He were mine Enemy? What Friend of mine,
That had to him deriu'd your Anger, did I
Continue in my Liking? Nay, gaue notice
He was from hence diſcharg'd? Sir, call to minde,
That I haue beene your Wife, in this Obedience,
Vpward of twenty yeares, and haue bene bleſt
With many Children by you. If in the courſe
And proceſſe of this time, you can report,
And proue it too, againſt mine Honor, aught;
My bond to Wedlocke, or my Loue and Dutie
Againſt your Sacred Perſon; in Gods name
Turne me away: and let the fowl'ſt Contempt
Shut doore vpon me, and ſo giue me vp
To the ſharp'ſt kinde of Iuſtice. Pleaſe you, Sir,
The King your Father, was reputed for
A Prince moſt Prudent; of an excellent
And vnmatch'd Wit, and Iudgement. *Ferdinand*
My Father, King of Spaine, was reckon'd one
The wiſeſt Prince, that there had reign'd, by many
A yeare before. It is not to be queſtion'd,
That they had gather'd a wiſe Councell to them
Of euery Realme, that did debate this Buſineſſe,
Who deem'd our Marriage lawful. Wherefore I humbly
Beſeech you Sir, to ſpare me, till I may
Be by my Friends in Spaine, aduis'd; whoſe Counſaile
I will implore. If not, i'th'name of God
Your pleaſure be fulfill'd.
Wol. You haue heere Lady,
(And of your choice) theſe Reuerend Fathers, men
Of ſingular Integrity, and Learning;
Yea, the elect o'th'Land, who are aſſembled
To pleade your Cauſe. It ſhall be therefore bootleſſe,
That longer you deſire the Court, as well
For your owne quiet, as to rectifie
What is vnſetled in the King.
Camp. His Grace
Hath ſpoken well, and iuſtly: Therefore Madam,
It's fit this Royall Seſſion do proceed,
And that (without delay) their Arguments
Be now produc'd, and heard.
Qu. Lord Cardinall, to you I ſpeake.
Wol. Your pleaſure, Madam.
Qu. Sir, I am about to weepe; but thinking that
We are a Queene (or long haue dream'd ſo) certaine
The daughter of a King, my drops of teares,
Ile turne to ſparkes of fire.
Wol. Be patient yet.
Qu. I will, when you are humble; Nay before,
Or God will puniſh me. I do beleeue
(Induc'd by potent Circumſtances) that
You are mine Enemy, and make my Challenge,
You ſhall not be my Iudge. For it is you
Haue blowne this Coale, betwixt my Lord, and me;
(Which Gods dew quench) therefore, I ſay againe,
I vtterly abhorre; yea, from my Soule
Refuſe you for my Iudge, whom yet once more
I hold my moſt malicious Foe, and thinke not
At all a Friend to truth.
Wol. I do profeſſe
You ſpeake not like your ſelfe: who euer yet
Haue ſtood to Charity, and diſplayd th'effects
Of diſpoſition gentle, and of wiſedome,
Ore-topping womans powre. Madam, you do me wrong
I haue no Spleene againſt you, nor iniuſtice
For you, or any: how farre I haue proceeded,
Or how farre further (Shall) is warranted
By a Commiſſion from the Conſiſtorie,
Yea, the whole Conſiſtorie of Rome. You charge me,
That I haue blowne this Coale: I do deny it,
The King is preſent: If it be knowne to him,
That I gainſay my Deed, how may he wound,
And worthily my Falſehood, yea, as much
As you haue done my Truth. If he know
That I am free of your Report, he knowes
I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
It lies to cure me, and the Cure is to
Remoue theſe Thoughts from you. The which before
His Highneſſe ſhall ſpeake in, I do beſeech
You (gracious Madam) to vnthinke your ſpeaking,
And to ſay ſo no more.
Queen. My Lord, my Lord,
I am a ſimple woman, much too weake
T'oppoſe your cunning. Y'are meek, & humble-mouth'd
You ſigne your Place, and Calling, in full ſeeming,
With Meekeneſſe and Humilitie: but your Heart
Is cramm'd with Arrogancie, Spleene, and Pride.
You haue by Fortune, and his Highneſſe fauors,
Gone ſlightly o're lowe ſteppes, and now are mounted
Where Powres are your Retainers, and your words
(Domeſtickes to you) ſerue your will, as't pleaſe
Your ſelfe pronounce their Office. I muſt tell you,
You tender more your perſons Honor, then
Your high profeſſion Spirituall. That agen
I do refuſe you for my Iudge, and heere
Before you all, Appeale vnto the Pope,
To bring my whole Cauſe 'fore his Holineſſe,
And to be iudg'd by him.
She Curtſies to the King, and offers to depart.
Camp.

Camp. The Queene is obſtinate,
Stubborne to Iuſtice, apt to accuſe it, and
Diſdainfull to be tride by't; tis not well.
Shee's going away.
Kin. Call her againe.
Crier. Katherine, Q of England, come into the Court.
Gent. Vſh. Madam, you are cald backe.
Que. What need you note it? pray you keep your way,
When you are cald returne. Now the Lord helpe,
They vexe me paſt my patience, pray you paſſe on;
I will not tarry: no, nor euer more
Vpon this buſineſſe my appearance make,
In any of their Courts.
Exit Queene, and her Attendants.
Kin. Goe thy wayes *Kate*,
That man i'th'world, who ſhall report he ha's
A better Wife, let him in naught be truſted,
For ſpeaking falſe in that; thou art alone
(If thy rare qualities, ſweet gentleneſſe,
Thy meekneſſe Saint-like, Wife-like Gouernment,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Soueraigne and Pious els, could ſpeake thee out)
The Queene of earthly Queenes: Shee's Noble borne;
And like her true Nobility, ſhe ha's
Carried her ſelfe towards me.
Wol. Moſt gracious Sir,
In bumbleſt manner I require your Highnes,
That it ſhall pleaſe you to declare in hearing
Of all theſe eares (for where I am rob'd and bound,
There muſt I be vnloos'd, although not there
At once, and fully ſatisfide) whether euer I
Did broach this buſines to your Highnes, or
Laid any ſcruple in your way which might
Induce you to the queſtion on't: or euer
Haue to you, but with thankes to God for ſuch
A Royall Lady, ſpake one, the leaſt word that might
Be to the preiudice of her preſent State,
Or touch of her good Perſon?
Kin. My Lord Cardinall,
I doe excuſe you; yea, vpon mine Honour,
I free you from't: You are not to be taught
That you haue many enemies, that know not
Why they are ſo; but like to Village Curres,
Barke when their fellowes doe. By ſome of theſe
The Queene is put in anger; y'are excus'd:
But will you be more iuſtifi'de? You euer
Haue wiſh'd the ſleeping of this buſines, neuer deſir'd
It to be ſtir'd; but oft haue hindred, oft
The paſſages made toward it; on my Honour,
I ſpeake my good Lord Cardnall, to this point;
And thus farre cleare him.
Now, what mou'd me too't,
I will be bold with time and your attention: (too't:
Then marke th'inducement. Thus it came; giue heede
My Conſcience firſt receiu'd a tendernes,
Scruple, and pricke, on certaine Speeches vtter'd
By th'Biſhop of *Bayon*, then French Embaſſador,
Who had beene hither ſent on the debating
And Marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleance*, and
Our Daughter *Mary*: I'th'Progreſſe of this buſines,
Ere a determinate reſolution, hee
(I meane the Biſhop) did require a reſpite,
Wherein he might the King his Lord aduertiſe,
Whether our Daughter were legitimate,
Reſpecting this our Marriage with the Dowager,
Sometimes our Brothers Wife. This reſpite ſhooke
The boſome of my Conſcience, enter'd me;
Yea, with a ſpitting power, and made to tremble
The region of my Breaſt, which forc'd ſuch way,
That many maz'd conſiderings, did throng
And preſt in with this Caution. Firſt, me thought
I ſtood not in the ſmile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe
If it conceiu'd a male-child by me, ſhould
Doe no more Offices of life too't; then
The Graue does to th' dead: For her Male Iſſue,
Or di'de where they were made, or ſhortly after
This world had ayr'd them. Hence I tooke a thought,
This was a Iudgement on me, that my Kingdome
(Well worthy the beſt Heyre o'th'World) ſhould not
Be gladded in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes ſtood in
By this my Iſſues faile, and that gaue to me
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conſcience, I did ſteere
Toward this remedy, whereupon we are
Now preſent heere together; that's to ſay,
I meant to rectifie my Conſcience, which
I then did feele full ſicke, and yet not well,
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. Firſt I began in priuate,
With you my Lord of *Lincolne*; you remember
How vnder my oppreſſion I did reeke
When I firſt mou'd you.
B. Lin. Very well my Liedge.
Kin. I haue ſpoke long, be pleas'd your ſelfe to ſay
How farre you ſatisfide me.
Lin. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The queſtion did at firſt ſo ſtagger me,
Bearing a State of mighty moment in't,
And conſequence of dread, that I committed
The daringſt Counſaile which I had to doubt,
And did entreate your Highnes to this courſe,
Which you are running heere.
Kin. I then mou'd you,
My Lord of *Canterbury*, and got your leaue
To make this prefent Summons vnſolicited.
I left no Reuerend Perſon in this Court;
But by particular conſent proceeded
Vnder your hands and Seales; therefore goe on,
For no diſlike i'th' world againſt the perſon
Of the good Queene; but the ſharpe thorny points
Of my alleadged reaſons, driues this forward:
Proue but our Marriage lawfull, by my Life
And Kingly Dignity, we are contented
To weare our mortall State to come, with her,
(*Katherine* our Queene) before the primeſt Creature
That's Parragon'd o'th' World.
Camp. So pleaſe your Highnes,
The Queene being abſent, 'tis a needful fitneſſe,
That we adiourne this Court till further day;
Meane while, muſt be an earneſt motion
Made to the Queene to call backe her Appeale
She intends vnto his Holineſſe.
Kin. I may perceiue
Theſe Cardinals trifle with me: I abhorre
This dilatory ſloth, and trickes of Rome.
My learn'd and welbeloued Seruant *Cranmer*,
Prethee returne, with thy approch: I know,
My comfort comes along: breake vp the Court;
I ſay, ſet on.
Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.

Actus Tertius. Scena Prima.

Enter Queene and her Women as at worke.

Queen. Take thy Lute wench,
My Soule growes ſad with troubles,
Sing, and diſperſe 'em if thou canſt: leaue working:

SONG.

ORpheus with his Lute made Trees,
And the Mountaine tops that freeze,
Bow themſelues when he did ſing.
To his Muſicke, Plants and Flowers
Euer ſprung; as Sunne and Showers,
There had made a laſting Spring.
Euery thing that heard him play,
Euen the Billowes of the Sea,
Hung their heads, & then lay by.
In ſweet Muſicke is ſuch Art,
Killing care, & griefe of heart,
Fall aſleepe, or hearing dye.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gent. And't pleaſe your Grace, the two great Cardinals Wait in the preſence.

Queen. Would they ſpeake with me?

Gent. They wil'd me ſay ſo Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
To come neere: what can he their huſines
With me, a poore weake woman, falne from fauour?
I doe not like their comming; now I thinke on't,
They ſhould hee good men, their affaires as righteous:
But all Hoods, make not Monkes.

Enter the two Cardinalls, Wolſey & Campian.

Wolſ. Peace to your Highneſſe.

Queen. Your Graces find me heere part of a Houſwife, (I would be all) againſt the worſt may happen:
What are your pleaſures with me, reuerent Lords?

Wol. May it pleaſe you Noble Madam, to withdraw Into your priuate Chamber; we ſhall giue you
The full cauſe of our comming.

Queen. Speake it heere.
There's nothing I haue done yet o' my Conſcience
Deſerues a Corner: would all other Women
Could ſpeake this with as free a Soule as I doe.
My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Aboue a number) if my actions
Were tri'de by eu'ry tongue, eu'ry eye ſaw 'em,
Enuy and haſe opinion ſet againſt 'em,
I know my life ſo euen. If your huſines
Seeke me out, and that way I am Wife in;
Out with it boldly: Truth loues open dealing.

Card. Tanta eſt erga tementis integritas Regina ſereniſſima.

Queen. O good my Lord, no Latin;
I am not ſuch a Truant ſince my comming,
As not to know the Language I haue liu'd in: (ous:
A ſtrange Tongue makes my cauſe more ſtrange, ſuſpiti-
Pray ſpeake in Engliſh; heere are ſome will thanke you,
If you ſpeake truth, for their poore Miſtris ſake;
Beleeue me, ſhe ha's had much wrong. Lord Cardinall,
The willing'ſt ſinne I euer yet committed,
May be abſolu'd in Engliſh.

Card. Nohle Lady,
I am ſorry my integrity ſhoul breed,
(And ſeruice to his Maieſty and you)
So deepe ſuſpition, where all faith was meant;
We come not by the way of Accuſation,
To taint that honour euery good Tongue bleſſes;
Nor to betray you any way to ſorrow;
You haue too much good Lady: But to know
How you ſtand minded in the waighty difference
Betweene the King and you, and to deliuer
(Like free and honeſt men) our iuſt opinions,
And comforts to our cauſe.

Camp. Moſt honour'd Madam,
My Lord of Yorke, out of his Nohle nature,
Zeale and obedience he ſtill bore your Grace,
Forgetting (like a good man) your late Cenſure
Both of his truth and him (which was too farre)
Offers, as I doe, in a ſigne of peace,
His Seruice, and his Counſell.

Queen. To betray me.
My Lords, I thanke you both for your good wills,
Ye ſpeake like honeſt men, (pray God ye proue ſo)
But how to make ye ſodainly an Anſwere
In ſuch a poynt of weight, ſo neere mine Honour,
(More neere my Life I feare) with my weake wit;
And to ſuch men of grauity and learning;
In truth I know not. I was ſet at worke,
Among my Maids, full little (God knowes) looking
Either for ſuch men, or ſuch huſineſſe;
For her ſake that I haue beene, for I feele
The laſt fit of my Greatneſſe; good your Graces
Let me haue time and Councell for my Cauſe:
Alas, I am a Woman friendleſſe, hopeleſſe.

Wol. Madam,
You wrong the Kings loue with theſe feares,
Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit can you thinke Lords,
That any Engliſh man dare giue me Councell?
Or he a knowne friend 'gainſt his Highnes pleaſure,
(Though he be growne ſo deſperate to be honeſt)
And liue a Subiect? Nay forſooth, my Friends,
They that muſt weigh out my afflictions,
They that my truſt muſt grow to, liue not heere,
They are (as all my other comforts) far hence
In mine owne Countrey Lords.

Camp. I would your Grace
Would leaue your greefes, and take my Counſell.

Queen. How Sir?

Camp. Put your maine cauſe into the Kings protection,
Hee's louing and moſt gracious. 'Twill be much,
Both for your Honour better, and your Cauſe:
For if the tryall of the Law o'retake ye,
You'l part away diſgrac'd.

Wol. He tels you rightly.

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wiſh for both, my ruine:
Is this your Chriſtian Councell? Out vpon ye.
Heauen is aboue all yet; there ſits a Iudge.
That no King can corrupt.

Camp. Your rage miſtakes vs.

Queen. The more ſhame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Vpon my Soule two reuerend Cardinall Vertues:
But Cardinall Sins, and hollow hearts I feare ye:
Mend 'em for ſhame my Lords: Is this your comfort?
The Cordiall that ye bring a wretched Lady?
A woman loſt among ye, laugh't at, ſcornd?
I will not wiſh ye halfe my miſeries,

I haue more Charity. But ſay I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heauens ſake take heed, leaſt at once
The burthen of my ſorrowes, fall vpon ye.
Car. Madam, this is a meere diſtraction,
You turne the good we offer, into enuy.
Que. Ye turne me into nothing. Woe vpon ye,
And all ſuch falſe Profeſſors. Would you haue me
(If you haue any Iuſtice, any Pitty,
If ye be any thing but Churchmens habits)
Put my ſicke cauſe into his bands, that hates me?
Alas, ha's baniſh'd me his Bed already,
His Loue, too long ago. I am old my Lords,
And all the Fellowſhip I hold now with him
Is onely my Obedience. What can happen
To me, aboue this wretchedneſſe? All your Studies
Make me a Curſe, like this.
Camp. Your feares are worſe.
Qu. Haue I liu'd thus long (let me ſpeake my ſelfe,
Since Vertue findes no friends) a Wife, a true one?
A Woman (I dare ſay without Vainglory)
Neuer yet branded with Suſpition?
Haue I, with all my full Affections
Still met the King? Lou'd him next Heau'n? Obey'd him?
Bin (out of fondneſſe) ſuperſtitious to him?
Almoſt forgot my Prayres to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'Tis not well Lords.
Bring me a conſtant woman to her Husband,
One that ne're dream'd a Ioy, beyond his pleaſure;
And to that Woman (when ſhe has done moſt)
Yet will I adde an Honor; a great Patience.
Car. Madam, you wander from the good
We ayme at.
Qu. My Lord,
I dare not make my ſelfe ſo guiltie,
To giue vp willingly that Noble Title
Your Maſter wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e're diuorce my Dignities.
Car. Pray heare me.
Qu. Would I had neuer trod this Engliſh Earth,
Or felt the Flatteries that grow vpon it:
Ye haue Angels Faces; but Heauen knowes your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched Lady?
I am the moſt vnhappy Woman liuing.
Alas (poore Wenches) where are now your Fortunes?
Shipwrack'd vpon a Kingdome, where no Pitty,
No Friends, no Hope, no Kindred weepe for me?
Almoſt no Graue allow'd me? Like the Lilly
That once was Miſtris of the Field, and flouriſh'd,
Ile hang my head, and periſh.
Car. If your Grace
Could but be brought to know, our Ends are honeſt,
Youl'd feele more comfort. Why ſhold we (good Lady)
Vpon what cauſe wrong you? Alas, our Places,
The way of our Profeſſion is againſt it;
We are to Cure ſuch ſorrowes, not to ſowe 'em.
For Goodneſſe ſake, conſider what you do,
How you may hurt your ſelfe: I, vtterly
Grow from the Kings Acquaintance, by this Carriage.
The hearts of Princes kiſſe Obedience,
So much they loue it. But to ſtubborne Spirits,
They ſwell and grow, as terrible as ſtormes.
I know you baue a Gentle, Noble temper,
A Soule as euen as a Calme; Pray thinke vs,
Thoſe we profeſſe, Peace-makers, Friends, and Seruants.
Camp. Madam, you'l finde it ſo:
You wrong your Vertues
With theſe weake Womens feares. A Noble Spirit
As yours was, put into you, euer caſts
Such doubts as falſe Coine from it. The King loues you,
Beware you looſe it not: For vs (if you pleaſe
To truſt vs in your buſineſſe) we are ready
To vſe our vtmoſt Studies, in your ſeruice.
Qu. Do what ye will, my Lords:
And pray forgiue me;
If I haue vs'd my ſelfe vnmannerly,
You know I am a Woman, lacking wit
To make a ſeemely anſwer to ſuch perſons.
Pray do my ſeruice to his Maieſtie,
He ha's my heart yet, and ſhall haue my Prayers
While I ſhall haue my life. Come reuerend Fathers,
Beſtow your Councels on me. She now begges
That little thought when ſhe ſet footing heere,
She ſhould haue bought her Dignities ſo deere. *Exeunt*

Scena Secunda.

Enter the Duke of Norfolke, Duke of Suffolke, Lord Surrey, and Lord Chamberlaine.

Norf. If you will now vnite in your Complaints,
And force them with a Conſtancy, the Cardinall
Cannot ſtand vnder them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promiſe,
But that you ſhall ſuſtaine moe new diſgraces,
With theſe you beare alreadie.
Sur. I am ioyfull
To meete the leaſt occaſion, that may giue me
Remembrance of my Father-in-Law, the Duke,
To be reueng'd on him.
Suf. Which of the Peeres
Haue vncontemn'd gone by him, or at leaſt
Strangely neglected? When did he regard
The ſtampe of Nobleneſſe in any perſon
Out of himſelfe?
Cham. My Lords, you ſpeake your pleaſures:
What he deſerues of you and me, I know:
What we can do to him (though now the time
Giues way to vs) I much feare. If you cannot
Barre his acceſſe to'th'King, neuer attempt
Any thing on him: for he hath a Witchcraft
Ouer the King in's Tongue.
Nor. O feare him not,
His ſpell in that is out: the King hath found
Matter againſt him, that for euer marres
The Hony of his Language. No, he's ſetled
(Not to come off) in his diſpleaſure.
Sur. Sir,
I ſhould be glad to beare ſuch Newes as this
Once euery houre.
Nor. Beleeue it, this is true.
In the Diuorce, his contrarie proceedings
Are all vnfolded: wherein he appeares,
As I would wiſh mine Enemy.
Sur. How came
His practiſes to light?
Suf. Moſt ſtrangely.
Sur. O how? how?
Suf. The Cardinals Letters to the Pope miſcarried,
And

And came to th'eye o'th'King, wherein was read
How that the Cardinall did intreat his Holineſſe
To ſtay the Iudgement o'th'Diuorce ; for if
It did take place, I do (quoth he) perceiue
My King is tangled in affection, to
A Creature of the Queenes, Lady *Anne Bullen*,
Sur. Ha's the King this ?
Suf. Beleeue it.
Sur. Will this worke ?
Cham. The King in this perceiues him, how he coaſts
And hedges his owne way. But in this point,
All his trickes founder, and be brings his Phyſicke
After his Patients death ; the King already
Hath married the faire Lady.
Sur. Would he had.
Suf. May you be happy in your wiſh my Lord,
For I profeſſe you haue it.
Sur. Now all my ioy
Trace the Coniunction.
Suf. My Amen too't.
Nor. All mens.
Suf. There's order giuen for her Coronation :
Marry this is yet but yong, and may be left
To ſome eares vnrecounted. But my Lords
She is a gallant Creature, and compleate
In minde and feature. I perſwade me, from her
Will fall ſome bleſſing to this Land, which ſhall
In it be memoriz'd.
Sur. But will the King
Digeſt this Letter of the Cardinals ?
The Lord forbid.
Nor. Marry Amen.
Suf. No, no :
There be moe Waſpes that buz about his Noſe,
Will make this ſting the ſooner. Cardinall *Campeius*,
Is ſtolne away to Rome, hath 'tane no leaue,
Ha's left the cauſe o'th'King vnhandled, and
Is poſted as the Agent of our Cardinall,
To ſecond all his plot. I do aſſure you,
The King cry'de Ha, at this.
Cham. Now God incenſe him,
And let him cry Ha, lowder.
Norf. But my Lord
When returnes *Cranmer ?*
Suf. He is return'd in his Opinions, which
Haue ſatisfied the King for his Diuorce,
Together with all famous Colledges
Almoſt in Chriſtendome : ſhortly (I beleeue)
His ſecond Marriage ſhall be publiſhd, and
Her Coronation. *Katherine* no more
Shall be call'd Queene, but Princeſſe Dowager,
And Widdow to Prince *Arthur*.
Nor. This ſame *Cranmer's*
A worthy Fellow, and hath tane much paine
In the Kings buſineſſe.
Suf. He ha's, and we ſhall ſee him
For it, an Arch-byſhop.
Nor. So I heare.
Suf. 'Tis ſo
Enter Wolſey and Cromwell.
The Cardinall.
Nor. Obſerue, obſerue, bee's moody.
Car. The Packet Cromwell,
Gau't you the King ?
Crom. To his owne hand, in's Bed-chamber.
Card. Look'd he o'th'inſide of the Paper ?
Crom. Preſently
He did vnſeale them, and the firſt he view'd,
He did it with a Serious minde : a heede
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him heere this Morning.
Card. Is he ready to come abroad ?
Crom. I thinke by this he is.
Card. Leaue me a while. *Exit Cromwell.*
It ſhall be to the Dutches of Alanſon,
The French Kings Siſter ; He ſhall marry her.
Anne Bullen ? No : Ile no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't then faire Viſage. *Bullen ?*
No, wee'l no *Bullens :* Speedily I wiſh
To heare from Rome. The Marchioneſſe of Penbroke ?
Nor. He's diſcontented.
Suf. May be he hears the King
Does whet his Anger to him.
Sur. Sharpe enough,
Lord for thy Iuſtice.
Car. The late Queenes Gentlewoman ?
A Knights Daughter
To be her Miſtris Miſtris ? The Queenes, Queene ?
This Candle burnes not cleere, 'tis I muſt ſnuffe it,
Then out it goes. What though I know her vertuous
And well deſeruing ? yet I know her for
A ſpleeny Lutheran, and not wholſome to
Our cauſe, that ſhe ſhould lye i'th'boſome of
Our hard rul'd King. Againe, there is ſprung vp
An Heretique, an Arch-one ; *Cranmer*, one
Hath crawl'd into the fauour of the King,
And is his Oracle.
Nor. He is vex'd at ſomething.

Enter King, reading of a Scedule.

Sur. I would 'twer ſomthing ỹ would fret the ſtring,
The Maſter-cord on's heart.
Suf. The King, the King.
King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his owne portion ? And what expence by'th'houre
Seemes to flow from him ? How, i'th'name of Thrift
Does he rake this together ? Now my Lords,
Saw you the Cardinall ?
Nor. My Lord, we haue
Stood heere obſeruing him. Some ſtrange Commotion
Is in his braine : He bites his lip, and ſtarts,
Stops on a ſodaine, lookes vpon the ground,
Then layes his finger on his Temple : ſtraight
Springs out into faſt gate, then ſtops againe,
Strikes his breſt hard, and anon, he caſts
His eye againſt the Moone . in moſt ſtrange Poſtures
We haue ſeene him ſet himſelfe.
King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's minde. This morning,
Papers of State he ſent me, to peruſe
As I requir'd : and wot you what I found
There (on my Conſcience put vnwittingly)
Forſooth an Inuentory, thus importing
The ſeuerall parcels of his Plate his Treaſure,
Rich Stuffes and Ornaments of Houſhold, which
I finde at ſuch proud Rate, that it out-ſpeakes
Poſſeſſion of a Subiect.
Nor. It's Heauens will,
Some Spirit put this paper in the Packet,
To bleſſe your eye withall.
King. If we did thinke

His

His Contemplation were aboue the earth,
And fixt on Spirituall obiect, he ſhould ſtill
Dwell in his Muſings, but I am affraid
His Thinkings are below the Moone, not worth
His ſerious conſidering.

King takes his Seat, whiſpers Louell, who goes to the Cardinall.

Car. Heauen forgiue me,
Euer God bleſſe your Highneſſe.
King. Good my Lord,
You are full of Heauenly ſtuffe, and beare the Inuentory
Of your beſt Graces, in your minde; the which
You were now running o're: you haue ſcarſe time
To ſteale from Spirituall leyſure, a briefe ſpan
To keepe your earthly Audit, ſure in that
I deeme you an ill Husband, and am glad
To haue you therein my Companion.
Car. Sir,
For Holy Offices I haue a time; a time
To thinke vpon the part of buſineſſe, which
I beare i'th'State: and Nature does require
Her times of preſeruation, which perforce
I her fraile ſonne, among'ſt my Brethren mortall,
Muſt giue my tendance to.
King. You haue ſaid well.
Car. And euer may your Highneſſe yoake together,
(As I will lend you cauſe) my doing well,
With my well ſaying.
King. 'Tis well ſaid agen,
And 'tis a kinde of good deede to ſay well,
And yet words are no deeds. My Father lou'd you,
He ſaid he did, and with his deed did Crowne
His word vpon you. Since I had my Office,
I haue kept you next my Heart, haue not alone
Imploy'd you where high Profits might come home,
But par'd my preſent Hauings, to beſtow
My Bounties vpon you.
Car. What ſhould this meane?
Sur. The Lord increaſe this buſineſſe.
King. Haue I not made you
The prime man of the State? I pray you tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you haue found true:
And if you may confeſſe it, ſay withall
If you are bound to vs, or no. What ſay you?
Car. My Soueraigne, I confeſſe your Royall graces
Sbowr'd on me daily, haue bene more then could
My ſtudied purpoſes requite, which went
Beyond all mans endeauors. My endeauors,
Haue euer come too ſhort of my Deſires,
Yet fill'd with my Abilities: Mine owne ends
Haue beene mine ſo, that euermore they pointed
To'th'good of your moſt Sacred Perſon, and
The profit of the State. For your great Graces
Heap'd vpon me (poore Vndeſeruer) I
Can nothing render but Allegiant thankes,
My Prayres to heauen for you; my Loyaltie
Which euer ha's, and euer ſhall be growing,
Till death (that Winter) kill it.
King. Fairely anſwer'd:
A Loyall, and obedient Subiect is
Therein illuſtrated, the Honor of it
Does pay the Act of it, as i'th'contrary
The fowleneſſe is the puniſhment. I preſume,
That as my hand ha's open'd Bounty to you,
My heart drop'd Loue, my powre rain'd Honor, more
On you, then any: So your Hand, and Heart,
Your Braine, and euery Function of your power,
Should, notwithſtanding that your bond of duty,
As 'twer in Loues particular, be more
To me your Friend, then any.
Car. I do profeſſe,
That for your Highneſſe good, I euer labour'd
More then mine owne: that am, haue, and will be
(Though all the world ſhould cracke their duty to you,
And throw it from their Soule, though perils did
Abound, as thicke as thought could make 'em, and
Appeare in formes more horrid) yet my Duty,
As doth a Rocke againſt the chiding Flood,
Should the approach of this wilde Riuer breake,
And ſtand vnſhaken yours.
King. 'Tis Nobly ſpoken:
Take notice Lords, he ha's a Loyall breſt,
For you haue ſeene him open't. Read o're this,
And after this, and then to Breakfaſt with
What appetite you haue.

Exit King, frowning vpon the Cardinall, the Nobles throng after him ſmiling, and whiſpering.

Car. What ſhould this meane?
What ſodaine Anger's this? How haue I reap'd it?
He parted Frowning from me, as if Ruine
Leap'd from his Eyes. So lookes the chafed Lyon
Vpon the daring Huntſman that has gall'd him:
Then makes him nothing. I muſt reade this paper:
I feare the Story of his Anger. 'Tis ſo:
This paper ha's vndone me: 'Tis th'Accompt
Of all that world of Wealth I haue drawne together
For mine owne ends, (Indeed to gaine the Popedome,
And ſee my Friends in Rome.) O Negligence!
Fit for a Foole to fall by: What croſſe Diuell
Made me put this maine Secret in the Packet
I ſent the King? Is there no way to cure this?
No new deuice to beate this from his Braines?
I know 'twill ſtirre him ſtrongly; yet I know
A way, if it take right, in ſpight of Fortune
Will bring me off againe. What's this? *To th'Pope?*
The Letter (as I liue) with all the Buſineſſe
I writ too's Holineſſe. Nay then, farewell:
I haue touch'd the higheſt point of all my Greatneſſe,
And from that full Meridian of my Glory,
I haſte now to my Setting. I ſhall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the Euening,
And no man ſee me more.

Enter to Woolſey, the Dukes of Norfolke and Suffolke, the Earle of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlaine.

Nor. Heare the Kings pleaſure Cardinall,
Who commands you
To render vp the Great Seale preſently
Into our hands, and to Confine your ſelfe
To Aſher-houſe, my Lord of Winchеſters,
Till you heare further from his Highneſſe.
Car. Stay:
Where's your Commiſſion? Lords, words cannot carrie
Authority ſo weighty.
Suf. Who dare croſſe 'em,
Bearing the Kings will from his mouth expreſſely?
Car. Till I finde more then will, or words to do it,
(I meane your malice) know, Officious Lords,
I dare, and muſt deny it. Now I feele
Of what courſe Mettle ye are molded, Enuy,
How eagerly ye follow my Diſgraces

As

As if it fed ye, and how fleeke and wanton
Ye appeare in euery thing may bring my ruine?
Follow your enuious courſes, men of Malice;
You haue Chriſtian warrant for 'em, and no doubt
In time will finde their fit Rewards. That Seale
You aske with ſuch a Violence, the King
(Mine, and your Maſter) with his owne hand, gaue me:
Bad me enioy it, with the Place, and Honors
During my life; and to confirme his Goodneſſe,
Ti'de it by Letters Patents. Now, who'll take it?
Sur. The King that gaue it.
Car. It muſt be himſelfe then.
Sur. Thou art a proud Traitor, Prieſt.
Car. Proud Lord, thou lyeſt:
Within theſe fortie houres, Surrey durſt better
Haue burnt that Tongue, then ſaide ſo.
Sur. Thy Ambition
(Thou Scarlet ſinne) robb'd this bewailing Land
Of Noble Buckingham, my Father-in-Law,
The heads of all thy Brother-Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy beſt parts bound together)
Weigh'd not a haire of his. Plague of your policie,
You ſent me Deputie for Ireland,
Farre from his ſuccour; from the King, from all
That might haue mercie on the fault, thou gau'ſt him:
Whil'ſt your great Goodneſſe, out of holy pitty,
Abſolu'd him with an Axe.
Wol. This, and all elſe
This talking Lord can lay vpon my credit,
I anſwer, is moſt falſe. The Duke by Law
Found his deſerts. How innocent I was
From any priuate malice in his end,
His Noble Iurie, and foule Cauſe can witneſſe.
If I lou'd many words, Lord, I ſhould tell you,
You haue as little Honeſtie, as Honor,
That in the way of Loyaltie, and Truth,
Toward the King, my euer Roiall Maſter,
Dare mate a ſounder man then Surrie can be,
And all that loue his follies.
Sur. By my Soule,
Your long Coat (Prieſt) protects you,
Thou ſhould'ſt feele
My Sword i'tb'life blood of thee elſe. My Lords,
Can ye endure to heare this Arrogance?
And from this Fellow? If we liue thus tamely,
To be thus Iaded by a peece of Scarlet,
Farewell Nobilitie: let his Grace go forward,
And dare vs with his Cap, like Larkes.
Card. All Goodneſſe
Is poyſon to thy Stomacke.
Sur. Yes, that goodneſſe
Of gleaning all the Lands wealth into one,
Into your owne hands (Card'nall) by Extortion:
The goodneſſe of your intercepted Packets
You writ to'th Pope, againſt the King: your goodneſſe
Since you prouoke me, ſhall be moſt notorious.
My Lord of Norfolke, as you are truly Noble,
As you reſpect the common good, the State
Of our deſpis'd Nobilitie, our Iſſues,
(Whom if he liue, will ſcarſe be Gentlemen)
Produce the grand ſumme of his ſinnes, the Articles
Collected from his life. Ile ſtartle you
Worſe then the Sacring Bell, when the browne Wench
Lay kiſſing in your Armes, Lord Cardinall.
Car. How much me thinkes, I could deſpiſe this man,
But that I am bound in Charitie againſt it.
Nor. Thoſe Articles, my Lord, are in the Kings hand;
But thus much, they are foule ones.
Wol. So much fairer
And ſpotleſſe, ſhall mine Innocence ariſe,
When the King knowes my Truth.
Sur. This cannot ſaue you:
I thanke my Memorie, I yet remember
Some of theſe Articles, and out they ſhall.
Now, if you can bluſh, and crie guiltie Cardinall,
You'l ſhew a little Honeſtie.
Wol. Speake on Sir,
I dare your worſt Obiections: If I bluſh,
It is to ſee a Nobleman want manners.
Sur. I had rather want thoſe, then my head;
Haue at you.
Firſt, that without the Kings aſſent or knowledge,
You wrought to be a Legate, by which power
You maim'd the Iuriſdiction of all Biſhops.
Nor. Then, That in all you writ to Rome, or elſe
To Forraigne Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was ſtill inſcrib'd: in which you brought the King
To be your Seruant.
Suf. Then, that without the knowledge
Either of King or Councell, when you went
Ambaſſador to the Emperor, you made bold
To carry into Flanders, the Great Seale.
Sur. Item, You ſent a large Commiſſion
To *Gregory de Caſſado*, to conclude
Without the Kings will, or the States allowance,
A League betweene his Highneſſe, and *Ferrara*.
Suf. That out of meere Ambition, you haue caus'd
Your holy-Hat to be ſtampt on the Kings Coine.
Sur. Then, That you haue ſent inumerable ſubſtance,
(By what meanes got, I leaue to your owne conſcience)
To furniſh Rome, and to prepare the wayes
You haue for Dignities, to the meere vndooing
Of all the Kingdome. Many more there are,
Which ſince they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.
Cham. O my Lord,
Preſſe not a falling man too farre: 'tis Vertue:
His faults lye open to the Lawes, let them
(Not you) correct him. My heart weepes to ſee him
So little, of his great Selfe.
Sur. I forgiue him.
Suf. Lord Cardinall, the Kings further pleaſure is,
Becauſe all thoſe things you haue done of late
By your power Legatiue within this Kingdome,
Fall into'th'compaſſe of a Premunire;
That therefore ſuch a Writ be ſued againſt you,
To forfeit all your Goods, Lands, Tenements,
Caſtles, and whatſoeuer, and to be
Out of the Kings protection. This is my Charge.
Nor. And ſo wee'l leaue you to your Meditations
How to liue better. For your ſtubborne anſwer
About the giuing backe the Great Seale to vs,
The King ſhall know it, and (no doubt) ſhal thanke you.
So fare you well, my little good Lord Cardinall.
Exeunt all but Wolſey.
Wol. So farewell, to the little good you beare me.
Farewell? A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely

His

His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauours?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire too,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

Enter Cromwell, ſtanding amazed.

Why how now *Cromwell?*

Crom. I haue no power to ſpeake Sir.

Car. What, amaz'd
At my misfortunes? Can thy Spirit wonder
A great man ſhould decline. Nay, and you weep
I am falne indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace.

Card. Why well:
Neuer ſo truly happy, my good *Cromwell*,
I know my ſelfe now, and I feele within me,
A peace aboue all earthly Dignities,
A ſtill, and quiet Conſcience. The King ha's cur'd me,
I humbly thanke his Grace: and from theſe ſhoulders
Theſe ruin'd Pillers, out of pitty, taken
A loade, would ſinke a Nauy, (too much Honor.)
O 'tis a burden *Cromwel*, 'tis a burden
Too heauy for a man, that hopes for Heauen.

Crom. I am glad your Grace,
Ha's made that right vſe of it.

Card. I hope I haue:
I am able now (me thinkes)
(Out of a Fortitude of Soule, I feele)
To endure more Miſeries, and greater farre
Then my Weake-hearted Enemies, dare offer.
What Newes abroad?

Crom. The heauieſt, and the worſt,
Is your diſpleaſure with the King.

Card. God bleſſe him.

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas Moore* is choſen
Lord Chancellor, in your place.

Card. That's ſomewhat ſodain.
But he's a Learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highneſſe fauour, and do Iuſtice
For Truths-ſake, and his Conſcience; that his bones,
When he ha's run his courſe, and ſleepes in Bleſſings,
May haue a Tombe of Orphants teares wept on him.
What more?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome;
Inſtall'd Lord Arch-hyſhop of Canterbury.

Card. That's Newes indeed.

Crom. Laſt, that the Lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in ſecrecie long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queene,
Going to Chappell: and the voyce is now
Onely about her Corronation.

Card. There was the waight that pull'd me downe.
O *Cromwell*,
The King ha's gone beyond me: All my Glories
In that one woman, I haue loſt for euer.
No Sun, ſhall euer vſher forth mine Honors,
Or gilde againe the Noble Troopes that waighted
Vpon my ſmiles. Go get thee from me *Cromwel*,
I am a poore falne man, vnworthy now
To be thy Lord, and Maſter. Seeke the King
(That Sun, I pray may neuer ſet) I haue told him,
What, and how true thou art; he will aduance thee:
Some little memory of me, will ſtirre him
(I know his Noble Nature) not to let
Thy hopefull ſeruice periſh too. Good *Cromwell*
Neglect him not; make vſe now, and prouide
For thine owne future ſafety.

Crom. O my Lord,
Muſt I then leaue you? Muſt I needes forgo
So good, ſo Noble, and ſo true a Maſter?
Beare witneſſe, all that haue not hearts of Iron,
With what a ſorrow *Cromwel* leaues his Lord.
The King ſhall haue my ſeruice; but my prayres
For euer, and for euer ſhall he yours.

Card. Cromwel, I did not thinke to ſhed a teare
In all my Miſeries: But thou haſt forc'd me
(Out of thy honeſt truth) to play the Woman.
Let's dry our eyes: And thus farre heare me *Cromwel*,
And when I am forgotten, as I ſhall be,
And ſleepe in dull cold Marble, where no mention
Of me, more muſt be heard of: Say I taught thee;
Say *Wolſey*, that once trod the wayes of Glory,
And ſounded all the Depths, and Shoales of Honor,
Found thee a way (out of his wracke) to riſe in:
A ſure, and ſafe one, though thy Maſter miſt it.
Marke but my Fall, and that that Ruin'd me:
Cromwel, I charge thee, fling away Ambition,
By that ſinne fell the Angels: how can man then
(The Image of his Maker) hope to win by it?
Loue thy ſelfe laſt, cheriſh thoſe hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more then Honeſty.
Still in thy right hand, carry gentle Peace
To ſilence enuious Tongues. Be iuſt, and feare not;
Let all the ends thou aym'ſt at, be thy Countries,
Thy Gods, and Truths. Then if thou fall'ſt (O *Cromwell*)
Thou fall'ſt a bleſſed Martyr.
Serue the King: And prythee leade me in:
There take an Inuentory of all I haue,
To the laſt peny, 'tis the Kings. My Robe,
And my Integrity to Heauen, is all,
I dare now call mine owne. O *Cromwel, Cromwel*,
Had I but ſeru'd my God, with halfe the Zeale
I ſeru'd my King: he would not in mine Age
Haue left me naked to mine Enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, haue patience.

Card. So I haue. Farewell
The Hopes of Court, my Hopes in Heauen do dwell.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus. Scena Prima.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1. Y'are well met once againe.

2 So are you.

1 You come to take your ſtand heere, and behold
The Lady *Anne*, paſſe from her Corronation.

2 'Tis all my buſineſſe. At our laſt encounter,
The Duke of Buckingham came from his Triall.
1 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd ſorrow,
Tbis generall ioy.
2 'Tis well: The Citizens
I am ſure haue ſhewne at full their Royall minds,
As let 'em haue their rights, they are euer forward
In Celebration of this day with Shewes,
Pageants, and Sights of Honor.
1 Neuer greater,
Nor Ile aſſure you better taken Sir.
2 May I be bold to aske what that containes,
That Paper in your hand.
1 Yes, 'tis the Liſt
Of thoſe that claime their Offices this day,
By cuſtome of the Coronation.
The Duke of Suffolke is the firſt, and claimes
To be high Steward; Next the Duke of Norfolke,
He to be Earle Marſhall: you may reade the reſt.
1 I thanke you Sir: Had I not known thoſe cuſtoms,
I ſhould haue beene beholding to your Paper:
But I beſeech you, what's become of *Katherine*
The Princeſſe Dowager? How goes her buſineſſe?
1 Tbat I can tell you too. The Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, accompanied with other
Learned, and Reuerend Fathers of his Order,
Held a late Court at Dunſtable; ſixe miles off
From Amptbill, where the Princeſſe lay, to which
She was often cyted by them, but appear'd not:
And to be ſhort, for not Appearance, and
The Kings late Scruple, by the maine aſſent
Of all theſe Learned men, ſhe was diuorc'd,
And tbe late Marriage made of none effect:
Since which, ſhe was remou'd to Kymmalton,
Where ſhe remaines now ſicke.
2 Alas good Lady.
The Trumpets ſound: Stand cloſe,
The Queene is comming. *Ho-boyes.*

The Order of the Coronation.

1 *A liuely Flouriſh of Trumpets.*
2 *Then, two Iudges.*
3 *Lord* Chancellor, *with Purſe and Mace before him.*
4 Quirriſters *ſinging.* Muſicke.
5 Maior of London, *bearing the Mace. Then* Garter, *in his Coate of Armes, and on his head he wore a Gilt Copper Crowne.*
6 Marqueſſe Dorſet, *bearing a Scepter of Gold, on his head, a Demy Coronall of Gold. With him, the Earle of* Surrey, *bearing the Rod of Siluer with the Doue, Crowned with an Earles Coronet. Collars of Eſſes.*
7 Duke of Suffolke, *in his Robe of Eſtate, his Coronet on his head, bearing a long white Wand, as High Steward. With him, the Duke of* Norfolke, *with the Rod of Marſhalſhip, a Coronet on his head. Collars of Eſſes.*
8 *A* Canopy, *borne by foure of the* Cinque-Ports, *vnder it the Queene in her Robe, in her haire, richly adorned with Pearle, Crowned. On each ſide her, the Biſhops of* London, *and* Winchester.
9 *The* Olde Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, *in a Coronall of Gold, wrought with Flowers, bearing the Queenes Traine.*
10 *Certaine* Ladies *or* Counteſſes, *with plaine Circlets of Gold, without Flowers.*

Exeunt, *firſt paſſing ouer the Stage in Order and State, and then, A great Flouriſh of Trumpets.*

2. A Royall Traine beleeue me: Theſe I know:
Who's that that beares the Scepter?
1 Marqueſſe Dorſet,
And that the Earle of Surrey, with the Rod.
2 A bold braue Gentleman. That ſhould bee
The Duke of Suffolke.
1. 'Tis the ſame: high Steward.
2 And that my Lord of Norfolke?
1 Yes.
2 Heauen bleſſe thee,
Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I euer look'd on.
Sir, as I haue a Soule, ſhe is an Angell;
Our King ha's all the Indies in his Armes,
And more, and richer, when he ſtraines that Lady,
I cannot blame his Conſcience.
1 They that beare
The Cloath of Honour ouer her, are foure Barons
Of tbe Cinque Ports.
2 Thoſe men are happy,
And ſo are all, are neere her.
I take it, ſhe that carries vp the Traine,
Is that old Noble Lady, Dutcheſſe of Norfolke.
1 It is, and all the reſt are Counteſſes.
2 Their Coronets ſay ſo. Theſe are Starres indeed,
And ſometimes falling ones.
2 No more of that.
Enter a third Gentleman.
1 God ſaue you Sir. Where haue you bin broiling?
3 Among the crow'd i'th'Abbey, where a finger
Could not be wedg'd in more: I am ſtifled
With the meere rankneſſe of their ioy.
2 You ſaw the Ceremony?
3 That I did.
1 How was it?
3 Well worth the ſeeing.
2 Good Sir, ſpeake it to vs?
3 As well as I am able. The rich ſtreame
Of Lords, and Ladies, hauing brought the Queene
To a prepar'd place in the Quire, fell off
A diſtance from her; while her Grace ſate downe
To reſt a while, ſome halfe an houre, or ſo,
In a rich Chaire of State, oppoſing freely
The Beauty of her Perſon to the People.
Beleeue me Sir, ſhe is the goodlieſt Woman
That euer lay by man: which when the people
Had the full view of, ſuch a noyſe aroſe,
As the ſhrowdes make at Sea, in a ſtiffe Tempeſt,
As lowd, and to as many Tunes. Hats, Cloakes,
(Doublets, I thinke) flew vp, and had their Faces
Bin looſe, this day they had beene loſt. Such ioy
I neuer ſaw before. Great belly'd women,
That had not halfe a weeke to go, like Rammes
In the old time of Warre, would ſhake the preaſe
And make 'em reele before 'em. No man liuing
Could ſay this is my wife there, all were wouen
So ſtrangely in one peece.
2 But what follow'd?
3 At length, her Grace roſe, and with modeſt paces
Came to the Altar, where ſhe kneel'd, and Saint-like
Caſt her faire eyes to Heauen, and pray'd deuoutly.
Then roſe againe, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Arch-byſhop of Canterbury,
She had all the Royall makings of a Queene;
As holy Oyle, *Edward* Confeſſors Crowne,
The Rod, and Bird of Peace, and all ſuch Emblemes
Laid Nobly on her: which perform'd, the Quire

With

With all the choyſeſt Muſicke of the Kingdome,
Together ſung *Te Deum.* So ſhe parted,
And with the ſame full State pac'd backe againe
To Yorke-Place, where the Feaſt is held.
1 Sir,
You muſt no more call it Yorke-place, that's paſt:
For ſince the Cardinall fell, that Titles loſt,
'Tis now the Kings, and call'd White-Hall.
3 I know it:
But 'tis ſo lately alter'd, that the old name
Is freſh about me.
2 What two Reuerend Byſhops
Were thoſe that went on each ſide of the Queene?
3 *Stokeley* and *Gardiner*, the one of Wincheſter,
Newly preferr'd from the Kings Secretary:
The other London.
2 He of Wincheſter
Is held no great good louer of the Archbiſhops,
The vertuous *Cranmer.*
3 All the Land knowes that:
How euer, yet there is no great breach, when it comes
Cranmer will finde a Friend will not ſhrinke from him.
2 Who may that be, I pray you.
3 *Thomas Cromwell*,
A man in much eſteeme with th'King, and truly
A worthy Friend. The King ha's made him
Maſter o'th'Iewell Houſe,
And one already of the Priuy Councell.
2 He will deſerue more.
3 Yes without all doubt.
Come Gentlemen, ye ſhall go my way,
Which is to'th Court, and there ye ſhall be my Gueſts:
Something I can command. As I walke thither,
Ile tell ye more.
Both. You may command vs Sir. *Exeunt.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Katherine Dowager, ſick, lead betweene Griffith, her Gentleman Vſher, and Patience her Woman.

Grif. How do's your Grace?
Kath. O *Griffith*, ſicke to death:
My Legges like loaden Branches bow to'th'Earth,
Willing to leaue their burthen: Reach a Chaire,
So now (me thinkes) I feele a little eaſe.
Did'ſt thou not tell me *Griffith*, as thou lead'ſt mee,
That the great Childe of Honor, Cardinal *Wolſey*
Was dead?
Grif. Yes Madam: but I thanke your Grace
Out of the paine you ſuffer'd, gaue no eare too't.
Kath. Pre'thee good *Griffith*, tell me how he dy'de.
If well, he ſtept before me happily
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voyce goes Madam,
For after the ſtout Earle Northumberland
Arreſted him at Yorke, and brought him forward
As a man ſorely tainted, to his Anſwer,
He fell ſicke ſodainly, and grew ſo ill
He could not ſit his Mule.
Kath. Alas poore man.
Grif. At laſt, with eaſie Rodes, he came to Leiceſter,
Lodg'd in the Abbey; where the reuerend Abbot
With all his Couent, honourably receiu'd him;
To whom he gaue theſe words. O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the ſtormes of State,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye:
Giue him a little earth for Charity.
So went to bed; where eagerly his ſickneſſe
Purſu'd him ſtill, and three nights after this,
About the houre of eight, which he himſelfe
Foretold ſhould be his laſt, full of Repentance,
Continuall Meditations, Teares, and Sorrowes,
He gaue his Honors to the world agen,
His bleſſed part to Heauen, and ſlept in peace.
Kath. So may he reſt,
His Faults lye gently on him:
Yet thus farre *Griffith*, giue me leaue to ſpeake him,
And yet with Charity. He was a man
Of an vnbounded ſtomacke, euer ranking
Himſelfe with Princes. One that by ſuggeſtion
Ty'de all the Kingdome. Symonie, was faire play,
His owne Opinion was his Law. I'th'preſence
He would ſay vntruths, and be euer double
Both in his words, and meaning. He was neuer
(But where he meant to Ruine) pittifull.
His Promiſes, were as he then was, Mighty:
But his performance, as he is now, Nothing:
Of his owne body he was ill, and gaue
The Clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble Madam:
Mens euill manners, liue in Braſſe, their Vertues
We write in Water. May it pleaſe your Highneſſe
To heare me ſpeake his good now?
Kath. Yes good *Griffith*,
I were malicious elſe.
Grif. This Cardinall,
Though from an humble Stocke, vndoubtedly
Was faſhion'd to much Honor. From his Cradle
He was a Scholler, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wiſe, faire ſpoken, and perſwading:
Lofty, and ſowre to them that lou'd him not:
But, to thoſe men that ſought him, ſweet as Summer.
And though he were vnſatisfied in getting,
(Which was a ſinne) yet in beſtowing, Madam,
He was moſt Princely: Euer witneſſe for him
Thoſe twinnes of Learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipſwich and Oxford: one of which, fell with him,
Vnwilling to out-liue the good that did it.
The other (though vnfiniſh'd) yet ſo Famous,
So excellent in Art, and ſtill ſo riſing,
That Chriſtendome ſhall euer ſpeake his Vertue.
His Ouerthrow, heap'd Happineſſe vpon him:
For then, and not till then, he felt himſelfe,
And found the Bleſſedneſſe of being little.
And to adde greater Honors to his Age
Then man could giue him; he dy'de, fearing God.
Kath. After my death, I wiſh no other Herald,
No other ſpeaker of my liuing Actions,
To keepe mine Honor, from Corruption,
But ſuch an honeſt Chronicler as *Griffith.*
Whom I moſt hated Liuing, thou haſt made mee
With thy Religious Truth, and Modeſtie,
(Now in his Aſhes) Honor: Peace be with him.
Patience, be neere me ſtill, and ſet me lower,
I haue not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,
Cauſe the Muſitians play me that ſad note
I nam'd my Knell; whil'ſt I ſit meditating

On that Cœleſtiall Harmony I go too.

Sad and ſolemne Muſicke.

Grif. She is aſleep: Good wench, let's ſit down quiet, For feare we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience.*

The Viſion.

Enter ſolemnely tripping one after another, ſixe Perſonages, clad in white Robes, wearing on their heades Garlands of Bayes, and golden Vizards on their faces, Branches of Bayes or Palme in their hands. They firſt Conge vnto her, then Dance: and at certaine Changes, the firſt two hold a ſpare Garland ouer her Head, at which the other foure make reuerend Curtſies. Then the two that held the Garland, deliuer the ſame to the other next two, who obſerue the ſame order in their Changes, and holding the Garland ouer her head. Which done, they deliuer the ſame Garland to the laſt two: who likewiſe obſerue the ſame Order. At which (as it were by inſpiration) ſhe makes (in her ſleepe) ſignes of reioycing, and holdeth vp her hands to heauen. And ſo, in their Dancing vaniſh, carrying the Garland with them. The Muſicke continues.

Kath. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone? And leaue me heere in wretchedneſſe, behinde ye?

Grif. Madam, we are heere.

Kath. It is not you I call for, Saw ye none enter ſince I ſlept?

Grif. None Madam.

Kath. No? Saw you not euen now a bleſſed Troope Inuite me to a Banquet, whoſe bright faces Caſt thouſand beames vpon me, like the Sun? They promis'd me eternall Happineſſe, And brought me Garlands (*Griffith*) which I feele I am not worthy yet to weare: I ſhall aſſuredly.

Grif. I am moſt ioyfull Madam, ſuch good dreames Poſſeſſe your Fancy.

Kath. Bid the Muſicke leaue, They are harſh and heauy to me. *Muſicke ceaſes.*

Pati. Do you note How much her Grace is alter'd on the ſodaine? How long her face is drawne? How pale ſhe lookes, And of an earthy cold? Marke her eyes?

Grif. She is going Wench. Pray, pray.

Pati. Heauen comfort her.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. And't like your Grace———

Kath. You are a fawcy Fellow, Deſerue we no more Reuerence?

Grif. You are too blame, Knowing ſhe will not looſe her wonted Greatneſſe To vſe ſo rude behauiour. Go too, kneele.

Meſ. I humbly do entreat your Highneſſe pardon, My haſt made me vnmannerly. There is ſtaying A Gentleman ſent from the King, to ſee you.

Kath. Admit him entrance *Griffith.* But this Fellow Let me ne're ſee againe. *Exit Meſſeng.*

Enter Lord Capuchius.

If my ſight faile not, You ſhould be Lord Ambaſſador from the Emperor, My Royall Nephew, and your name *Capuchius.*

Cap. Madam the ſame. Your Seruant.

Kath. O my Lord, The Times and Titles now are alter'd ſtrangely With me, ſince firſt you knew me. But I pray you, What is your pleaſure with me?

Cap. Noble Lady, Firſt mine owne ſeruice to your Grace, the next The Kings requeſt, that I would viſit you, Who greeues much for your weakneſſe, and by me Sends you his Princely Commendations, And heartily entreats you take good comfort.

Kath. O my good Lord, that comfort comes too late, 'Tis like a Pardon after Execution; That gentle Phyſicke giuen in time, had cur'd me: But now I am paſt all Comforts heere, but Prayers. How does his Highneſſe?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Kath. So may he euer do, and euer flouriſh, When I ſhall dwell with Wormes, and my poore name Baniſh'd the Kingdome. *Patience,* is that Letter I caus'd you write, yet ſent away?

Pat. No Madam.

Kath. Sir, I moſt humbly pray you to deliuer This to my Lord the King.

Cap. Moſt willing Madam.

Kath. In which I haue commended to his goodneſſe The Modell of our chaſte loues: his yong daughter, The dewes of Heauen fall thicke in Bleſſings on her, Beſeeching him to giue her vertuous breeding. She is yong, and of a Noble modeſt Nature, I hope ſhe will deſerue well; and a little To loue her for her Mothers ſake, that lou'd him, Heauen knowes how deerely. My next poore Petition, Is, that his Noble Grace would haue ſome pittie Vpon my wretched women, that ſo long Haue follow'd both my Fortunes, faithfully, Of which there is not one, I dare auow (And now I ſhould not lye) but will deſerue For Vertue, and true Beautie of the Soule, For honeſtie, and decent Carriage A right good Husband (let him be a Noble) And ſure thoſe men are happy that ſhall haue 'em. The laſt is for my men, they are the pooreſt, (But pouerty could neuer draw 'em from me) That they may haue their wages, duly paid 'em, And ſomething ouer to remember me by. If Heauen had pleas'd to haue giuen me longer life And able meanes, we had not parted thus. Theſe are the whole Contents, and good my Lord, By that you loue the deereſt in this world, As you wiſh Chriſtian peace to ſoules departed, Stand theſe poore peoples Friend, and vrge the King To do me this laſt right.

Cap. By Heauen I will, Or let me looſe the faſhion of a man.

Kath. I thanke you honeſt Lord. Remember me In all humilitie vnto his Highneſſe: Say his long trouble now is paſſing Out of this world. Tell him in death I bleſt him (For ſo I will) mine eyes grow dimme. Farewell My Lord. *Griffith* farewell. Nay *Patience,* You muſt not leaue me yet. I muſt to bed, Call in more women. When I am dead, good Wench, Let me be vs'd with Honor; ſtrew me ouer With Maiden Flowers, that all the world may know I was a chaſte Wife, to my Graue: Embalme me, Then lay me forth (although vnqueen'd) yet like A Queene, and Daughter to a King enterre me. I can no more.

Exeunt leading Katherine.

Scena

Actus Quintus. Scena Prima.

Enter Gardiner Biſhop of Wincheſter, a Page with a Torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Louell.

Gard. It's one a clocke Boy, is't not.
Boy. It hath ſtrooke.
Gard. Theſe ſhould be houres for neceſsities,
Not for delights: Times to repayre our Nature
With comforting repoſe, and not for vs
To waſte theſe times. Good houre of night Sir *Thomas:*
Whether ſo late?
Lou. Came you from the King, my Lord?
Gar. I did Sir *Thomas* and left him at the Primero
With the Duke of Suffolke.
Lou. I muſt to him too
Before he go to bed. Ile take my leaue.
Gard. Not yet Sir *Thomas Louell:* what's the matter?
It ſeemes you are in haſt: and if there be
No great offence belongs too't, giue your Friend
Some touch of your late buſineſſe: Affaires that walke
(As they ſay Spirits do) at midnight, haue
In them a wilder Nature, then the buſineſſe
That ſeekes diſpatch by day.
Lou. My Lord, I loue you;
And durſt commend a ſecret to your eare
Much waightier then this worke. The Queens in Labor
They ſay in great Extremity, and fear'd
Shee'l with the Labour, end.
Gard. The fruite ſhe goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may finde
Good time, and liue: but for the Stocke Sir *Thomas*,
I wiſh it grubb'd vp now.
Lou. Me thinkes I could
Cry the Amen, and yet my Conſcience ſayes
Shee's a good Creature, and ſweet-Ladie do's
Deſerue our better wiſhes.
Gard. But Sir, Sir,
Heare me Sir *Thomas*, y'are a Gentleman
Of mine owne way. I know you Wiſe, Religious,
And let me tell you, it will ne're be well,
'Twill not Sir *Thomas Louell*, tak't of me,
Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwel*, her two hands, and ſhee
Sleepe in their Graues.
Louell. Now Sir, you ſpeake of two
The moſt remark'd i'th'Kingdome: as for *Cromwell*,
Beſide that of the Iewell-Houſe, is made Maſter
O'th'Rolles, and the Kings Secretary. Further Sir,
Stands in the gap and Trade of moe Preferments,
With which the Lime will loade him. Th'Archbyſhop
Is the Kings hand, and tongue, and who dare ſpeak
One ſyllable againſt him?
Gard. Yes, yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that Dare, and I my ſelfe haue ventur'd
To ſpeake my minde of him: and indeed this day,
Sir (I may tell it you) I thinke I haue
Incenſt the Lords o'th'Councell, that he is
(For ſo I know he is, they know he is)
A moſt Arch-Heretique, a Peſtilence
That does infect the Land: with which, they moued
Haue broken with the King, who hatb ſo farre
Giuen eare to our Complaint, of his great Grace,
And Princely Care, fore-ſeeing thoſe fell Miſchiefes,
Our Reaſons layd before him, hath commanded
To morrow Morning to the Councell Boord
He be conuented. He's a ranke weed Sir *Thomas*,
And we muſt root him out. From your Affaires
I hinder you too long: Good night, Sir *Thomas*.
Exit Gardiner and Page.
Lou. Many good nights, my Lord, I reſt your ſeruant.
Enter King and Suffolke.
King. Charles, I will play no more to night,
My mindes not on't, you are too hard for me.
Suff. Sir, I did neuer win of you before.
King. But little *Charles*,
Nor ſhall not when my Fancies on my play.
Now *Louel*, from the Queene what is the Newes.
Lou. I could not perſonally deliuer to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman,
I ſent your Meſſage, who return'd her thankes
In the great'ſt humbleneſſe, and deſir'd your Highneſſe
Moſt heartily to pray for her.
King. What ſay'ſt thou? Ha?
To pray for her? What, is ſhe crying out?
Lou. So ſaid her woman, and that her ſuffrance made
Almoſt each pang, a death.
King. Alas good Lady.
Suf. God ſafely quit her of her Burthen, and
With gentle Trauaile, to the gladding of
Your Highneſſe with an Heire.
King. 'Tis midnight *Charles*,
Prythee to bed, and in thy Prayres remember
Th'eſtate of my poore Queene. Leaue me alone,
For I muſt thinke of that, which company
Would not be friendly too.
Suf. I wiſh your Highneſſe
A quiet night, and my good Miſtris will
Remember in my Prayers.
King. Charles good night. *Exit Suffolke.*
Well Sir, what followes?
Enter Sir Anthony Denny.
Den. Sir, I haue brought my Lord the Arch-byſhop,
As you commanded me.
King. Ha? Canterbury?
Den. I my good Lord.
King. 'Tis true: where is he *Denny?*
Den. He attends your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Bring him to Vs.
Lou. This is about that, which the Byſhop ſpake,
I am happily come hither.
Enter Cranmer and Denny.
King. Auoyd the Gallery. *Louel ſeemes to ſtay.*
Ha? I haue ſaid. Be gone,
What? *Exeunt Louell and Denny.*
Cran. I am fearefull: Wherefore frownes he thus?
'Tis his Aſpect of Terror. All's not well.
King. How now my Lord?
You do deſire to know wherefore
I ſent for you.
Cran. It is my dutie
T'attend your Highneſſe pleaſure.
King. Pray you ariſe
My good and gracious Lord of Canterburie:
Come, you and I muſt walke a turne together:
I haue Newes to tell you.
Come, come, giue me your hand.
Ah my good Lord, I greeue at what I ſpeake,
And am right ſorrie to repeat what followes.
I haue, and moſt vnwillingly of late

Heard

Heard many greeuous. I do ſay my Lord
Greeuous complaints of you; which being conſider'd,
Haue mou'd Vs, and our Councell, that you ſhall
This Morning come before vs, where I know
You cannot with ſuch freedome purge your ſelfe,
But that till further Triall, in thoſe Charges
Which will require your Anſwer, you muſt take
Your patience to you, and be well contented
To make your houſe our Towre: you, a Brother of vs
It fits we thus proceed, or elſe no witneſſe
Would come againſt you.

Cran. I humbly thanke your Highneſſe,
And am right glad to catch this good occaſion
Moſt throughly to be winnowed, where my Chaffe
And Corne ſhall flye aſunder. For I know
There's none ſtands vnder more calumnious tongues,
Then I my ſelfe, poore man.

King. Stand vp, good Canterbury,
Thy Truth, and thy Integrity is rooted
In vs thy Friend. Giue me thy hand, ſtand vp,
Prythee let's walke. Now by my Holydame,
What manner of man are you? My Lord, I look'd
You would haue giuen me your Petition, that
I ſhould haue tane ſome paines, to bring together
Your ſelfe, and your Accuſers, and to haue heard you
Without indurance further.

Cran. Moſt dread Liege,
The good I ſtand on, is my Truth and Honeſtie:
If they ſhall faile, I with mine Enemies
Will triumph o're my perſon, which I waigh not,
Being of thoſe Vertues vacant. I feare nothing
What can be ſaid againſt me.

King. Know you not
How your ſtate ſtands i'th'world, with the whole world?
Your Enemies are many, and not ſmall; their practiſes
Muſt beare the ſame proportion, and not euer
The Iuſtice and the Truth o'th'queſtion carries
The dew o'th'Verdict with it; at what eaſe
Might corrupt mindes procure, Knaues as corrupt
To ſweare againſt you: Such things haue bene done.
You are Potently oppos'd, and with a Malice
Of as great Size. Weene you of better lucke,
I meane in periur'd Witneſſe, then your Maſter,
Whoſe Miniſter you are, whiles heere he liu'd
Vpon this naughty Earth? Go too, go too,
You take a Precepit for no leape of danger,
And woe your owne deſtruction.

Cran. God, and your Maieſty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me.

King. Be of good cheere,
They ſhall no more preuaile, then we giue way too:
Keepe comfort to you, and this Morning ſee
You do appeare before them. If they ſhall chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you:
The beſt perſwaſions to the contrary
Faile not to vſe, and with what vehemencie
Th'occaſion ſhall inſtruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliuer them, and your Appeale to vs
There make before them. Looke, the goodman weepes:
He's honeſt on mine Honor. Gods bleſt Mother,
I ſweare he is true-hearted, and a foule
None better in my Kingdome. Get you gone,
And do as I haue bid you. *Exit Cranmer.*
He ha's ſtrangled his Language in his teares.

Enter Olde Lady.

Gent. within. Come backe: what meane you?

Lady. Ile not come backe, the tydings that I bring
Will make my boldneſſe, manners. Now good Angels
Fly o're thy Royall head, and ſhade thy perſon
Vnder their bleſſed wings.

King. Now by thy lookes
I geſſe thy Meſſage. Is the Queene deliuer'd?
Say I, and of a boy.

Lady. I, I my Liege,
And of a louely Boy: the God of heauen
Both now, and euer bleſſe her: 'Tis a Gyrle
Promiſes Boyes hereeafter. Sir, your Queene
Deſires your Viſitation, and to be
Acquainted with this ſtranger; 'tis as like you,
As Cherry, is to Cherry.

King. Louell.

Lou. Sir.

King. Giue her an hundred Markes.
Ile to the Queene. *Exit King.*

Lady. An hundred Markes? By this light, Ile ha more.
An ordinary Groome is for ſuch payment.
I will haue more, or ſcold it out of him.
Said I for this, the Gyrle was like to him? Ile
Haue more, or elſe vnſay't: and now, while 'tis hot,
Ile put it to the iſſue. *Exit Ladie.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Cranmer, Archbyſhop of Canterbury.

Cran. I hope I am not too late, and yet the Gentleman
That was ſent to me from the Councell, pray'd me
To make great haſt. All faſt? What meanes this? Hoa?
Who waites there? Sure you know me?

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Yes, my Lord:
But yet I cannot helpe you.

Cran. Why?

Keep. Your Grace muſt waight till you be call'd for.

Enter Doctor Buts.

Cran. So.

Buts. This is a Peere of Malice: I am glad
I came this way ſo happily. The King
Shall vnderſtand it preſently. *Exit Buts*

Cran. 'Tis *Buts.*
The Kings Phyſitian, as he paſt along
How earneſtly he caſt his eyes vpon me:
Pray heauen he ſound not my diſgrace: for certaine
This is of purpoſe laid by ſome that hate me,
(God turne their hearts, I neuer ſought their malice)
To quench mine Honor; they would ſhame to make me
Wait elſe at doore: a fellow Councellor
'Mong Boyes, Groomes, and Lackeyes.
But their pleaſures
Muſt be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King, and Buts, at a Windowe aboue.

Buts. Ile ſhew your Grace the ſtrangeſt ſight.

King. What's that *Buts?*

Buts

Butts. I thinke your Highneſſe ſaw this many a day.
Kin. Body a me: where is it?
Butts. There my Lord:
The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his State at dore 'mongſt Purſeuants,
Pages, and Foot-boyes.
Kin. Ha? 'Tis he indeed.
Is this the Honour they doe one another?
'Tis well there's one aboue 'em yet; I had thought
They had parted ſo much honeſty among 'em,
At leaſt good manners; as not thus to ſuffer
A man of his Place, and ſo neere our fauour
To dance attendance on their Lordſhips pleaſures.
And at the dore too, like a Poſt with Packets:
By holy *Mary* (*Butts*) there's knauery;
Let 'em alone, and draw the Curtaine cloſe:
We ſhall heare more anon.

A Councell Table brought in with Chayres and Stooles, and placed vnder the State. Enter Lord Chancellour, places himſelfe at the vpper end of the Table, on the left hand: A Seate being left void aboue him, as for Canterburies Seate. Duke of Suffolke, Duke of Norfolke, Surrey, Lord Chamberlaine, Gardiner, ſeat themſelues in Order on each ſide. Cromwell at lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. Speake to the buſineſſe, M. Secretary;
Why are we met in Councell?
Crom. Pleaſe your Honours,
The chiefe cauſe concernes his Grace of *Canterbury*.
Gard. Ha's he had knowledge of it?
Crom. Yes.
Norf. Who waits there?
Keep. Without my Noble Lords?
Gard. Yes.
Keep. My Lord Archbiſhop:
And ha's done halfe an houre to know your pleaſures.
Chan. Let him come in.
Keep. Your Grace may enter now.
Cranmer approches the Councell Table.
Chan. My good Lord Archbiſhop, I'm very ſorry
To ſit heere at this preſent, and behold
That Chayre ſtand empty: But we all are men
In our owne natures fraile, and capable
Of our fleſh, few are Angels; out of which frailty
And want of wiſedome, you that beſt ſhould teach vs,
Haue miſdemean'd your ſelfe, and not a little:
Toward the King firſt, then his Lawes, in filling
The whole Realme, by your teaching & your Chaplaines
(For ſo we are inform'd) with new opinions,
Diuers and dangerous; which are Hereſies;
And not reform'd, may proue pernicious.
Gard. Which Reformation muſt be ſodaine too
My Noble Lords; for thoſe that tame wild Horſes,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But ſtop their mouthes with ſtubborn Bits & ſpurre 'em,
Till they obey the mannage. If we ſuffer
Out of our eaſineſſe and childiſh pitty
To one mans Honour, this contagious ſickneſſe;
Farewell all Phyſicke: and what followes then?
Commotions, vprores, with a generall Taint
Of the whole State; as of late dayes our neighbours,
The vpper *Germany* can deerely witneſſe:
Yet freſhly pittied in our memories.
Cran. My good Lords; Hitherto, in all the Progreſſe
Both of my Life and Office, I haue labour'd,
And with no little ſtudy, that my teaching
And the ſtrong courſe of my Authority,
Might goe one way, and ſafely; and the end
Was euer to doe well: nor is there liuing,
(I ſpeake it with a ſingle heart, my Lords)
A man that more deteſts, more ſtirres againſt,
Both in his priuate Conſcience, and his place,
Defacers of a publique peace then I doe:
Pray Heauen the King may neuer find a heart
With leſſe Allegeance in it. Men that make
Enuy, and crooked malice, nouriſhment;
Dare bite the beſt. I doe beſeech your Lordſhips,
That in this caſe of Iuſtice, my Accuſers,
Be what they will, may ſtand forth face to face,
And freely vrge againſt me.
Suff. Nay, my Lord,
That cannot be; you are a Counſellor,
And by that vertue no man dare accuſe you. (ment,
Gard. My Lord, becauſe we haue buſines of more mo-
We will be ſhort with you. 'Tis his Highneſſe pleaſure
And our conſent, for better tryall of you,
From hence you be committed to the Tower,
Where being but a priuate man againe,
You ſhall know many dare accuſe you boldly,
More then (I feare) you are prouided for.
Cran. Ah my good Lord of *Wincheſter:* I thanke you,
You are alwayes my good Friend, if your will paſſe,
I ſhall both finde your Lordſhip, Iudge and Iuror,
You are ſo mercifull. I ſee your end,
'Tis my vndoing. Loue and meekeneſſe, Lord
Become a Churchman, better then Ambition:
Win ſtraying Soules with modeſty againe,
Caſt none away: That I ſhall cleere my ſelfe,
Lay all the weight ye can vpon my patience,
I make as little doubt as you doe conſcience,
In doing dayly wrongs. I could ſay more,
But reuerence to your calling, makes me modeſt.
Gard. My Lord, my Lord, you are a Sectary,
That's the plaine truth; your painted gloſſe diſcouers
To men that vnderſtand you, words and weakneſſe.
Crom. My Lord of *Wincheſter*, y'are a little,
By your good fauour, too ſharpe; Men ſo Noble,
How euer faultly, yet ſhould finde reſpect
For what they baue beene: 'tis a cruelty,
To load a falling man.
Gard. Good M. Secretary,
I cry your Honour mercie; you may worſt
Of all this Table ſay ſo.
Crom. Why my Lord?
Gard. Doe not I know you for a Fauourer
Of this new Sect? ye are not ſound.
Crom. Not ſound?
Gard. Not found I ſay.
Crom. Would you were halfe ſo honeſt:
Mens prayers then would ſeeke you, not their feares.
Gard. I ſhall remember this bold Language.
Crom. Doe.
Remember your bold life too.
Cham. This is too much;
Forbeare for ſhame my Lords.
Gard. I haue done.
Crom. And I.
Cham. Then thus for you my Lord, it ſtands agreed
I take it, by all voyces: That forthwith,
You be conuaid to th' Tower a Priſoner;
There to remaine till the Kings further pleaſure
Be knowne vnto vs: are you all agreed Lords.

All

All. We are.
Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,
But I muſt needs to th' Tower my Lords?
Gard. What other,
Would you expect? You are ſtrangely troubleſome:
Let ſome o'th'Guard be ready there.
Enter the Guard.
Cran. For me?
Muſt I goe like a Traytor thither?
Gard. Receiue him,
And ſee him ſafe i'th' Tower.
Cran. Stay good my Lords,
I haue a little yet to ſay. Looke there my Lords,
By vertue of that Ring, I take my cauſe
Out of the gripes of cruell men, and giue it
To a moſt Noble Iudge, the King my Maiſter.
Cham. This is the Kings Ring.
Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.
Suff. 'Ts the right Ring, by Heau'n: I told ye all,
When we firſt put this dangerous ſtone a rowling,
'Twold fall vpon our ſelues.
Norf. Doe you thinke my Lords
The King will ſuffer but the little finger
Of this man to be vex'd?
Cham. Tis now too certaine;
How much more is his Life in value with him?
Would I were fairely out on't.
Crom. My mind gaue me,
In ſeeking tales and Informations
Againſt this man, whoſe honeſty the Diuell
And his Diſciples onely enuy at,
Ye blew the fire that burnes ye: now haue at ye.

Enter King frowning on them, takes his Seate.
Gard. Dread Soueraigne,
How much are we bound to Heauen,
In dayly thankes; that gaue vs ſuch a Prince;
Not onely good and wiſe, but moſt religious:
One that in all obedience, makes the Church
The cheefe ayme of his Honour, and to ſtrengthen
That holy duty out of deare reſpect,
His Royall ſelfe in Iudgement comes to heare
The cauſe betwixt her, and this great offender.
Kin. You were euer good at ſodaine Commendations,
Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. But know I come not
To heare ſuch flattery now, and in my preſence
They are too thin, and baſe to hide offences,
To me you cannot reach. You play the Spaniell,
And thinke with wagging of your tongue to win me:
But whatſoere thou tak'ſt me for; I'm ſure
Thou haſt a cruell Nature and a bloody.
Good man ſit downe: Now let me ſee the proudeſt
Hee, that dares moſt, but wag his finger at thee.
By all that's holy, he had better ſtarue,
Then but once thinke his place becomes thee not.
Sur. May it pleaſe your Grace;———
Kin. No Sir, it doe's not pleaſe me,
I had thought, I had had men of ſome vnderſtanding,
And wiſedome of my Councell; but I finde none:
Was it diſcretion Lords, to let this man,
This good man (few of you deſerue that Title)
This honeſt man, wait like a lowſie Foot-boy
At Chamber dore? and one, as great as you are?
Why, what a ſhame was this? Did my Commiſſion
Bid ye ſo farre forget your ſelues? I gaue ye
Power, as he was a Counſellour to try him,
Not as a Groome: There's ſome of ye, I ſee,
More out of Malice then Integrity,
Would trye him to the vtmoſt, had ye meane,
Which ye ſhall neuer haue while I liue.
Chan. Thus farre
My moſt dread Soueraigne, may it like your Grace,
To let my tongue excuſe all. What was purpos'd
Concerning his Impriſonment, was rather
(If there be faith in men) meant for his Tryall,
And faire purgation to the world then malice,
I'm ſure in me.
Kin. Well, well my Lords reſpect him,
Take him, and vſe him well; hee's worthy of it.
I will ſay thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholding to a Subiect; I
Am for his loue and ſeruice, ſo to him.
Make me no more adoe, but all embrace him;
Be friends for ſhame my Lords: My Lord of *Canterbury*
I haue a Suite which you muſt not deny mee.
That is, a faire young Maid that yet wants Baptiſme,
You muſt be Godfather, and anſwere for her.
Cran. The greateſt Monarch now aliue may glory
In ſuch an honour: how may I deſerue it,
That am a poore and humble Subiect to you?
Kin. Come, come my Lord, you'd ſpare your ſpoones;
You ſhall haue two noble Partners with you: the old
Ducheſſe of *Norfolke*, and Lady Marqueſſe *Dorſet?* will
theſe pleaſe you?
Once more my Lord of *Wincheſter*, I charge you
Embrace, and loue this man.
Gard. With a true heart,
And Brother; loue I doe it.
Cran. And let Heauen
Witneſſe how deare, I hold this Confirmation. (hearts,
Kin. Good Man, thoſe ioyfull teares ſhew thy true
The common voyce I ſee is verified
Of thee, which ſayes thus: Doe my Lord of *Canterbury*
A ſhrewd turne, and hee's your friend for euer:
Come Lords, we trifle time away: I long
To haue this young one made a Chriſtian.
As I haue made ye one Lords, one remaine:
So I grow ſtronger, you more Honour gaine. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Noyſe and Tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. You'l leaue your noyſe anon ye Raſcals: doe you take the Court for Pariſh Garden: ye rude Slaues, leaue your gaping:
Within. Good M.Porter I belong to th'Larder.
Port. Belong to th'Gallowes, and be hang'd ye Rogue: Is this a place to roare in? Fetch me a dozen Crab-tree ſtaues, and ſtrong ones; theſe are but ſwitches to 'em: Ile ſcratch your heads; you muſt be ſeeing Chriſtenings? Do you looke for Ale, and Cakes heere, you rude Raskalls?
Man. Pray Sir be patient; 'tis as much impoſſible, Vnleſſe wee ſweepe 'em from the dore with Cannons, To ſcatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em ſleepe On May-day Morning, which will neuer be: We may as well puſh againſt Powles as ſtirre 'em.
Por. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man.

Man. Alas I know not, how gets the Tide in?
As much as one ſound Cudgell of foure foote,
(You ſee the poore remainder) could diſtribute,
I made no ſpare Sir.
Port. You did nothing Sir.
Man. I am not *Sampſon*, nor Sir *Guy*, nor *Colebrand*,
To mow 'em downe before me: but if I ſpar'd any
That had a head to hit, either young or old,
He or ſhee, Cuckold or Cuckold-maker:
Let me ne're hope to ſee a Chine againe,
And that I would not for a Cow, God ſaue her.
Within. Do you heare M. Porter?
Port. I ſhall be with you preſently, good M. *Puppy*,
Keepe the dore cloſe Sirha.
Man. What would you haue me doe?
Por. What ſhould you doe,
But knock 'em downe by th' dozens? Is this More fields to muſter in? Or haue wee ſome ſtrange Indian with the great *Toole*, come to Court, the women ſo beſiege vs? Bleſſe me, what a fry of Fornication is at dore? On my Chriſtian Conſcience this one Chriſtening will beget a thouſand, here will bee Father, God-father, and all together.
Man. The Spoones will be the bigger Sir: There is a fellow ſomewhat neere the doore, he ſhould be a Braſier by his face, for o' my conſcience twenty of the Dog-dayes now reigne in's Noſe; all that ſtand about him are vnder the Line, they need no other pennance: that Fire-Drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his Noſe diſcharged againſt mee; hee ſtands there like a Morter-piece to blow vs. There was a Habberdaſhers Wife of ſmall wit, neere him, that rail'd vpon me, till her pinck'd porrenger fell off her head, for kindling ſuch a combuſtion in the State. I miſt the Meteor once, and hit that Woman, who cryed out Clubbes, when I might ſee from farre, ſome forty Truncheoners draw to her ſuccour, which were the hope o'th' Strond where ſhe was quartered; they fell on, I made good my place; at length they came to th' broome ſtaffe to me, I defide 'em ſtil, when ſodainly a File of Boyes behind 'em, looſe ſhot, deliuer'd ſuch a ſhowre of Pibbles, that I was faine to draw mine Honour in, and let 'em win the Worke, the Diuell was amongſt 'em I thinke ſurely.
Por. Theſe are the youths that thunder at a Playhouſe, and fight for bitten Apples, that no Audience but the tribulation of Tower Hill, or the Limbes of Limehouſe, their deare Brothers are able to endure. I haue ſome of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance theſe three dayes; beſides the running Banquet of two Beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlaine.

Cham. Mercy o' me: what a Multitude are heere?
They grow ſtill too; from all Parts they are comming,
As if we kept a Faire heere? What are theſe Porters?
Theſe lazy knaues? Y'haue made a fine hand fellowes?
Theres a trim rabble let in: are all theſe
Your faithfull friends o'th' Suburbs? We ſhall haue
Great ſtore of roome no doubt, left for the Ladies,
When they paſſe backe from the Chriſtening?
Por. And't pleaſe your Honour,
We are but men; and what ſo many may doe,
Not being tome a pieces, we haue done:
An Army cannot rule 'em.
Cham. As I liue,
If the King blame me for't; Ile lay ye all
By th' heeles, and ſodainly: and on your heads
Clap round Fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaues,
And heere ye lye baiting of Bombards, when
Ye ſhould doe Seruice. Harke the Trumpets ſound,
Th'are come already from the Chriſtening,
Go breake among the preaſſe, and finde away out
To let the Troope paſſe fairely; or Ile finde
A Marſhallſey, ſhall hold ye play theſe two Monthes.
Por. Make way there, for the Princeſſe.
Man. You great fellow,
Stand cloſe vp, or Ile make your head ake.
Por. You i'th' Chamblet, get vp o'th' raile,
Ile pecke you o're the pales elſe. *Exeunt.*

Scena Quarta.

Enter Trumpets ſounding: Then two Aldermen, L. Maior, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolke with his Marſhals Staffe, Duke of Suffolke, two Noblemen, bearing great ſtanding Bowles for the Chriſtening Guifts: Then foure Noblemen bearing a Canopy, vnder which the Dutcheſſe of Norfolke, Godmother, bearing the Childe richly habited in a Mantle, &c. Traine borne by a Lady: Then followes the Marchioneſſe Dorſet, the other Godmother, and Ladies. The Troope paſſe once about the Stage, and Garter ſpeakes.

Gart. Heauen
From thy endleſſe goodneſſe, ſend proſperous life,
Long, and euer happie, to the high and Mighty
Princeſſe of England *Elizabeth.*

Flouriſh. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your Royall Grace, & the good Queen,
My Noble Partners, and my ſelfe thus pray
All comfort, ioy in this most gracious Lady,
Heauen euer laid vp to make Parents happy,
May hourely fall vpon ye.
Kin. Thanke you good Lord Archbiſhop:
What is her Name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
Kin. Stand vp Lord,
With this Kiſſe, take my Bleſſing: God protect thee,
Into whoſe hand, I giue thy Life.
Cran. Amen.
Kin. My Noble Goſſips, y'haue beene too Prodigall;
I thanke ye heartily: So ſhall this Lady,
When ſhe ha's ſo much Engliſh.
Cran. Let me ſpeake Sir,
For Heauen now bids me; and the words I vtter,
Let none thinke Flattery; for they'l finde 'em Truth.
This Royall Infant, Heauen ſtill moue about her;
Though in her Cradle; yet now promiſes
Vpon this Land a thouſand thouſand Bleſſings,
Which Time ſhall bring to ripeneſſe: She ſhall be,
(But few now liuing can behold that goodneſſe)
A Patterne to all Princes liuing with her,
And all that ſhall ſucceed: *Saba* was neuer
More couetous of Wiſedome, and faire Vertue
Then this pure Soule ſhall be. All Princely Graces
That mould vp ſuch a mighty Piece as this is,
With all the Vertues that attend the good,
Shall ſtill be doubled on her. Truth ſhall Nurſe her,
Holy

Holy and Heauenly thoughts ſtill Counſell her.
She ſhall be lou'd and fear'd. Her owne ſhall bleſſe her;
Her Foes ſhake like a Field of beaten Corne,
And hang their heads with ſorrow:
Good growes with her.
In her dayes, Euery Man ſhall eate in ſafety,
Vnder his owne Vine what he plants; and ſing
The merry Songs of Peace to all his Neighbours.
God ſhall be truely knowne, and thoſe about her,
From her ſhall read the perfect way of Honour,
And by thoſe claime their greatneſſe; not by Blood.
Nor ſhall this peace ſleepe with her: But as when
The Bird of Wonder dyes, the Mayden Phoenix,
Her Aſhes new create another Heyre,
As great in admiration as her ſelfe.
So ſhall ſhe leaue her Bleſſednes to One,
(When Heauen ſhal call her from this clowd of darknes)
Who, from the ſacred Aſhes of her Honour
Shall Star-like riſe, as great in fame as ſhe was,
And ſo ſtand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Loue, Truth, Terror,
That were the Seruants to this choſen Infant,
Shall then be his, and like a Vine grow to him;
Where euer the bright Sunne of Heauen ſhall ſhine,
His Honour, and the greatneſſe of his Name,
Shall be, and make new Nations. He ſhall flouriſh,
And like a Mountaine Cedar, reach his branches,
To all the Plaines about him: Our Childrens Children
Shall ſee this, and bleſſe Heauen.

Kin. Thou ſpeakeſt wonders.

Cran. She ſhall be to the happineſſe of England,
An aged Princeſſe; many dayes ſhall ſee her,
And yet no day without a deed to Crowne it.
Would I had knowne no more: But ſhe muſt dye,
She muſt, the Saints muſt haue her; yet a Virgin,
A moſt vnſpotted Lilly ſhall ſhe paſſe
To th'ground, and all the World ſhall mourne her.

Kin. O Lord Archbiſhop
Thou haſt made me now a man, neuer before
This happy Child, did I get any thing.
This Oracle of comfort, ha's ſo pleas'd me,
That when I am in Heauen, I ſhall deſire
To ſee what this Child does, and praiſe my Maker.
I thanke ye all. To you my good Lord Maior,
And you good Brethren, I am much beholding:
I haue receiu'd much Honour by your preſence,
And ye ſhall find me thankfull. Lead the way Lords,
Ye muſt all ſee the Queene, and ſhe muſt thanke ye,
She will be ſicke els. This day, no man thinke
'Has buſineſſe at his houſe; for all ſhall ſtay:
This Little-One ſhall make it Holy-day. *Exeunt.*

The Epilogve.

'Tis ten to one, this Play can neuer pleaſe
All that are heere: Some come to take their eaſe,
And ſleepe an Act or two; but thoſe we feare
We haue frighted with our Trumpets: ſo 'tis cleare,
They'l ſay 'tis naught. Others to heare the City
Abus'd extreamly, and to cry that's witty,
Which wee haue not done neither; that I feare
All the expected good w'are like to beare.
For this Play at this time, is onely in
The mercifull conſtruction of good women.
For ſuch a one we ſhew'd 'em: If they ſmile,
And ſay twill doe; I know within a while,
All the beſt men are ours; for 'tis ill hap,
If they hold, when their Ladies bid 'em clap.

FINIS.

The Prologue.

IN Troy there lyes the Scene: From Iles of Greece
The Princes Orgillous, their high blood chaf'd
Haue to the Port of Athens ſent their ſhippes
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruell Warre: Sixty and nine that wore
Their Crownets Regall, from th'Athenian bay
Put forth toward Phrygia, and their vow is made
To ranſacke Troy, within whoſe ſtrong emures
The rauiſh'd Helen, Menelaus *Queene,*
With wanton Paris *ſleepes, and that's the Quarrell.*
To Tenedos *they come,*
And the deepe-drawing Barke do there diſgorge
Their warlike frautage: now on Dardan Plaines
The freſh and yet vnbruiſed Greekes do pitch
Their braue Pauillions, Priams *ſix-gated City,*
Dardan *and* Timbria, Helias, Chetas, Troien,
And Antenonidus *with maſsie Staples*
And correſponſiue and fulfilling Bolts
Stirre vp the Sonnes of Troy.
Now Expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits,
On one and other ſide, Troian and Greeke,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come,
A Prologue arm'd, but not in confidence
Of Authors pen, or Actors voyce; but ſuited
In like conditions, as our Argument;
To tell you (faire Beholders) that our Play
Leapes ore the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broyles,
Beginning in the middle: ſtarting thence away,
To what may be digeſted in a Play:
Like, or finde fault, do as your pleaſures are,
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of Warre.

THE TRAGEDIE OF Troylus and Creſsida.

Actus Primus. Scœna Prima.

Enter Pandarus and Troylus.

Troylus.

CAll here my Varlet, Ile vnarme againe.
Why ſhould I warre without the wals of Troy
That finde ſuch cruell battell here within?
Each Troian that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field, *Troylus* alas hath none.

Pan. Will this geere nere be mended?

Troy. The Greeks are ſtrong, & skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſſe Valiant:
But I am weaker then a womans teare;
Tamer then ſleepe, fonder then ignorance;
Leſſe valiant then the Virgin in the night,
And ſkilleſſe as vnpractis'd Infancie.

Pan. Well, I haue told you enough of this: For my part, Ile not meddle nor make no farther. Hee that will haue a Cake out of the Wheate, muſt needes tarry the grinding.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the grinding; but you muſt tarry the bolting.

Troy. Haue I not tarried?

Pan. I the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leau'ing.

Troy. Still haue I tarried.

Pan. I, to the leauening: but heeres yet in the word hereafter, the Kneading, the making of the Cake, the heating of the Ouen, and the Baking; nay, you muſt ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burne your lips.

Troy. Patience her ſelfe, what Goddeſſe ere ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, then I doe:
At *Priams* Royall Table doe I ſit;
And when faire *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So (Traitor) then ſhe comes, when ſhe is thence.

Pan. Well:
She look'd yeſternight fairer, then euer I ſaw her looke,
Or any woman elſe.

Troy. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would riue in twaine,
Leaſt *Hector*, or my Father ſhould perceiue me:
I haue (as when the Sunne doth light a-ſcorne)
Buried this ſigh, in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſſe,
Is like that mirth, Fate turnes to ſudden ſadneſſe.

Pan. And her haire were not ſomewhat darker then *Helens*, well go too, there were no more comparifon betweene the Women. But for my part ſhe is my Kinſwoman, I would not (as they tearme it) praiſe it, but I wold ſome-body had heard her talke yeſterday as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra's* wit, but———

Troy. Oh *Pandarus!* I tell thee *Pandarus;*
When I doe tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd:
Reply not in how many Fadomes deepe
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad
In *Creſſids* loue. Thou anſwer'ſt ſhe is Faire,
Powr'ſt in the open Vlcer of my heart,
Her Eyes, her Haire, her Cheeke, her Gate, her Voice,
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe. O that her Hand
(In whoſe comparifon, all whites are Inke)
Writing their owne reproach; to whoſe ſoft ſeizure,
The Cignets Downe is harſh, and ſpirit of Senſe
Hard as the palme of Plough-man. This thou tel'ſt me;
As true thou tel'ſt me, when I ſay I loue her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of Oyle and Balme,
Thou lai'ſt in euery gaſh that loue hath giuen me,
The Knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeake no more then truth.

Troy. Thou do'ſt not ſpeake ſo much.

Pan. Faith, Ile not meddle in't: Let her be as ſhee is, if ſhe be faire, 'tis the better for her: and ſhe be not, ſhe ha's the mends in her owne hands.

Troy. Good *Pandarus:* How now *Pandarus?*

Pan. I haue had my Labour for my trauell, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you; Gone betweene and betweene, but ſmall thankes for my labour.

Troy. What art thou angry *Pandarus?* what with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe's Kinne to me, therefore ſhee's not ſo faire as *Helen*, and ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as faire on Friday, as *Helen* is on Sunday. But what care I? I care not and ſhe were a Black-a Moore, 'tis all one to me.

Troy. Say I ſhe is not faire?

Troy. I doe not care whether you doe or no. Shee's a Foole to ſtay behinde her Father: Let her to the Greeks, and ſo Ile tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, Ile meddle nor make no more i'th'matter.

Troy. Pandarus? *Pan.* Not I.

Troy. Sweete *Pandarus.*

Pan. Pray you ſpeake no more to me, I will leaue all as I found it, and there an end. *Exit Pand.*

Sound Alarum.

Tro. Peace you vngracious Clamors, peace rude ſounds,
Fooles on both ſides, *Helen* muſt needs be faire,
When with your bloud you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight vpon this Argument:

It

It is too ſtaru'd a ſubiect for my Sword,
But *Pandarus:* O Gods! How do you plague me?
I cannot come to *Creſſid* but by *Pandar*,
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to woe,
As ſhe is ſtubborne, chaſt, againſt all ſuite.
Tell me *Apollo* for thy *Daphnes* Loue
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lies, a Pearle,
Between our Ilium, and where ſhee recides
Let it be cald the wild and wandring flood,
Our ſelfe the Merchant, and this ſayling *Pandar*,
Our doubtfull hope, our conuoy and our Barke.

Alarum. Enter Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troylus?*
Wherefore not a field?

Troy. Becauſe not there; this womans anſwer ſorts.
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What newes *Æneas* from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troy. By whom *Æneas?*

Æne. Troylus by *Menelaus.*

Troy. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorne,
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus* horne. *Alarum.*

Æne. Harke what good ſport is out of Towne to day.

Troy. Better at home, if would I might were may:
But to the ſport abroad, are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwiſt haſt.

Troy. Come goe wee then togither. *Exeunt.*

Enter Creſſid and her man.

Cre. Who were thoſe went by?

Man. Queene *Hecuba*, and *Hellen.*

Cre. And whether go they?

Man. Vp to the Eaſterne Tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubiect all the vaile,
To ſee the battell: *Hector* whoſe pacience,
Is as a Vertue fixt, to day was mou'd:
He chides *Andromache* and ſtrooke his Armorer,
And like as there were husbandry in Warre
Before the Sunne roſe, bee was harneſt lyte,
And to the field goe's he; where euery flower
Did as a Prophet weepe what it forſaw,
In *Hectors* wrath.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Man. The noiſe goe's this;
There is among the Greekes,
A Lord of Troian blood, Nephew to *Hector*,
They call him *Aiax.*

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Man. They ſay he is a very man *per ſe* and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, vnleſſe they are drunke, ſicke, or haue no legges.

Man. This man Lady, hath rob'd many beaſts of their particular additions, he is as valiant as the Lyon, churliſh as the Beare, ſlow as the Elephant: a man into whom nature hath ſo crowded humors, that his valour is cruſht into ſolly, bis ſolly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a vertue, that he hath not a glimpſe of, nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtaine of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the haire, hee hath the ioynts of euery thing, but euery thing ſo out of ioynt, that hee is a gowtie *Briareus*, many hands and no vſe; or purblinded *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Man. They ſay he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battell and ſtroke him downe, the diſdaind & ſhame whereof, hath euer ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Man. Madam your Vncle *Pandarus.*

Cre. Hectors a gallant man.

Man. As may be in the world Lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow Vncle *Pandarus.*

Pan. Good morrow Cozen *Creſſid:* what do you talke of? good morrow *Alexander:* how do you Cozen? when were you at Illium?

Cre. This morning Vncle.

Pan. What were you talking of when I came? Was *Hector* arm'd and gon ere yea came to Illium? *Hellen* was not vp? was ſhe?

Cre. Hector was gone but *Hellen* was not vp?

Pan. E'ene ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſaies here.

Pan. True he was ſo; I know the cauſe too, heele lay about him to day I can tell them that, and there's *Troylus* will not come farre behind him, let them take beede of *Troylus;* I can tell them that too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who *Troylus?*
Troylus is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh *Iupiter;* there's no compariſon.

Pan. What not betweene *Troylus* and *Hector?* do you know a man if you ſee him?

Cre. I, if I euer ſaw him before and knew him.

Pan. Well I ſay *Troylus* is *Troylus.*

Cre. Then you ſay as I ſay,
For I am ſure he is not *Hector.*

Pan. No not *Hector* is not *Troylus* in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis iuſt, to each of them he is himſelfe.

Pan. Himſelfe? alas poore *Troylus* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. Condition I had gone bare-foote to India.

Cre. He is not *Hector.*

Pan. Himſelfe? no? hee's not himſelfe, would a were himſelfe: well, the Gods are aboue, time must friend or end: well *Troylus* well, I would my heart were in her body; no, *Hector* is not a better man then *Troylus.*

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th'others not come too't, you ſhall tell me another tale when th'others come too't: *Hector* ſhall not haue his will this yeare.

Cre. He ſhall not neede it if he haue his owne.

Pan. Nor his qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beautie.

Cre. 'Twould not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You haue no iudgement Neece; *Hellen* her ſelfe ſwore th'other day, that *Troylus* for a browne fauour (for ſo 'tis I muſt confeſſe) not browne neither.

Cre. No, but browne.

Pan. Faith to ſay truth, browne and not browne.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion aboue *Paris.*

Cre. Why *Paris* hath colour inough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troylus* ſhould haue too much, if ſhe prais'd him aboue, his complexion is higher then his, he hauing colour

colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion, I had as lieue *Hellens* golden tongue had commended *Troylus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſweare to you,
I thinke *Hellen* loues him better then *Paris*.

Cre. Then ſhee's a merry Greeke indeed.

Pan. Nay I am ſure ſhe does, ſhe came to him th'other day into the compaſt window, and you know he has not paſt three or foure haires on his chinne.

Creſ. Indeed a Tapſters Arithmetique may ſoone bring his particulars therein, to a totall.

Pand. Why he is very yong, and yet will he within three pound liſt as much as his brother *Hector*.

Creſ. Is he is ſo young a man, and ſo old a liſter?

Pan. But to prooue to you that *Hellen* loues him, ſhe came and puts me her white hand to his clouen chin.

Creſ. *Iuno* haue mercy, how came it clouen?

Pan. Why, you know 'tis dimpled,
I thinke his ſmyling becomes him better then any man in all Phrigia.

Cre. Oh he ſmiles valiantly.

Pan. Dooes hee not?

Cre. Oh yes, and 'twere a clow'd in *Autumne*.

Pan. Why go to then, but to proue to you that *Hellen* loues *Troylus*.

Cre. *Troylus* wil ſtand to thee
Proofe, if youle prooue it ſo.

Pan. *Troylus?* why he eſteemes her no more then I eſteeme an addle egge.

Cre. If you loue an addle egge as well as you loue an idle head, you would eate chickens i'th'ſhell.

Pan. I cannot chuſe but laugh to thinke how ſhe tickled his chin, indeed ſhee bas a maruel's white hand I muſt needs confeſſe.

Cre. Without the racke.

Pan. And ſhee takes vpon her to ſpie a white haire on his chinne.

Cre. Alas poore chin? many a wart is richer.

Pand. But there was ſuch laughing, Queene *Hecuba* laught that ber eyes ran ore.

Cre. With Milſtones.

Pan. And *Caſſandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire vnder the pot of her eyes: did her eyes run ore too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pand. Marry at the white haire that *Hellen* ſpied on *Troylus* chin.

Creſ. And t'had beene a greene haire, I ſhould haue laught too.

Pand. They laught not ſo much at the haire, as at his pretty anſwere.

Cre. What was his anſwere?

Pan. Quoth ſhee, heere's hut two and fifty haires on your chinne; and one of tbem is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pand. That's true, make no queſtion of that, two and fiftie haires quoth hee, and one white, that white haire is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sonnes. *Iupiter* quoth ſhe, which of theſe haires is *Paris* my husband? The forked one quoth he, pluckt out and giue it bim: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Hellen* ſo bluſht, and *Paris* ſo chaſt, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now,
For is bas beene a great while going hy.

Pan. Well Cozen,
I told you a thing yeſterday, think on't.

Cre. So I does.

Pand. Ile he ſworne 'tis true, he will weepe you an'twere a man horne in Aprill. *Sound a retreate.*

Creſ. And Ile ſpring vp in his teares, an'twere a nettle againſt May.

Pan. Harke they are comming from the field, ſhal we ſtand vp here and ſee them, as they paſſe toward Illium, good Neece do, ſweet Neece *Creſſida*.

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Heere, heere, here's an excellent place, heere we may ſee moſt brauely, Ile tel you them all by their names, as they paſſe hy, but marke *Troylus* ahoue the reſt.

Enter Æneas.

Cre. Speake not ſo low'd.

Pan. That's *Æneas*, is not that a braue man, hee's one of the flowers of Troy I can you, hut merke *Troylus*, you ſhal ſee anon.

Cre. Who's tbat?

Enter Antenor.

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a ſhrow'd wit I can tell you, and hee's a man good inough, hee's one o'th ſoundeſt iudgement in Troy whoſoeuer, and a proper man of perſon: when comes *Troylus?* Ile ſhew you *Troylus* anon, if hee ſee me, you ſhall ſee him him nod at me.

Cre. Will he giue you the nod?

Pan. You ſhall ſee.

Cre. If he do, the rich ſhall haue, more.

Enter Hector.

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, looke you, that there's a ſellow. Goe thy way *Hector*, there's a braue man Neece, O braue *Hector!* Looke how hee lookes? there's a countenance; iſt not a braue man?

Cre. O braue man!

Pan. Is a not? It dooes a mans heart good, looke you what hacks are on his Helmet, looke you yonder, do you ſee? Looke you there? There's no ieſting, laying on, tak't off, who ill as they ſay, there he hacks.

Cre. Be thoſe with Swords?

Enter Paris.

Pan. Swords, any thing he cares not, and the diuell come to him, it's all one, hy Gods lid it dooes ones heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris:* looke yee yonder Neece, iſt not a gallant man to, iſt not? Why this is braue now: who ſaid he came hurt home to day? Hee's not hurt, why this will do *Hellens* heart good now, ha? Would I could ſee *Troylus* now, you ſhall *Troylus* anon.

Cre. Whoſe that?

Enter Hellenus.

Pan. That's *Hellenus*, I maruell where *Troylus* is, that's *Helenus*, I thinke he went not forth to day: that's *Hellenus*.

Cre. Can *Hellenus* fight Vncle?

Pan. *Hellenus* no: yes heele fight indifferent, well, I maruell where *Troylus* is; harke, do you not haere the people crie *Troylus? Hellenus* is a Prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Enter Trylus.

Pan. Where? Yonder? That's *Dæphobus*. 'Tis *Troylus!* Ther's aman Neece, hem; Braue *Troylus*, the Prince of Chiualrie.

Cre. Peace, for ſhame peace.

Pand. Marke him, not him: O braue *Troylus:* looke well vpon him Neece, looke you how his Sword is bloudied, and his Helme more hackt then *Hectors*, and how he lookes,

lookes, and how he goes. O admirable youth! he ne're ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way *Troylus*, go thy way, bad I a ſiſter were a *Grace*, or a daughter a Goddeſſe, hee ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris? Paris* is durt to him, and I warrant, *Helen* to change, would giue money to boot.

Enter common Souldiers.

Creſ. Heere come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fooles, dolts, chaffe and bran, chaffe and bran; porredge after meat. I could liue and dye i'th'eyes of *Troylus*. Ne're looke, ne're looke; the Eagles are gon, Crowes and Dawes, Crowes and Dawes: I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troylus*, then *Agamemnon* and all Greece.

Creſ. There is among the Greekes *Achilles*, a better man then *Troylus*.

Pan. Achilles? a Dray-man, a Porter, a very Camell.

Creſ. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well? Why haue you any diſcretion? haue you any eyes? Do you know what a man is? Is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood, learning, gentleneſſe, vertue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth: the Spice, and ſalt that ſeaſons a man?

Creſ. I, a minc'd man, and then to be bak'd with no Date in the pye, for then the mans' dates out.

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knowes not at what ward you lye.

Creſ. Vpon my backe, to defend my belly; vpon my wit, to defend my wiles; vppon my ſecrecy, to defend mine honeſty; my Maske, to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe: and at all theſe wardes I lye at, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Creſ. Nay Ile watch you for that, and that's one of the cheefeſt of them too: If I cannot ward what I would not haue hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow, vnleſſe it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it's paſt watching.

Enter Boy.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Boy. Sir, my Lord would inſtantly ſpeake with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your owne houſe.

Pan. Good Boy tell him I come, I doubt he bee hurt. Fare ye well good Neece.

Creſ. Adieu Vnkle.

Pan. Ile be with you Neece by and by.

Creſ. To bring Vnkle.

Pan. I, a token from *Troylus*.

Creſ. By the ſame token, you are a Bawd. *Exit Pand.*
Words, vowes, gifts, teares, & loues full ſacrifice,
He offers in anothers enterpriſe:
But more in *Troylus* thouſand fold I ſee,
Then in the glaſſe of *Pandar's* praiſe may be;
Yet hold I off. Women are Angels wooing,
Things won are done, ioyes ſoule lyes in the dooing:
That ſhe belou'd, knowes nought, that knowes not this;
Men prize the thing vngain'd, more then it is.
That ſhe was neuer yet, that euer knew
Loue got ſo ſweet, as when deſire did ſue:
Therefore this maxime out of loue I teach;
"*Atchieuement, is command; vngain'd, beſeech.*
That though my hearts Contents firme loue doth beare,
Nothing of that ſhall from mine eyes appeare. *Exit.*

Senet. Enter Agamemnon, Neſtor, Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, with others.

Agam. Princes:
What greeſe hath ſet the Iaundies on your cheekes?
The ample propoſition that hope makes
In all deſignes, begun on earth below
Fayles in the promiſt largeneſſe: checkes and diſaſters
Grow in the veines of actions higheſt rear'd.
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap,
Infect the ſound Pine, and diuerts his Graine
Tortiue and erant from his courſe of growth.
Nor Princes, is it matter new to vs,
That we come ſhort of our ſuppoſe ſo farre,
That after ſeuen yeares ſiege, yet Troy walles ſtand,
Sith euery action that hath gone before,
Whereof we haue Record, Triall did draw
Bias and thwart, not anſwering the ayme,
And that vnbodied figure of the thought
That gaue't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then (you Princes)
Do you with cheekes abaſh'd, behold our workes,
And thinke them ſhame, which are (indeed) nought elſe
But the protractiue trials of great Ioue,
To finde perſiſtiue conſtancie in men?
The fineneſſe of which Mettall is not found
In Fortunes loue: for then, the Bold and Coward,
The Wiſe and Foole, the Artiſt and vn-read,
The hard and ſoft, ſeeme all affin'd, and kin.
But in the Winde and Tempeſt of her frowne,
Diſtinction with a lowd and powrefull ſan,
Puffing at all, winnowes the light away;
And what hath maſſe, or matter by it ſelfe,
Lies rich in Vertue, and vnmingled.

Nestor. With due Obſeruance of thy godly ſeat,
Great *Agamemnon*, *Neſtor* ſhall apply
Thy lateſt words.
In the reproofe of Chance,
Lies the true proofe of men: The Sea being ſmooth,
How many ſhallow bauble Boates dare ſaile
Vpon her patient breſt, making their way
With thoſe of Nobler bulke?
But let the Ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon behold
The ſtrong ribb'd Barke through liquid Mountaines cut,
Bounding betweene the two moyſt Elements
Like *Perſeus* Horſe. Where's then the ſawcy Boate,
Whoſe weake vntimber'd ſides but euen now
Co-riual'd Greatneſſe? Either to harbour fled,
Or made a Toſte for Neptune. Euen ſo,
Doth valours ſhew, and valours worth diuide
In ſtormes of Fortune.
For, in her ray and brightneſſe,
The Heard hath more annoyance by the Brieze
Then by the Tyger: But, when the ſplitting winde
Makes flexible the knees of knotted Oakes,
And Flies fled vnder ſhade, why then
The thing of Courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth ſympathize,
And with an accent tun'd in ſelfe-ſame key,
Retyres to chiding Fortune.

Vlyſ. Agamemnon:
Thou great Commander, Nerue, and Bone of Greece,
Heart of our Numbers, ſoule, and onely ſpirit,
In whom the tempers, and the mindes of all
Should be ſhut vp: Heare what *Vlyſſes* ſpeakes,
Beſides the applauſe and approbation
The which moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,

And

And thou moſt reuerend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
I giue to both your ſpeeches: which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of Greece
Should hold vp high in Braſſe: and ſuch againe
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in Siluer)
Should with a bond of ayre, ſtrong as the Axletree
In which the Heauens ride, knit all Greekes eares
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe both
(Thou Great, and Wiſe) to beare *Vlyſſes* ſpeake.

Aga. Speak Prince of *Ithaca*, and be't of leſſe expect:
That matter needleſſe of importleſſe burthen
Diuide thy lips: then we are confident
When ranke *Therſites* opes his Maſticke iawes,
We ſhall heare Muſicke, Wit, and Oracle.

Vlyſ. Troy yet vpon his baſis had bene downe,
And the great *Hectors* ſword had lack'd a Maſter
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpecialty of Rule hath beene neglected;
And looke how many Grecian Tents do ſtand
Hollow vpon this Plaine, ſo many hollow Factions.
When that the Generall is not like the Hiue,
To whom the Forragers ſhall all repaire,
What Hony is expected? Degree being vizarded,
Th'vnworthieſt ſhewes as fairely in the Maske.
The Heauens themſelues, the Planets, and this Center,
Obſerue degree, priority, and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, forme,
Office, and cuſtome, in all line of Order:
And therefore is the glorious Planet Sol
In noble eminence, enthron'd and ſphear'd
Amid'ſt the other, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill Aſpects of Planets euill,
And poſtes like the Command'ment of a King,
Sans checke, to good and bad. But when the Planets
In euill mixture to diſorder wander,
What Plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of Earth?
Commotion in the Windes? Frights, changes, horrors,
Diuert, and cracke, rend and deracinate
The vnity, and married calme of States
Quite from their fixure? O, when Degree is ſhak'd,
(Which is the Ladder to all high deſignes)
The enterprize is ſicke. How could Communities,
Degrees in Schooles, and Brother-hoods in Cities,
Peacefull Commerce from diuidable ſhores,
The primogenitiue, and due of Byrth,
Prerogatiue of Age, Crownes, Scepters, Lawrels,
(But by Degree) ſtand in Authentique place?
Take but Degree away, vn-tune that ſtring,
And hearke what Diſcord followes: each thing meetes
In meere oppugnancie. The bounded Waters,
Should lift their boſomes higher then the Shores,
And make a ſoppe of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecility,
And the rude Sonne ſhould ſtrike his Father dead:
Force ſhould be right, or rather, right and wrong,
(Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre, Iuſtice recides)
Should looſe her names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice too.
Then euery thing includes it ſelfe in Power,
Power into Will, Will into Appetite,
And Appetite (an vniuerſall Wolfe,
So doubly ſeconded with Will, and Powe:)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt, eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon:*
This Chaos, when Degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking:
And this neglection of Degree, is it
That by a pace goes backward in a purpoſe
It hath to climbe. The Generall's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next,
That next, by him beneath: ſo euery ſtep
Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſicke
Of his Superiour, growes to an enuious Feauer
Of pale, and bloodleſſe Emulation.
And 'tis this Feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinewes. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe liues, not in her ſtrength.

Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Vlyſſes* heere diſcouer'd
The Feauer, whereof all our power is ſicke.

Aga. The Nature of the ſickneſſe found (*Vlyſſes*)
What is the remedie?

Vlyſ. The great *Achilles*, whom Opinion crownes,
The ſinew, and the fore-hand of our Hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayery Fame,
Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lyes mocking our deſignes. With him, *Patroclus*,
Vpon a lazie Bed, the liue-long day
Breakes ſcurrill Ieſts,
And with ridiculous and aukward action,
(Which Slanderer, he imitation call's)
He Pageants vs. Sometime great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lies in his Ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heare the woodden Dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretcht footing, and the Scaffolage,
Such to be pittied, and ore-reſted ſeeming
He acts thy Greatneſſe in: and when he ſpeakes,
'Tis like a Chime a mending. With tearmes vnſquar'd,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeemes Hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* (on his preſt-bed lolling)
From his deepe Cheſt, laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent, 'tis *Agamemnon* iuſt.
Now play me *Neſtor*; hum, and ſtroke thy Beard
As he, being dreſt to ſome Oration:
That's done, as neere as the extreameſt ends
Of paralels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife,
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
'Tis *Neſtor* right. Now play him (me) *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-Alarme,
And then (forſooth) the faint defects of Age
Muſt be the Scene of myrth, to cough, and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his Gorget,
Shake in and out the Riuet: and at this ſport
Sir Valour dies; cries, O enough *Patroclus*,
Or, giue me ribs of Steele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my Spleene. And in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Seuerals and generals of grace exact,
Atchieuments, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſſe or loſſe, what is, or is not, ſerues
As ſtuffe for theſe two, to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twaine,
Who (as *Vlyſſes* ſayes) Opinion crownes
With an Imperiall voyce, many are infect:
Aiax is growne ſelfe-will'd, and beares his head
In ſuch a reyne, in full as proud a place
As broad *Achilles*, and keepes his Tent like him;
Makes factious Feaſts, railes on our ſtate of Warre

Bold

Bold as an Oracle, and ſets *Therſites*
A ſlaue, whoſe Gall coines ſlanders like a Mint,
To match vs in compariſons with durt,
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How ranke ſoeuer rounded in with danger.
Vlyſ. They taxe our policy, and call it Cowardice,
Count Wiſedome as no member of the Warre,
Fore-ſtall preſcience, and eſteeme no acte
But that of hand: The ſtill and mentall parts,
That do contriue how many hands ſhall ſtrike
When fitneſſe call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſeruant toyle, the Enemies waight,
Why this hath not a fingers dignity:
They call this Bed-worke, Mapp'ry, Cloſſet-Warre:
So that the Ramme that batters downe the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſſe of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the Engine,
Or thoſe that with the fineneſſe of their ſoules,
By Reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles* horſe
Makes many *Thetis* ſonnes. *Tucket*
Aga. What Trumpet? Looke *Menelaus.*
Men. From Troy. *Enter Æneas.*
Aga. What would you 'fore our Tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnons* Tent, I pray you?
Aga. Euen this.
Æne. May one that is a Herald, and a Prince,
Do a faire meſſage to his Kingly eares?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger then *Achilles* arme,
'Fore all the Greekiſh heads, which with one voyce
Call *Agamemnon* Head and Generall.
Æne. Faire leaue, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt Imperial lookes,
Know them from eyes of other Mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I: I aske, that I migbt waken reuerence,
And on the cheeke be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthfull Phœbus:
Which is that God in office guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This Troyan ſcornes vs, or the men of Troy
Are ceremonious Courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonnaire; vnarm'd,
As hending Angels: that's their Fame, in peace:
But when they would ſeeme Souldiers, they haue galles,
Good armes, ſtrong ioynts, true ſwords, & *Ioues* accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace *Æneas,*
Peace Troyan, lay thy finger on thy lips,
The worthineſſe of praiſe diſtaines his worth:
If that he prais'd himſelfe, bring the praiſe forth.
But what the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blowes, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcēds.
Aga. Sir, you of Troy, call you your ſelfe *Æneas?*
Æne. I Greeke, that is my name.
Aga. What's your affayre I pray you?
Æne. Sir pardon, 'tis for *Agamemnons* eares.
Aga. He heares nought priuatly
That comes from Troy.
Æne. Nor I from Troy come not to whiſper him,
I bring a Trumpet to awake his eare,
To ſet his ſence on the attentiue bent,
And then to ſpeake.
Aga. Speake frankely as the winde,
It is not *Agamemnons* ſleeping houre;
That thou ſhalt know Troyan he is awake,
He tels thee ſo himſelfe.
Æne. Trumpet blow loud,
Send thy Braſſe voyce through all theſe lazie Tents,
And euery Greeke of mettle, let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall he ſpoke alowd.
The Trumpets ſound.
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy,
A Prince calld *Hector, Priam* is his Father:
Who in this dull and long-continew'd Truce
Is ruſty growne. He had me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among'ſt the fayr'ſt of Greece,
That holds his Honor higher then his eaſe,
That ſeekes his praiſe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his Valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Miſtris more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avow her Beauty, and her Worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this Challenge.
Hector, in view of Troyans, and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his heſt to do it.
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did compaſſe in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Midway betweene your Tents, and walles of Troy,
To rowze a Grecian that is true in loue.
If any come, *Hector* ſhal honour him:
If none, hee'l ſay in Troy when he retyres,
The Grecian Dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Lance: Euen ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall he told our Louers Lord *Æneas,*
If none of them haue ſoule in ſuch a kinde,
We left them all at home: But we are Souldiers,
And may that Souldier a meere recreant proue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath, or meanes to be,
That one meets *Hector;* if none elſe, Ile he he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor,* one that was a man
When *Hectors* Grandſire ſuckt: he is old now,
But if there he not in our Grecian mould,
One Nohle man, that hath one ſpark of fire
To anſwer for his Loue; tell him from me,
Ile hide my Siluer heard in a Gold Beauer,
And in my Vanthrace put this wither'd brawne,
And meeting him, wil tel him, that my Lady
Was fayrer then his Grandame, and as chaſte
As may he in the world: his youth in flood,
Ile pawne this truth with my three drops of blood.
Æne. Now heauens forbid ſuch ſcarſitie of youth.
Vlyſ. Amen.
Aga. Faire Lord *Æneas,*
Let me touch your hand:
To our Pauillion ſhal I leade you firſt:
Achilles ſhall haue word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from Tent to Tent:
Your ſelfe ſhall Feaſt with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a Noble Foe. *Exeunt.*
Manet Vlyſſes, and Neſtor.
Vlyſ. Nestor.
Neſt. What ſayes *Vlyſſes?*
Vlyſ. I haue a young conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What is't?
Vlyſſes. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges riue hard knots: the ſeeded Pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp

In

In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding breed a Nurfery of like euil
To ouer-bulke vs all.
Neſt. Wel, and how?
Vlyſ. This challenge that the gallant *Hector* fends,
How euer it is ſpred in general name,
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.
Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous euen as ſubſtance,
Whoſe groſſeneſſe little charracters ſumme vp,
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles*, were his braine as barren
As bankes of Lybia, though (*Apollo* knowes)
'Tis dry enough, wil with great ſpeede of iudgement,
I, with celerity, finde *Hectors* purpoſe
Pointing on him.
Vlyſ. And wake him to the anſwer, thinke you?
Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; who may you elſe oppoſe
That can from *Hector* bring his Honor off,
If not *Achilles*; though't be a ſportfull Combate,
Yet in this triall, much opinion dwels.
For heere the Troyans taſte our deer'ſt repute
With their fin'ſt Pallate: and truſt to me *Vlyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be oddely poiz'd
In this wilde action. For the ſucceſſe
(Although particular) ſhall giue a ſcantling
Of good or bad, vnto the Generall:
And in ſuch Indexes, although ſmall prickes
To their ſubſequent Volumes, there is ſeene
The baby figure of the Gyant-maſſe
Of things to come at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our choyſe;
And choiſe being mutuall acte of all our ſoules,
Makes Merit her election, and doth boyle
As 'twere, from forth vs all: a man diſtill'd
Out of our Vertues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receyues the conqu'ring part
To ſteele a ſtrong opinion to themſelues,
Which entertain'd, Limbes are in his inſtruments,
In no leſſe working, then are Swords and Bowes
Directiue by the Limbes.
Vlyſ. Giue pardon to my ſpeech:
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector:*
Let vs (like Merchants) ſhew our fowleſt Wares,
And thinke perchance they'l fell: If not,
The luſter of the better yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not confent,
That euer *Hector* and *Achilles* meete:
For both our Honour, and our Shame in this,
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange Followers.
Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eies: what are they?
Vlyſ. What glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
(Were he not proud) we all ſhould weare with him:
But be already is too infolent,
And we were better parch in Affricke Sunne,
Then in the pride and ſalt ſcorne of his eyes
Should he ſcape *Hector* faire. If he were foyld,
Why then we did our maine opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry,
And by deuice let blockiſh *Aiax* draw
The fort to fight with *Hector:* Among our ſelues,
Giue him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſicke the great Myrmidon
Who broyles in lowd applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder then blew Iris bends.
If the dull brainleſſe *Aiax* come ſafe off,
Wee'l dreſſe him vp in voyces: if he faile,
Yet go we vnder our opinion ſtill,
That we haue better men. But hit or miſſe,
Our proiects life this ſhape of fence aſſumes,
Aiax imploy'd, pluckes downe *Achilles* Plumes.
Neſt. Now *Vlyſſes*, I begin to relliſh thy aduice,
And I wil giue a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*, go we to him ſtraight:
Two Curres ſhal tame each other, Pride alone
Muſt tarre the Maſtiffes on, as 'twere their bone. *Exeunt.*

Enter Aiax, and Therſites.

Aia. Therſites?
Ther. Agamemnon, how if he had Biles (ful) all ouer generally.
Aia. Therſites?
Ther. And thoſe Byles did runne, ſay ſo; did not the General run, were not that a botchy core?
Aia. Dogge.
Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.
Aia. Thou Bitch-Wolfes-Sonne, canſt ỹ not beare? Feele then. *Strikes him.*
Ther. The plague of Greece vpon thee thou Mungrel beefe-witted Lord.
Aia. Speake then you whinid'ſt leauen ſpeake, I will beate thee into handſomneſſe.
Ther. I ſhal ſooner rayle thee into wit and holineſſe: but I thinke thy Horſe wil ſooner con an Oration, then ỹ learn a prayer without booke: Thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? A red Murren o'th thy Iades trickes.
Aia. Toads ſtoole, learne me the Proclamation.
Ther. Doeſt thou thinke I haue no ſence thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?
Aia. The Proclamation.
Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a foole, I thinke.
Aia. Do not Porpentine, do not; my fingers itch.
Ther. I would thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee, I would make thee the loth-ſom'ſt ſcab in Greece.
Aia. I ſay the Proclamation.
Ther. Thou grumbleſt & raileſt euery houre on *Achilles*, and thou art as ful of enuy at his greatnes, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina's* beauty. I, that thou barkſt at him.
Aia. Miſtreſſe *Therſites.*
Ther. Thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike him.
Aia. Coblofe.
Ther. He would pun thee into ſhiuers with his fiſt, as a Sailor breakes a bisket.
Aia. You horſon Curre. *Ther.* Do, do.
Aia. Thou ſtoole for a Witch.
Ther. I, do, do, thou ſodden-witted Lord: thou haſt no more braine then I haue in mine elbows: An Aſinico may tutor thee. Thou ſcuruy valiant Aſſe, thou art heere but to threſh Troyans, and thou art bought and ſolde among thoſe of any wit, like a Barbarian ſlaue. If thou vſe to beat me, I wil begin at thy heele and tel what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels thou.
Aia. You dogge.
Ther. You ſcuruy Lord.
Aia. You Curre.
Ther. Mars his Ideot: do rudenes, do Camell, do, do.

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Why how now *Aiax?* wherefore do you this? How now *Therſites*? what's the matter man?
Ther. You ſee him there, do you?
Achil. I, what's the matter.
Ther. Nay looke vpon him.
Achil. So I do: what's the matter?

Ther.

Ther. Nay but regard him well.
Achil. Well, why I do ſo.
Ther. But yet you looke not well vpon him: for who ſome euer you take him to be, he is *Aiax.*
Achil. I know that foole.
Ther. I, hut that foole knowes not himſelfe.
Aiax. Therefore I heate thee.
Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what *modicums* of wit he vtters: his euaſions haue eares thus long. I haue hobb'd his Braine more then he has heate my hones: I will buy nine Sparrowes for a peny, and his *Piamater* is not worth the ninth part of a Sparrow. This Lord (*Achilles*) *Aiax* who wears his wit in his belly, and his guttes in his head, Ile tell you what I ſay of him.
Achil. What?
Ther. I ſay this *Aiax*———
Achil. Nay good *Aiax.*
Ther. Has not ſo much wit.
Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.
Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helens* Needle, for whom he comes to fight.
Achil. Peace ſoole.
Ther. I would haue peace and quietnes, but the foole will not: he there, that he, looke you there.
Aiax. O thou damn'd Curre, I ſhall———
Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a Fooles.
Ther. No I warrant you, for a fooles will ſhame it.
Pat. Good words *Therſites.*
Achil. What's the quarrell?
Aiax. I had thee vile Owle, goe learne me the tenure of the Proclamation, and he rayles vpon me.
Ther. I ſerue thee not.
Aiax. Well, go too, go too.
Ther. I ſerue heere voluntary.
Achil. Your laſt ſeruice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary, no man is beaten voluntary: *Aiax* was heere the voluntary and you as vnder an Impreſſe.
Ther. E'ne ſo, a great deale of your wit too lies in your ſinnewes, or elſe there he Liars. *Hector* ſhall haue a great catch, if he knocke out either of your braines, he were as good cracke a fuſtie nut with no kernell.
Achil. What with me to *Therſites*?
Ther. There's *Vlyſſes*, and old *Neſtor*, whoſe Wit was mouldy ere their Grandſires had nails on their toes, yoke you like draft-Oxen, and make you plough vp the warre.
Achil. What? what?
Ther. Yes good ſooth, to *Achilles*, to *Aiax*, to———
Aiax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.
Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeake as much as thou afterwards.
Pat. No more words *Therſites.*
Ther. I will hold my peace when *Achilles* Brooch bids me, ſhall I?
Achil. There's for you *Patroclus.*
Ther. I will fee you hang'd like Clotpoles ere I come any more to your Tents; I will keepe where there is wit ſtirring, and leaue the faction of fooles. *Exit.*
Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry this Sir is proclaim'd through al our hoſt, That *Hector* by the fift houre of the Sunne,
Will with a Trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and Troy
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to Armes,
That hath a ſtomacke, and ſuch a one that dare
Maintaine I know not what: 'tis traſh. Farewell.
Aiax. Farewell? who ſhall anſwer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to Lottry: otherwiſe He knew his man.
Aiax. O meaning you, I wil go learne more of it. *Exit.*
Enter Priam, Hector, Troylus, Paris and Helenus.
Pri. After ſo many houres, liues, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once againe ſayes *Neſtor* from the Greekes,
Deliuer *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſſe of time, trauaile, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what els deere that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this comorant Warre)
Shall he ſtroke off. *Hector*, what ſay you too't.
Hect. Though no man leſſer feares the Greeks then I,
As farre as touches my particular: yet dread *Priam*,
There is no Lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungie, to ſucke in the ſenſe of Feare,
More ready to cry out, who knowes what followes
Then *Hector* is: the wound of peace is furety,
Surety ſecure: but modest Doubt is cal'd
The Beacon of the wiſe: the tent that ſearches
To'th'bottome of the worſt. Let *Helen* go,
Since the firſt ſword was drawne ahout this queſtion,
Euery tythe ſoule 'mongſt many thouſand diſmes,
Hath bin as deere as *Helen:* I meane of ours:
If we haue loſt ſo many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, nor worth to vs
(Had it our name) the valew of one ten;
What merit's in that reaſon which denies
The yeelding of her vp.
Troy. Fie, fie, my Brother;
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread Father) in a Scale
Of common Ounces? Wil you with Counters ſumme
The paſt proportion of his infinite,
And huckle in a waſte moſt fathomleſſe,
With ſpannes and inches ſo diminutiue,
As feares and reaſons? Fie for godly ſhame?
Hel. No maruel though you hite ſo ſharp at reaſons,
You are ſo empty of them, ſhould not our Father
Beare the great ſway of his affayres with reaſons,
Becauſe your ſpeech hath none that tels him ſo.
Troy. You are for dreames & ſlumhers brother Prieſt
You furre your gloues with reaſon: here are your reaſons
You know an enemy intends you harme,
You know, a ſword imploy'd is perillous,
And reaſon flyes the obiect of all harme.
Who maruels then when *Helenus* beholds
A Grecian and his ſword, if he do ſet
The very wings of reaſon to his heeles:
Or like a Starre diſorth'd. Nay, if we talke of Reaſon,
And flye like chidden Mercurie from Ioue,
Let's ſhut our gates and ſleepe: Manhood and Honor
Should haue hard hearts, wold they hut fat their thoghts
With this cramm'd reaſon: reaſon and reſpect,
Makes Liuers pale, and luſtyhood deiect.
Hect. Brother, ſhe is not worth
What ſhe doth coſt the holding.
Troy. What's aught, hut as 'tis valew'd?
Hect. But value dwels not in particular will,
It holds his eſtimate and dignitie
As well, wherein 'tis precious of it ſelfe,
As in the prizer: 'Tis made Idolatrie,
To make the ſeruice greater then the God,
And the will dotes that is inclineahle
To what infectiouſly it ſelfe affects,
Without ſome image of th'affected merit.
Troy. I take to day a Wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;

My Will enkindled by mine eyes and eares,
Two traded Pylots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will, and Iudgement. How may I auoyde
(Although my will diſtaſte what it elected)
The Wife I choſe, there can be no euaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firme by honour.
We turne not backe the Silkes vpon the Merchant
When we haue ſpoyl'd them; nor the remainder Viands
We do not throw in vnreſpectiue ſame,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meete
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the Greekes;
Your breath of full conſent bellied his Sailes,
The Seas and Windes (old Wranglers) tooke a Truce,
And did him ſeruice; he touch'd the Ports deſir'd,
And ſor an old Aunt whom the Greekes held Captiue,
He brought a Grecian Queen, whoſe youth & freſhneſſe
Wrinkles *Apolloes*, and makes ſtale the morning.
Why keepe we her? the Grecians keepe our Aunt:
Is ſhe worth keeping? Why ſhe is a Pearle,
Whoſe price hath launch'd aboue a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd Crown'd Kings to Merchants.
If you'l auouch, 'twas wiſedome *Paris* went,
(As you muſt needs, ſor you all cride, Go, go:)
If you'l confeſſe, he brought home Noble prize,
(As you muſt needs) ſor you all clapt your hands,
And cride ineſtimable; why do you now
The iſſue of your proper Wiſedomes rate,
And do a deed that Fortune neuer did?
Begger the eſtimation which you priz'd,
Richer then Sea and Land? O Theft moſt baſe!
That we haue ſtolne what we do ſeare to keepe.
But Theeues vnworthy of a thing ſo ſtolne,
That in their Country did them that diſgrace,
We ſeare to warrant in our Natiue place.

Enter Caſſandra with her haire about her eares.

Caſ. Cry *Troyans*, cry.
Priam. What noyſe? what ſhreeke is this?
Troy. 'Tis our mad ſiſter, I do know her voyce.
Caſ. Cry Troyans.
Hect. It is *Caſſandra.*
Caſ. Cry Troyans cry; lend me ten thouſand eyes,
And I will fill them with Propheticke teares.
Hect. Peace ſiſter, peace.
Caſ. Virgins, and Boyes; mid-age & wrinkled old,
Soft infancie, that nothing can but cry,
Adde to my clamour: let vs pay betimes
A moity of that maſſe of moane to come.
Cry Troyans cry, practiſe your eyes with teares,
Troy muſt not be, nor goodly Illion ſtand,
Our fire-brand Brother *Paris* burnes vs all.
Cry Troyans cry, a *Helen* and a woe;
Cry, cry, Troy burnes, or elſe let *Helen* goe. *Exit.*
Hect. Now youthfull *Troylus*, do not theſe hie ſtrains
Of diuination in our Siſter, worke
Some touches of remorſe? Or is your bloud
So madly hot, that no diſcourſe of reaſon,
Nor ſeare of bad ſucceſſe in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?
Troy. Why Brother *Hector*,
We may not thinke the iuſtneſſe of each acte
Such, and no other then euent doth forme it,
Nor once deiect the courage of our mindes;
Becauſe *Caſſandra's* mad, her brainſicke raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſſe of a quarrell,
Which hath our ſeuerall Honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my priuate part,
I am no more touch'd, then all *Priams* ſonnes,
And Ioue forbid there ſhould be done among'ſt vs
Such things as might offend the weakeſt ſpleene,
To fight for, and maintaine.
Par. Elſe might the world conuince of leuitie,
As well my vnder-takings as your counſels:
But I atteſt the gods, your full conſent
Gaue wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All ſeares attending on ſo dire a proiect.
For what (alas) can theſe my ſingle armes?
What propugnation is in one mans valour
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrell would excite? Yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſſe the difficulties,
And had as ample power, as I haue will,
Paris ſhould ne're retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuite.
Pri. Paris, you ſpeake
Like one he-ſotted on your ſweet delights;
You haue the Hony ſtill, but theſe the Gall,
So to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.
Par. Sir, I propoſe not meerely to my ſelſe,
The pleaſures ſuch a beauty brings with it:
But I would haue the ſoyle of her faire Rape
Wip'd off in honourable keeping her.
What Treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queene,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliuer her poſſeſsion vp
On termes of baſe compulſion? Can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtraine as this,
Should once ſet ſooting in your generous boſomes?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our partie,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: nor none ſo Noble,
Whoſe liſe were ill heſtow'd, or death vnſam'd,
Where *Helen* is the ſubiect. Then (I ſay)
Well may we fight for her, whom we know well,
The worlds large ſpaces cannot paralell.
Hect. Paris and *Troylus*, you haue both ſaid well:
And on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand,
Haue gloz'd, but ſuperficially; not much
Vnlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought
Vnfit to heare Morall Philoſophie.
The Reaſons you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemp'red blood,
Then to make vp a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: For pleaſure, and reuenge,
Haue eares more deafe then Adders, to the voyce
Of any true deciſion. Nature craues
All dues be rendred to their Owners: now
What neerer debt in all humanity,
Then Wife is to the Husband? If this law
Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great mindes of partiall indulgence,
To their benummed wills reſiſt the ſame,
There is a Law in each well-ordred Nation,
To curbe thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractorie.
If *Helen* then be wife to Sparta's King
(As it is knowne ſhe is) theſe Morall Lawes
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeake alowd
To haue her backe return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heauie. *Hectors* opinion

Is this in way of truth: yet nere the leſſe,
My ſpritely brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keepe *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no meane dependance,
Vpon our ioynt and ſeuerall dignities.

Tro. Why? there you toucht the life of our deſigne:
Were it not glory that we more affected,
Then the performance of our heauing ſpleenes,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Troian* blood,
Spent more in her defence. But worthy *Hector*,
She is a theame of honour and renowne,
A ſpurre to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beate downe our foes,
And fame in time to come canonize vs.
For I preſume braue *Hector* would not looſe
So rich aduantage of a promiſ'd glory,
As ſmiles vpon the fore-head of this action,
For the wide worlds reuenew.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant off-ſpring of great *Priamus*,
I haue a roiſting challenge ſent among'ſt
The dull and factious nobles of the Greekes,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits,
I was aduertiz'd, their Great generall ſlept,
Whil'ſt emulation in the armie crept:
This I preſume will wake him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

How now *Therſites?* what loſt in the Labyrinth of thy furie? ſhall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy ſatisfaction, would it were otherwiſe: that I could beate him, whil'ſt he rail'd at me: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raiſe Diuels, but Ile ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare Enginer. If *Troy* be not taken till theſe two vndermine it, the wals will ſtand till they fall of themſelues. O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the King of gods: and *Mercury*, looſe all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if thou take not that little little leſſe then little wit from them that they haue, which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelfe knowes, is ſo abundant ſcarſe, it will not in circumuention deliuer a Flye from a Spider, without drawing the maſſie Irons and cutting the web: after this, the vengeance on the whole Camp, or rather the bone-ach, for that me thinkes is the curſe dependant on thoſe that warre for a placket. I haue ſaid my prayers and diuell, enuie, ſay Amen: What bo? my Lord *Achilles?*

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites.* Good *Therſites* come in and raile.

Ther. If I could haue remembred a guilt counterfeit, thou would'ſt not haue ſlipt out of my contemplation, but it is no matter, thy ſelfe vpon thy ſelfe. The common curſe of mankinde, follie and ignorance be thine in great reuenew; heauen bleſſe thee from a Tutor, and Diſcipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death, then if ſhe that laies thee out ſayes thou art a faire coarſe, Ile be ſworne and ſworne vpon't ſhe neuer ſhrowded any but Lazars, Amen. Wher's *Achilles?*

Patr. What art thou deuout? waſt thou in a prayer?

Ther. I, the heauens heare me.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. Therſites, my Lord.

Achil. Where, where, art thou come? why my cheeſe, my digeſtion, why haſt thou not ſeru'd thy ſelfe into my Table, ſo many meales? Come, what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy Commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy Lord *Therſites:* then tell me I pray thee, what's thy ſelfe?

Ther. Thy knower *Patroclus:* then tell me *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou maiſt tell that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile declin the whole queſtion: *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* knower, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Patro. You raſcall.

Ter. Peace foole, I haue not done.

Achil. He is a priuiledg'd man, proceede *Therſites.*

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole, *Achilles* is a foole, *Therſites* is a foole, and as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. Agamemnon is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded of *Agamemon*, *Therſites* is a foole to ſerue ſuch a foole: and *Patroclus* is a foole poſitiue.

Patr. Why am I a foole?

Enter Agamemnon, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Aiax, and Chalcas.

Ther. Make that demand to the Creator, it ſuffiſes me thou art. Looke you, who comes here?

Achil. Patroclus, Ile ſpeake with no body: come in with me *Therſites.* *Exit.*

Ther. Here is ſuch patcherie, ſuch iugling, and ſuch knauerie: all the argument is a Cuckold and a Whore, a good quarrel to draw emulations, factions, and bleede to deatb vpon: Now the dry Suppeago on the Subiect, and Warre and Lecherie confound all.

Agam. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill diſpoſ'd my Lord.

Agam. Let it be knowne to him that we are here:
He ſent our Meſſengers, and we lay by
Our appertainments, viſiting of him:
Let him be told of, ſo perchance he thinke
We dare not moue the queſtion of our place,
Or know not what we are.

Pat. I ſhall ſo ſay to him.

Vlif. We ſaw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not ſicke.

Aia. Yes, Lyon ſicke, ſicke of proud heart; you may call it Melancholly if will fauour the man, but by my head, it is pride; but why, why, let him ſhow vs the cauſe? A word my Lord.

Nef. What moues *Aiax* thus to bay at him?

Vlif. Achillis hath inueigled his Foole from him.

Nef. Who, *Therſites?*

Vlif. He.

Nef. Then will *Aiax* lacke matter, if he haue loſt his Argument.

Vlif. No, you ſee be is bis argument that has his argument *Achilles.*

Nef. All the better, their fraction is more our wiſh then their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſell that a Foole could diſunite.

Vlif. The amitie that wiſedome knits, not folly may eaſily vntie. *Enter Patroclus.*

Here

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſ. No *Achilles* with him?

Vliſ. The Elephant hath ioynts, but none for curteſie: His legge are legs for neceſſitie, not for ſlight.

Patro. Achilles hids me ſay he is much ſorry: If any thing more then your ſport and pleaſure, Did moue your greatneſſe, and this nohle State, To call vpon him; he hopes it is no other, But for your health, and your digeſtion ſake; An after Dinners breath.

Aga. Heare you *Patroclus:* We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers: But his euaſion winged thus ſwift with ſcorne, Cannot outflye our apprehenſions. Much attribute he hath, and much the reaſon, Why we aſcribe it to him, yet all his vertues, Not vertuouſly of his owne part heheld, Doe in our eyes, hegin to looſe their gloſſe; Yea, and like faire Fruit in an vnholdſome diſh, Are like to rot vntaſted: goe and tell him, We came to ſpeake with him; and you ſhall not ſinne, If you doe ſay, we thinke him ouer proud, And vnder honeſt; in ſelſe-aſſumption greater Then in the note of iudgement: & worthier then himſelſe Here tends the ſauage ſtrangeneſſe he puts on, Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command: And vnder write in an ohſeruing kinde His humorous predominance, yea watch His pettiſh lines, his ebs, his flowes, as if The paſſage and whole carriage of this action Rode on his tyde. Goe tell him this, and adde, That if he ouerhold his price ſo much, Weele none of him; hut let him, like an Engin Not portahle, lye vnder this report. Bring action hither, this cannot goe to warre: A ſtirring Dwarfe, we doe allowance giue, Before a ſleeping Gyant: tell him ſo.

Pat. I ſhall, and hring his anſwere preſently.

Aga. In ſecond voyce weele not he ſatisfied, We come to ſpeake with him, *Vliſſes* enter you.

Exit Vliſſes.

Aiax. What is he more then another?

Aga. No more then what he thinkes he is.

Aia. Is he ſo much, doe you not thinke, he thinkes himſelſe a hetter man then I am?

Ag. No queſtion.

Aiax. Will you ſuhſcrihe his thought, and ſay he is?

Ag. No, Nohle *Aiax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſſe noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractahle.

Aiax. Why ſhould a man he proud? How doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your minde is the cleerer *Aiax*, and your vertues the fairer; he that is proud, eates vp himſelſe; Pride is his owne Glaſſe, his owne trumpet, his owne Chronicle, and what euer praiſes it ſelſe hut in the deede, deuoures the deede in the praiſe.

Enter Vlyſſes.

Aiax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the ingendring of Toades.

Neſt. Yet he loues himſelſe: is't not ſtrange?

Vliſ. Achilles will not to the field to morrow.

Ag. What's his excuſe?

Vliſ. He doth relye on none, But carries on the ſtreame of his diſpoſe, Without ohſeruance or reſpect of any, In will peculiar, and in ſelſe admiſſion.

Aga. Why, will he not vpon our faire requeſt, Vntent his perſon, and ſhare the ayre with vs?

Vliſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſts ſake onely He makes important; poſſeſt he is with greatneſſe, And ſpeakes not to himſelſe, hut with a pride That quarrels at ſelſe-hreath. Imagin'd wroth Holds in his bloud ſuch ſwolne and bot diſcourſe, That twixt bis mentall and his actiue parts, Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages, And hatters gainſt it ſelſe; what ſhould I ſay? He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death tokens of it, Cry no recouery.

Ag. Let *Aiax* goe to him. Deare Lord, goe you and greete him in his Tent; 'Tis ſaid he holds you well, and will he led At your requeſt a little from himſelſe.

Vliſ. O *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo. Weele conſecrate the ſteps that *Aiax* makes, When they goe from *Achilles;* ſhall the proud Lord, That haſtes his arrogance with his owne ſeame, And neuer ſuffers matter of the world, Enter his thoughts: ſaue ſuch as doe reuolue And ruminate himſelſe. Shall he be worſhipt, Of that we hold an Idoll, more then hee? No, this thrice worthy and right valiant Lord, Muſt not ſo ſtaule his Palme, nohly acquir'd, Nor hy my will aſſuhiugate his merit, As amply titled as *Achilles* is: by going to *Achilles*, That were to enlard his ſat already, pride, And adde more Coles to Cancer, when he hurnes With entertaining great *Hiperion.* This L.goe to him? *Iupiter* forhid, And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* goe to him.

Neſt. O this is well, he ruhs the veine of bim.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinkes vp this applauſe.

Aia. If I goe to him, with my armed fiſt, Ile paſh him ore the face.

Ag. O no, you ſhall not goe.

Aia. And a be proud with me, ile pheſe his pride: let me goe to him.

Vliſ. Not for the worth that hangs vpon our quarrel.

Aia. A paultry inſolent fellow.

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelſe.

Aia. Can he not be ſociahle?

Vliſ. The Rauen chides blackneſſe.

Aia. Ile let his humours hloud.

Ag. He will he the Phyſitian that ſhould be the patient.

Aia. And all men were a my minde.

Vliſ. Wit would he out of faſhion.

Aia. A ſhould not heare it ſo, a ſhould eate Swords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. And 'twould, you'ld carry halfe.

Vliſ. A would haue ten ſhares.

Aia. I will knede him, Ile make him ſupple, hee's not yet through warme.

Neſt. Force him with praiſes, poure in, poure in: bis ambition is dry.

Vliſ. My L. you ſeede too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble Generall, doe not doe ſo.

Diom. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Vliſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harme. Here is a man, hut 'tis hefore his face, I will he ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?

He

He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Vliſ. 'Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Aia. A horſon dog, tbat ſhal palter thus with vs, would be were a *Troian.*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Aiax* now———

Vliſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or couetous of praiſe.

Vliſ. I, or ſurley horne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelfe affected.

Vl. Thank the heauens L. thou art of ſweet compoſure;
Praiſe him that got thee, ſhe that gaue thee ſucke:
Fame he thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy armes to fight,
Let *Mars* deuide Eternity in twaine,
And giue him halfe, and for thy vigour,
Bull-hearing *Milo:* his addition yeelde
To ſinnowie *Aiax:* I will not praiſe thy wiſdome,
Which like a bourne, a pale, a ſhore confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts; here's *Neſtor*
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times:
He muſt, he is, he cannot but he wiſe.
But pardon Father *Neſtor*, were your dayes
As greene as *Aiax* and your braine ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not haue the eminence of him,
But be as *Aiax.*

Aia. Shall I call you Father?

Vliſ. I my good Sonne.

Dio. Be rul'd by him Lord *Aiax.*

Vliſ. There is no tarrying here the Hart *Achilles*
Keepes thicker: pleaſe it our Generall,
To call together all his ſtate of warre,
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*; to morrow
We muſt with all our maine of power ſtand faſt:
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flowre, *Aiax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Ag. Goe we to Counſaile, let *Achilles* ſleepe;
Light Botes may ſaile ſwift, though greater hulkes draw deepe. *Exeunt.* *Muſicke ſounds within.*

Enter Pandarus and a Seruant.

Pan. Friend, you, pray you a word: Doe not you follow the yong Lord *Paris?*

Ser. I ſir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You depend vpon him I meane?

Ser. Sir, I doe depend vpon the Lord.

Pan. You depend vpon a noble Gentleman: I muſt needes praiſe him.

Ser. The Lord be praiſed.

Pa. You know me, doe you not?

Ser. Faith ſir, ſuperficially.

Pa. Friend know me better, I am the Lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope I ſhall know your honour better.

Pa. I doe deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of Grace?

Pa. Grace, not ſo friend, honor and Lordſhip are my title: What Muſique is this?

Ser. I doe but partly know ſir: it is Muſicke in parts.

Pa. Know you the Muſitians.

Ser. Wholly ſir.

Pa. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers ſir.

Pa. At whoſe pleaſure friend?

Ser. At mine ſir, and theirs that loue Muſicke.

Pa. Command, I meane friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command ſir?

Pa. Friend, we vnderſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt doe theſe men play?

Ser. That's too't indeede ſir: marry ſir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my L. who's there in perſon; with him the mortall *Venus*, the heart bloud of beauty, loues inuiſible ſoule.

Pa. Who? my Coſin *Creſſida.*

Ser. No ſir, *Helen*, could you not finde out tbat by her attributes?

Pa. It ſhould ſeeme ſellow, that thou haſt not ſeen tbe Lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeake with *Paris* from the Prince *Troylus:* I will make a complementall aſſault vpon him, for my buſineſſe ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſſe, there's a ſtewed pbraſe indeede.

Enter Paris and Helena.

Pan. Faire be to you my Lord, and to all this faire company: faire deſires in all faire meaſure fairely guide them, eſpecially to you faire Queene, faire thoughts be your faire pillow.

Hel. Deere L. you are full of faire words.

Pan. You ſpeake your faire pleaſure ſweete Queene: faire Prince, here is good broken Muſicke.

Par. You haue broke it cozen: and by my life you ſhall make it whole againe, you ſhall peece it out with a peece of your perſormance. *Nel*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truely Lady no.

Hel. O ſir.

Pan. Rude in ſooth, in good ſooth very rude.

Paris. Well ſaid my Lord: well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I haue buſineſſe to my Lord, deere Queene: my Lord will you vouchſafe me a word.

Hel. Nay, this ſhall not hedge vs out, weele heare you ſing certainely.

Pan. Well ſweete Queene you are pleaſant witb me, but, marry thus my Lord, my deere Lord, and moſt eſteemed friend your brother *Troylus.*

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus*, hony ſweete Lord.

Pan. Go too ſweete Queene, goe to.
Commends himſelfe moſt affectionately to you.

Hel. You ſhall not hoh vs out of our melody:
If you doe, our melancbolly vpon your head.

Pan. Sweete Queene, ſweete Queene, that's a ſweete Queene I faith———

Hel. And to make a ſweet Lady ſad, is a ſower offence.

Pan. Nay, that ſhall not ſerue your turne, that ſhall it not in truth la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no. And my Lord he deſires you, that if the King call for him at Supper, you will make his excuſe.

Hel. My Lord *Pandarus?*

Pan. What ſaies my ſweete Queene, my very, very ſweete Queene?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Hel. Nay but my Lord?

Pan. Wbat ſaies my ſweete Queene? my cozen will fall out with you.

Hel. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. With my diſpoſer *Creſsida.*

Pan. No, no; no ſuch matter, you are wide, come your diſpoſer is ſicke.

Par. Well, Ile make excuſe.

Pan. I good my Lord: why ſhould you ſay *Creſsida?* no, your poore diſpoſer's ſicke.

Par. I ſpie.

Pan. You

Pan. You ſpie, what doe you ſpie: come, giue me an Inſtrument now ſweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindely done?

Pan. My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you baue ſweete Queene.

Hel. She ſhall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

Pand. Hee? no, ſheele none of him, they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile beare no more of this, Ile ſing you a ſong now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth ſweet Lord thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy ſong be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al. Oh *Cupid*, *Cupid*, *Cupid*.

Pan. Loue? I that it ſhall yfaith.

Par. I, good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins ſo.

Loue, loue, nothing but loue, ſtill more:
For O loues Bow,
Shootes Bucke and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe Louers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which ſeemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue liues ſtill,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha—hey ho.

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the noſe.

Par. He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot bloud, and hot bloud begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot bloud, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?
Sweete Lord whoſe a field to day?

Par. *Hector*, *Deiphœbus*, *Helenus*, *Anthenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine baue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it ſo.
How chance my brother *Troylus* went not?

Hel. He hangs the lippe at ſomething; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

Pan. Not I hony ſweete Queene: I long to heare how they ſped to day:
Youle remember your brothers excuſe?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell ſweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Neece.

Pan. I will ſweete Queene. *Sound a retreat.*

Par. They're come from fielde: let vs to *Priams* Hall
To greete the Warriers. Sweet *Hellen*, I muſt woe you,
To helpe vnarme our *Hector:* his ſtubborne Buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele,
Or force of Greekiſh ſinewes: you ſhall doe more
Then all the Iland Kings, diſarme great *Hector*.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his ſeruant *Paris:*
Yea what he ſhall receiue of vs in duetie,
Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:
Yea ouerſhines our ſelfe.
Sweete aboue thought I loue thee. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Troylus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maiſter, at my Couzen *Creſsidas?*

Man. No ſir, he ſtayes for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troylus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you ſeene my Couſin?

Troy. No *Pandarus:* I ſtalke about her doore
Like a ſtrange ſoule vpon the Stigian bankes
Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,
And giue me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſeruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupids* ſhoulder plucke his painted wings,
And flye with me to *Creſsid*.

Pan. Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her ſtraight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy: expectation whirles me round,
Th'imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweete,
That it inchants my ſence: what will it be
When that the watry pallats taſte indeede
Loues thrice reputed Nectar? Death I feare me
Sounding diſtruction, or ſome ioy too fine,
Too ſubtile, potent, and too ſharpe in ſweetneſſe,
For the capacitie of my ruder powers;
I feare it much, and I doe feare beſides,
That I ſhall looſe diſtinction in my ioyes,
As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes
The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

Pan. Shee's making her ready, ſheele come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now, ſhe does ſo bluſh, & fetches her winde ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: Ile fetch her; it is the prettieſt villaine, ſhe fetches her breath ſo ſhort as a new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

Troy. Euen ſuch a paſſion doth imbrace my boſome:
My heart beates thicker then a feauorous pulſe,
And all my powers doe their beſtowing looſe,
Like vaſſalage at vnawares encountring
The eye of Maieſtie.

Enter Pandarus and Creſsida.

Pan. Come, come, what needs you bluſh?
Shames a babie; here ſhe is now, ſweare the oathes now to her, that you haue ſworne to me. What are you gone againe, you muſt be watcht ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw backward weele put you i'th fils: why doe you not ſpeak to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's ſee your picture. Alaſſe the day, how loath you are to offend day light? and 'twere darke you'ld cloſe ſooner: So, ſo, rub on, and kiſſe the miſtreſſe; how now, a kiſſe in fee-farme? build there Carpenter, the ayre is ſweete. Nay, you ſhall fight your hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but ſheele bereaue you 'o'th deeds too, if ſhee call your actiuity in queſtion: what billing againe? here's in witneſſe whereof the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go get a fire?

Cref. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O *Creſsida*, how often haue I wiſht me thus?

Cref. Wiſht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What ſhould they grant? what makes this pretty abruption: what too curious dreg eſpies my ſweete Lady in the fountaine of our loue?

Cref. More

Creſ. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.
Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer ſee truely.
Creſ. Blinde feare, that ſeeing reaſon leads, findes safe footing, then blinde reaſon, ſtumbling without feare: to feare the worſt, oft cures the worſe.
Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,
In all *Cupids* Pageant there is preſented no monſter.
Creſ. Not nothing monſtrous neither?
Troy. Nothing but our vndertakings, when we vowe to weepe ſeas, liue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; thinking it harder for our Miſtreſſe to deuiſe impoſition inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie impoſed. This is the monſtruoſitie in loue Lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the deſire is boundleſſe, and the act a ſlaue to limit.
Creſ. They ſay all Louers ſweare more performance then they are able, and yet reſerue an ability that they neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten; and diſcharging leſſe then the tenth part of one. They that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are they not Monſters?
Troy. Are there ſuch? ſuch are not we: Praiſe vs as we are taſted, allow vs as we proue: our head ſhall goe bare till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerſion ſhall haue a praiſe in preſent: wee will not name deſert before his birth, and being borne his addition ſhall be humble: few words to faire faith. *Troylus* ſhall be ſuch to *Creſſid*, as what enuie can ſay worſt, ſhall be a mocke for his truth; and what truth can ſpeake trueſt, not truer then *Troylus*.
Creſ. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus,

Pan. What bluſhing ſtill? haue you not done talking yet?
Creſ. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.
Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he ſlinch, chide me for it.
Tro. You know now your hoſtages: your Vnckles word and my firme faith.
Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred though they be long ere they are wooed, they are conſtant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le ſticke where they are throwne.
Creſ. Boldneſſe comes to mee now, and brings mee heart: Prince *Troylus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for many weary moneths.
Troy. Why was my *Creſsid* then ſo hard to win?
Creſ. Hard to ſeeme won: but I was won my Lord
With the firſt glance; that euer pardon me,
If I confeſſe much you will play the tyrant:
I loue you now, but not till now ſo much
But I might maiſter it: infaith I lye:
My thoughts were like vnbrideled children grow
Too head-ſtrong for their mother: ſee we fooles,
Why haue I blab'd: who ſhall be true to vs
When we are ſo vnſecret to our ſelues?
But though I lou'd you well, I woed you not,
And yet good faith I wiſht my ſelfe a man;
Or that we women had mens priuiledge
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeake
The thing I ſhall repent: ſee, ſee, your ſilence
Comming in dumbneſſe, from my weakeneſſe drawes
My ſoule of counſell from me. Stop my mouth.
Troy. And ſhall, albeit ſweete Muſicke iſſues thence.
Pan. Pretty yfaith.
Creſ. My Lord, I doe beſeech you pardon me,
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſſe:
I am aſham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done!
For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.
Troy. Your leaue ſweete *Creſſid?*
Pan. Leaue: and you take leaue till to morrow morning.
Creſ. Pray you content you.
Troy. What offends you Lady?
Creſ. Sir, mine owne company.
Troy. You cannot ſhun your ſelfe.
Creſ. Let me goe and try:
I haue a kinde of ſelfe recides with you:
But an vnkinde ſelfe, that it ſelfe will leaue,
To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?
I would he gone: I ſpeake I know not what.
Troy. Well know they what they ſpeake, that ſpeakes ſo wiſely.
Cre. Perchance my Lord, I ſhew more craft then loue,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you loue not: for to be wiſe and loue,
Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboue.
Troy. O that I thought it could he in a woman:
As if it can, I will preſume in you,
To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.
To keepe her conſtancie in plight and youth,
Out-liuing beauties outward, with a minde
That doth renew ſwifter then blood decaies:
Or that perſwaſion could but thus conuince me,
That my integritie and truth to you,
Might he affronted with the match and waight
Of ſuch a winnowed puriritie in loue:
How were I then vp-lifted! but alas,
I am as true, as truths ſimplicitie,
And ſimpler then the infancie of truth.
Creſ. In that Ile warre with you.
Troy. O vertuous fight,
When right with right wars who ſhall be moſt right:
True ſwaines in loue, ſhall in the world to come
Approue their truths by *Troylus*, when their rimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath and big compare;
Wants ſimiles, truth tir'd with iteration,
As true as ſteele, as plantage to the Moone:
As Sunne to day: as Turtle to her mate:
As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center;
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truths authenticke author to be cited)
As true as *Troylus*, ſhall crowne vp the Verſe,
And fanctifie the numbers.
Creſ. Prophet may you he:
If I he falſe, or ſwerue a haire from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelfe:
When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy;*
And blinde obliuion ſwallow'd Cities vp;
And mightie States characterleſſe are grated
To duſtie nothing; yet let memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe Maids in loue,
Vphraid my falſehood, when they'aue ſaid as falſe,
As Aire, as Water, as Winde, as ſandie earth;
As Foxe to Lambe; as Wolfe to Heifers Calfe;
Pard to the Hinde, or Stepdame to her Sonne;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſticke the heart of falſehood,

As

As falſe as *Creſſid.*

Pand. Go too, a bargaine made: ſeale it, ſeale it, Ile be the witneſſe here I hold your hand: here my Couſins, if euer you proue falſe one to another, ſince I haue taken ſuch paines to bring you together, let all pittifull goers betweene be cal'd to the worlds end after my name: call them all Panders; let all conſtant men be *Troyluſſes*, all falſe women *Creſſids*, and all brokers betweene, Panders: ſay, Amen.

Troy. Amen.

Cref. Amen.

Pan. Amen.

Whereupon I will ſhew you a Chamber, which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeake of your prettie encounters, preſſe it to death: away.

And *Cupid* grant all tong-tide Maidens beere,
Bed, Chamber, and Pander, to prouide this geere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vlyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Agamemnon, Menelaus and Chalcas. Floriſh.

Cal. Now Princes for the ſeruice I haue done you,
Th' aduantage of the time promps me aloud,
To call for recompence: appeare it to your minde,
That through the fight I beare in things to loue,
I haue abandon'd Troy, left my poſſeſſion,
Incur'd a Traitors name, expoſ'd my ſelfe,
From certaine and poſſeſt conueniences,
To doubtfull fortunes, ſequeſtring from me all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtome and condition,
Made tame, and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here to doe you ſeruice am become,
As new into the world, ſtrange, vnacquainted.
I doe beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To giue me now a little benefit:
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which you ſay, liue to come in my behalfe.

Agam. What would'ſt tbou of vs Troian? make demand?

Cal. You haue a Troian priſoner, cal'd *Anthenor*,
Yeſterday tooke: Troy holds him very deere.
Oft haue you (often haue you, thankes therefore)
Deſir'd my *Creſſid* in right great exchange.
Whom Troy hath ſtill deni'd: but this *Anthenor*,
I know is ſuch a wreſt in their affaires;
That their negotiations all muſt ſlacke,
Wanting his mannage: and they will almoſt,
Giue vs a Prince of blood, a Sonne of *Priam*,
In change of him. Let him be ſent great Princes,
And he ſhall buy my Daughter: and her prefence,
Shall quite ſtrike off all ſeruice I baue done,
In moſt accepted paine.

Aga. Let *Diomedes* beare him,
And bring vs *Creſſid* hither: *Calcas* ſhall haue
What he requeſts of vs: good *Diomed*
Furniſh you fairely for this enterchange;
Withall bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be anſwer'd in his challenge. *Aiax* is ready.

Dio. This ſhall I vndertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to beare. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus *in their Tent.*

Vlif. Achilles ſtands i'th entrance of his Tent;
Pleaſe it our Generall to paſſe ſtrangely by him,
As if he were forgot: and Princes all,
Lay negligent and looſe regard vpon him;
I will come laſt, 'tis like heele queſtion me,
Why ſuch vnplauſiue eyes are bent? why turn'd on him?
If ſo, I haue deriſion medicinable,
To vſe betweene your ſtrangeneſſe and his pride,
Which his owne will ſhall haue deſire to drinke;
It may doe good, pride hath no other glaſſe
To ſhow it ſelfe, but pride: for ſupple knees,
Feede arrogance, and are the proud mans fees.

Agam. Weele execute your purpoſe, and put on
A forme of ſtrangeneſſe as we paſſe along,
So doe each Lord, and either greete bim not,
Or elſe diſdainfully, which ſhall ſhake him more,
Then if not lookt on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What comes the Generall to ſpeake with me?
You know my minde, Ile fight no more 'gainſt Troy.

Aga. What ſaies *Achilles*, would he ought with vs?

Nef. Would you my Lord ought witb the Generall?

Achil. No.

Nef. Nothing my Lord.

Aga. The better.

Achil. Good day, good day.

Men. How doe you? how doe you?

Achi. What, do's the Cuckold ſcorne me?

Aiax. How now *Patroclus?*

Achil. Good morrow *Aiax?*

Aiax. Ha.

Achil. Good morrow.

Aiax. I, and good next day too. *Exeunt.*

Achil. What meane tbeſe fellowes? know they not *Achilles?*

Patr. They paſſe by ſtrangely: they were vſ'd to bend
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles:*
To come as humbly as they vs'd to creepe to boly Altars.

Achil. What am I poore of late?
'Tis certaine, greatneſſe once falne out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoone reade in the eyes of others,
As feele in his owne fall: for men like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealie wings, but to the Summer:
And not a man for being ſimply man,
Hath any honour; but bonour'd for thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, and ſauour,
Prizes of accident, as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, as being ſlippery ſtanders;
The loue that leand on them as ſlippery too,
Doth one plucke downe another, and together
Dye in the fall. But 'tis not ſo with me;
Fortune and I are friends, I doe enioy
At ample point, all that I did poſſeſſe,
Saue thefe mens lookes: who do me thinkes finde out
Sometbing not wortb in me ſuch rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vliſſes,*
Ile interrupt his reading: how now *Vliſſes?*

Vlif. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vlif. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that man, how dearely euer parted,
How much in hauing, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to haue that which he hath;
Nor feeles not what he owes, but by reflection:
As when his vertues ſhining vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate again
To the firſt giuer.

Achil. This is not ſtrange *Vliſſes:*
The beautie that is borne here in tbe face,
The bearer knowes not, but commends it ſelfe,
Not going from it ſelfe: but eye to eye oppos'd,

Salutes

Salutes each other witb each others forme.
For ſpeculation turnes not to it ſelfe,
Till it hath trauail'd, and is married there
Where it may ſee it ſelfe: this is not ſtrange at all.
Vliſ. I doe not ſtraine it at the poſition,
It is familiar; but at the Authors drift,
Who in his circumſtance, expreſly proues
That no may is the Lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there is much conſiſting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himſelfe know them for ougbt,
Till he behold them formed in th'applauſe,
Where they are extended: who like an arch reuerb'rate
The voyce againe; or like a gate of ſteele,
Fronting tbe Sunne, receiues and renders backe
His figure, and bis heate. I was much rapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately:
The vnknowne *Aiax*;
Heauens what a man is there? a very Horſe, (are.
That has he knowes not what. Nature, what tbings there
Moſt abiect in regard, and deare in vſe.
What things againe moſt deere in the eſteeme,
And poore in worth: now ſhall we ſee to morrow,
An act that very chance doth throw vpon him?
Aiax renown'd? O heauens, what ſome men doe,
While ſome men leaue to doe!
How ſome men creepe in skittish fortunes ball,
Whiles others play the Ideots in her eyes:
How one man eates into anothers pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſſe
To ſee theſe Grecian Lords; why, euen already,
Tbey clap the lubber *Aiax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foote were on braue *Hector* breſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. I doe beleeue it:
For they paſt by me, as myſers doe by beggars,
Neither gaue to me good word, nor looke:
Wbat are my deedes forgot?
Vliſ. Time hath (my Lord) a wallet at his backe,
Wherein he puts almes for obliuion:
A great ſiz'd monſter of ingratitudes:
Thoſe ſcraps are good deedes paſt,
Which are deuour'd as faſt as they are made,
Forgot as ſoone as done: perſeuerance, deere my Lord,
Keepes honor bright, to haue done, is to hang
Quite out of faſhion, like a ruſtie male,
In monumentall mockrie: take the inſtant way,
For honour trauels in a ſtraight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes a breaſt, keepe tben tbe patb:
For emulation hath a thouſand Sonnes,
That one by one purſue; if you giue way,
Or hedge aſide from the direct forth right;
Like to an entred Tyde, they all ruſh by,
And leaue you hindmoſt:
Or like a gallant Horſe falne in firſt ranke,
Lye there for pauement to the abiect, neere
Ore-run and trampled on: then what they doe in preſent,
Though leſſe then yours in paſt, muſt ore-top yours:
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſte,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th'hand;
And with his armes out-ſtretcht, as he would flye,
Graſpes in the commer: the welcome euer ſmiles,
And farewels goes out ſighing: O let not vertue ſeeke
Remuneration for the thing it was: for beautie, wit,
High birth, vigor of bone, deſert in ſeruice,
Loue, friendſhip, charity, are ſubiects all
To enuious and calumniating time:
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin:
That all with one conſent praiſe new borne gaudes,
Though they are made and moulded of things paſt,
And goe to duſt, that is a little guilt,
More laud then guilt oreduſted.
The preſent eye praiſes the preſent obiect:
Then maruell not thou great and compleat man,
That all the Greekes begin to worſhip *Aiax*;
Since things in motion begin to catch the eye,
Then what not ſtirs: the cry went out on thee,
And ſtill it might, and yet it may againe,
If thou would'ſt not entombe thy ſelfe aliue,
And caſe thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whoſe glorious deedes, but in theſe fields of late,
Made emulous miſſions 'mongſt the gods themſelues,
And draue great *Mars* to faction.
Achil. Of this my priuacie,
I haue ſtrong reaſons.
Vliſ. But 'gainſt your priuacie
The reaſons are more potent and heroycall:
'Tis knowne *Achilles*, that you are in loue
With one of *Priams* daughters.
Achil. Ha? knowne?
Vliſ. Is that a wonder?
The prouidence that's in a watchfull State,
Knowes almoſt euery graine of Plutoes gold;
Findes bottome in th'vncomprehenſiue deepes;
Keepes place with thought; and almoſt like the gods,
Doe thoughts vnuaile in their dumbe cradles:
There is a myſterie (with whom relation
Durſt neuer meddle) in the ſoule of State;
Which hath an operation more diuine,
Then breath or pen can giue expreſſure to:
All the commerſe tbat you baue had witb Troy,
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my Lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.
But it muſt grieue yong *Pirhus* now at home,
Wben fame ſhall in her Iland ſound her trumpe;
And all the Greekiſh Girles ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hectors* ſiſter did *Achilles* winne;
But our great *Aiax* brauely beate downe him.
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer ſpeake;
The foole ſlides ore the Ice that you ſhould breake.
Patr. To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you;
A woman impudent and manniſh growne,
Is not more loth'd, then an effeminate man,
In time of action: I ſtand condemn'd for tbis;
They thinke my little ſtomacke to the warre,
And your great loue to me, reſtraines you thus:
Sweete, rouſe your ſelfe; and the weake wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your necke vnlooſe his amorous fould,
And like a dew drop from the Lyons mane,
Be ſhooke to ayrie ayre.
Achil. Shall *Aiax* fight with *Hector*?
Patr. I, and perhaps receiue much honor by him.
Achil. I ſee my reputation is at ſtake,
My fame is ſhrowdly gored.
Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heale ill, that men do giue themſelues:
Omiſſion to doe what is neceſſary,
Seales a commiſſion to a blanke of danger,
And danger like an ague ſubtly taints
Euen then when we ſit idely in the ſunne.
Achil. Goe call *Therſites* hither ſweet *Patroclus*,

Ile ſend the foole to *Aiax*, and deſire him
T'inuite the Troian Lords after the Combat
To ſee vs here vnarm'd: I haue a womans longing,
An appetite that I am ſicke withall,
To ſee great *Hector* in his weedes of peace; *Enter Therſi.*
To talke with him, and to behold his viſage,
Euen to my full of view. A labour ſau'd.

Ther. A wonder.

Achil. What?

Ther. Aiax goes vp and downe the field, asking for himſelfe.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. Hee muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroicall cudgelling, that he raues in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why he ſtalkes vp and downe like a Peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand: ruminates like an hoſteſſe, that hath no Arithmatique but her braine to ſet downe her reckoning: bites his lip with a politique regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head and twoo'd out; and ſo there is: but it lyes as coldly in him, as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The mans vndone for euer; for if *Hector* breake not his necke i'th'combat, beele break't himſelfe in vaine-glory. He knowes not mee; I ſaid, good morrow *Aiax*; And he replyes, thankes *Agamemnon*. What thinke you of this man, that takes me for the Generall? Hee's growne a very land-fiſh, languageleſſe, a monſter: a plague of opinion, a man may weare it on both ſides like a leather Ierkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my Ambaſſador to him *Therſites*.

Ther. Who, I: why, heele anſwer no body: he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggers: he weares his tongue in's armes: I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Aiax*.

Achil. To him *Patroclus;* tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Aiax*, to inuite the moſt valorous *Hector*, to come vnarm'd to my Tent, and to procure ſafe conduct for his perſon, of the magnanimious and moſt illuſtrious, ſixe or ſeauen times honour'd Captaine, Generall of the Grecian Armie *Agamemnon*, &c. doe this.

Patro. Ioue bleſſe great *Aiax*.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles*.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to inuite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum.

Patr. And to procure ſafe conduct from *Agamemnon*.

Ther. Agamemnon?

Patr. I my Lord.

Ther. Ha?

Patr. What ſay you too't.

Ther. God buy you with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. If to morrow be a faire day, by eleuen a clocke it will goe one way or other; howſoeuer, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer ſir.

Ther. Fare you well withall my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out a tune thus: what muſicke will be in him when *Hector* has knockt out his braines, I know not: but I am ſure none, vnleſſe the Fidler *Apollo* get his ſinewes to make catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhalt beare a Letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his Horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My minde is troubled like a Fountaine ſtir'd,
And I my ſelfe ſee not the bottome of it.

Ther. Would the Fountaine of your minde were cleere againe, that I might water an Aſſe at it: I had rather be a Ticke in a Sheepe, than ſuch a valiant ignorance.

Enter at one doore Æneas with a Torch, at another Paris, Diephœbus, Anthenor, Diomed the Grecian, with Torches.

Par. See hoa, who is that there?

Dieph. It is the Lord *Æneas*.

Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lye long
As you Prince *Paris*, nothing but heauenly buſineſſe,
Should rob my bed-mate of my company.

Diom. That's my minde too: good morrow Lord *Æneas*.

Par. A valiant Greeke *Æneas*, take his hand,
Witneſſe the proceſſe of your ſpeech within;
You told how *Diomed* in a whole weeke by dayes
Did haunt you in the Field.

Æne. Health to you valiant ſir,
During all queſtion of the gentle truce:
But when I meete you arm'd, as blacke defiance,
As heart can thinke, or courage execute.

Diom. The one and other *Diomed* embraces,
Our blouds are now in calme; and ſo long health:
But when contention, and occaſion meetes,
By *Ioue*, Ile play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuite and pollicy.

Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a Lyon that will flye
With his face backward, in humaine gentleneſſe:
Welcome to Troy; now by *Anchiſes* life,
Welcome indeede: by *Venus* hand I ſweare,
No man aliue can loue in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he meanes to kill, more excellently.

Diom. We ſimpathize. *Ioue* let *Æneas* liue
(If to my ſword his fate be not the glory)
A thouſand compleate courſes of the Sunne,
But in mine emulous honor let him dye:
With euery ioynt a wound, and that to morrow.

Æne. We know each other well.

Dio. We doe, and long to know each other worſe.

Par. This is the moſt, deſpightful'ſt gentle greeting;
The nobleſt hateſull loue, that ere I heard of.
What buſineſſe Lord ſo early?

Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; it was to bring this Greek
To *Calcha's* houſe; and there to render him,
For the enfreed *Anthenor*, the faire *Creſſid:*
Lets haue your company; or if you pleaſe,
Haſte there before vs. I conſtantly doe thinke
(Or rather call my thought a certaine knowledge)
My brother *Troylus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and giue him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof, I feare
We ſhall be much vnwelcome.

Æne. That I aſſure you:
Troylus had rather Troy were borne to Greece,
Then *Creſſid* borne from Troy.

Par. There

Par. There is no helpe:
The bitter diſpoſition of the time will haue it ſo.
On Lord, weele follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. *Exit Æneas*
Par. And tell me noble *Diomed;* faith tell me true,
Euen in the ſoule of found good fellow ſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits faire *Helen* moſt?
My ſelfe, or *Menelaus?*
Diom. Both alike.
He merits well to haue her, that doth ſeeke her,
Not making any ſcruple of her ſoylure,
With ſuch a hell of paine, and world of charge.
And you as well to keepe her, that defend her,
Not pallating the taſte of her diſhonour,
With ſuch a coſtly loſſe of wealth and friends:
He like a puling Cuckold, would drinke vp
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed peece:
You like a letcher, out of whoriſh loynes,
Are pleaſ'd to breede out your inheritors:
Both merits poyz'd, each weighs no leſſe nor more,
But he as he, which heauier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your country-woman.
Dio. Shee's bitter to her countrey: heare me *Paris,*
For euery falſe drop in her baudy veines,
A Grecians life hath ſunke: for euery ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,
A Troian hath beene ſlaine. Since ſhe could ſpeake,
She hath not giuen ſo many good words breath,
As for her, Greekes and Troians ſuffred death.
Par. Faire *Diomed,* you doe as chapmen doe,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this vertue well;
Weele not commend, what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. *Exeunt.*

Enter Troylus and Creſſida.

Troy. Deere trouble not your ſelfe: the morne is cold.
Cref. Then ſweet my Lord, Ile call mine Vnckle down;
He ſhall vnbolt the Gates.
Troy. Trouble him not:
To bed, to bed: ſleepe kill thoſe pritty eyes,
And giue as ſoft attachment to thy ſences,
As Infants empty of all thought.
Cref. Good morrow then.
Troy. I prithee now to bed.
Cref. Are you a weary of me?
Troy. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day
Wak't by the Larke, hath rouz'd the ribauld Crowes,
And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer:
I would not from thee.
Cref. Night hath beene too briefe. (ſtayes,
Troy. Beſhrew the witch! with venemous wights ſhe
As hidiouſly as hell; but flies the graſpes of loue,
With wings more momentary, ſwift then thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Cref. Prithee tarry, you men will neuer tarry;
O fooliſh *Creſſid,* I might haue ſtill held off,
And then you would haue tarried. Harke, ther's one vp?
Pand. within. What's all the doores open here?
Troy. It is your Vnckle. *Enter Pandarus.*
Cref. A peſtilence on him: now will he be mocking:
I ſhall haue ſuch a life.
Pan. How now, how now? how goe maiden-heads?
Heare you Maide: wher's my cozin *Creſſid?*
Cref. Go bang your ſelf, you naugbty mocking Vncle:
You bring me to doo——and then you floute me too.
Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what:
What haue I brought you to doe?
Cref. Come, come, beſhrew your heart: youle nere be
good, nor ſuffer others.
Pan. Ha, ha: alas poore wretch: a poore *Chipochia,* haſt
not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it
ſleepe: a bug-beare take him. *One knocks.*
Cref. Did not I tell you? would he were knockt ith'
head. Who's that at doore? good Vncle goe and ſee.
My Lord, come you againe into my Chamber:
You ſmile and mocke me, as if I meant naughtily.
Troy. Ha, ha.
Cre. Come you are deceiu'd, I thinke of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knocke: pray you come in. *Knocke.*
I would not for halfe *Troy* haue you ſeene here. *Exeunt*
Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beate
downe the doore? How now, what's the matter?
Æne. Good morrow Lord, good morrow.
Pan. Who's there my Lord *Æneas?* by my troth I
knew you not: what newes with you ſo early?
Æne. Is not Prince *Troylus* here?
Pan. Here? what ſhould he doe here?
Æne. Come he is here, my Lord, doe not deny him:
It doth import him much to ſpeake with me.
Pan. Is he here ſay you? 'tis more then I know, Ile be
ſworne: For my owne part I came in late: what ſhould
he doe here?
Æne. Who, nay then: Come, come, youle doe him
wrong, ere y'are ware: youle be ſo true to him, to be
falſe to him: Doe not you know of him, but yet goe fetch
him hither, goe.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. How now, what's the matter?
Æne. My Lord, I ſcarce haue leiſure to ſalute you,
My matter is ſo raſh: there is at hand,
Paris your brother, and *Deiphœbus,*
The Grecian *Diomed,* and our *Anthenor*
Deliuer'd to vs, and for him forth-with,
Ere the firſt ſacrifice, within this houre,
We muſt giue vp to *Diomeds* hand
The Lady *Creſſida.*
Troy. Is it concluded ſo?
Æne. By *Priam,* and the generall ſtate of *Troy,*
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.
Troy. How my atchieuements mocke me;
I will goe meete them: and my Lord *Æneas,*
We met by chance; you did not finde me here.
Æn. Good, good, my Lord, the ſecrets of nature
Haue not more gift in taciturnitie. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got but loſt; the diuell
take *Anthenor;* the yong Prince will goe mad: a plague
vpon *Anthenor:* I would they had brok's necke.
Cref. How now? what's the matter? who was here?
Pan. Ah, ha!
Cref. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? wher's my Lord?
gone? tell me ſweet Vncle, what's the matter?
Pan. Would I were as deepe vnder the earth as I am
aboue.
Cref. O the gods! what's the matter?
Pan. Prythee get thee in: would thou had'ſt nere been
borne; I knew thou would'ſt be his death. O poore Gen-
tleman: a plague vpon *Anthenor.*
Cref. Good

Creſ. Good Vnckle I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone wench, thou muſt be gone; thou art chang'd for *Anthenor:* thou muſt to thy Father, and be gone from *Troylus:* 'twill be his death: 'twill be his baine, he cannot beare it.

Creſ. O you immortall gods! I will not goe.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Creſ. I will not Vnckle: I haue forgot my Father:
I know no touch of conſanguinitie:
No kin, no loue, no bloud, no ſoule, ſo neere me,
As the ſweet *Troylus:* O you gods diuine!
Make *Creſſids* name the very crowne of falſhood!
If euer ſhe leaue *Troylus:* time, orce and death,
Do to this body what extremitie you can;
But the ſtrong baſe and building of my loue,
Is as the very Center of the earth,
Drawing all things to it. I will goe in and weepe.

Pan. Doe, doe.

Creſ. Teare my bright heire, and ſcratch my praiſed cheekes,
Cracke my cleere voyce with ſobs, and breake my heart
With ſounding *Troylus.* I will not goe from *Troy.* *Exeunt.*

Enter Paris, Troylus, Æneas, Deiphebus, Anthenor and Diomedes.

Par. It is great morning, and the houre prefixt
Of her deliuerie to this valiant Greeke
Comes faſt vpon: good my brother *Troylus,*
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to doe,
And haſt ber to the purpoſe.

Troy. Walke into her houſe:
Ile bring her to the Grecian preſently;
And to his hand, when I deliuer her,
Thinke it an Altar, and thy brother *Troylus*
A Prieſt, there offring to it his heart.

Par. I know what 'tis to loue,
And would, as I ſhall pittie, I could helpe.
Pleaſe you walke in, my Lords. *Exeunt.*

Enter Pandarus and Creſſid.

Pan. Be moderate, be moderate.

Creſ. Why tell you me of moderation?
The griefe is fine, full perfect that I taſte,
And no leſſe in a ſenſe as ſtrong
As that which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporiſe with my affection,
Or brew it to a weake and colder pallat,
The like alaiment could I giue my griefe:
My loue admits no qualifying croſſe; *Enter Troylus.*
No more my griefe, in ſuch a precious loſſe.

Pan. Here, here, here, he comes, a ſweet ducke.

Creſ. O *Troylus, Troylus!*

Pan. What a paire of ſpectacles is here? let me embrace too: oh hart, as the goodly ſaying is; O heart, heauie heart, why ſigheſt thou without breaking? where he anſwers againe; becauſe thou canſt not eaſe thy ſmart by friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking: there was neuer a truer rime; let vs caſt away nothing, for we may liue to haue neede of ſuch a Verſe: we ſee it, we ſee it: how now Lambs?

Troy. Creſſid: I loue thee in ſo ſtrange a puritie;
That the bleſt gods, as angry with my fancie,
More bright in zeale, then the deuotion which
Cold lips blow to their Deities: take thee from me.

Creſ. Haue the gods enuie?

Pan. I, I, I, I, 'tis too plaine a caſe.

Creſ. And is it true, that I muſt goe from Troy?

Troy. A hateſull truth.

Creſ. What, and from *Troylus* too?

Troy. From Troy, and *Troylus.*

Creſ. Iſt poſſible?

Troy. And ſodainely, where iniurie of chance
Puts backe leaue-taking, iuſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe; rudely beguiles our lips
Of all reioyndure: forcibly preuents
Our lockt embraſures; ſtrangles our deare vowes,
Euen in the birth of our owne laboring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighes
Did buy each other, muſt poorely ſell our ſelues,
With the rude breuitie and diſcharge of our
Iniurious time; now with a robbers haſte
Crams his rich theeuerie vp, he knowes not how.
As many farwels as be ſtars in heauen,
With diſtinct breath, and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles vp into a looſe adiew;
And ſcants vs with a ſingle famiſht kiſſe,
Diſtaſting with the ſalt of broken teares. *Enter Æneas.*

Æneas within. My Lord, is the Lady ready?

Troy. Harke, you are call'd: ſome ſay the genius ſo
Cries, come to him that inſtantly muſt dye.
Bid them haue patience: ſhe ſhall come anon.

Pan. Where are my teares? raine, to lay this winde, or my heart will be blowne vp by the root.

Creſ. I muſt then to the Grecians?

Troy. No remedy.

Creſ. A wofull *Creſſid* 'mong'ſt the merry Greekes.

Troy. When ſhall we ſee againe?

Troy. Here me my loue: be thou but true of heart.

Creſ. I true? how now? what wicked deeme is this?

Troy. Nay, we muſt vſe expoſtulation kindely,
For it is parting from vs:
I ſpeake not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Gloue to death himſelfe,
That there's no maculation in thy heart:
But be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Creſ. O you ſhall be expoſ'd, my Lord to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but Ile be true.

Troy. And Ile grow friend with danger;
Weare this Sleeue.

Creſ. And you this Gloue.
When ſhall I ſee you?

Troy. I will corrupt the Grecian Centinels,
To giue thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.

Creſ. O heauens: be true againe?

Troy. Heare why I ſpeake it; Loue:
The Grecian youths are full of qualitie,
Their louing well compos'd, with guift of nature,
Flawing and ſwelling ore with Arts and exerciſe:
How nouelties may moue, and parts with perſon.
Alas, a kinde of godly iealouſie;
Which I beſeech you call a vertuous ſinne:
Makes me affraid.

Creſ. O heauens, you loue me not!

Troy. Dye I a villaine then:
In this I doe not call your faith in queſtion
So mainely as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heele the high Lauolt; nor ſweeten talke;
Nor play at ſubtill games; faire vertues all;

To

To which the Grecians are moſt prompt and pregnant:
But I can tell tbat in each grace of theſe,
There lurkes a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſiue diuell,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Creſ. Doe you thinke I will:
Troy. No, but ſomething may be done that we wil not:
And ſometimes we are diuels to our ſelues,
When we will tempt the frailtie of our powers,
Prefuming on their changefull potencie.
Æneas within. Nay, good my Lord?
Troy. Come kiſſe, and let vs part.
Paris within. Brotber *Troylus?*
Troy. Good brother come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the Grecian with you.
Creſ. My Lord, will you be true? *Exit.*
Troy. Who I? alas it is my vice, my fault:
Whiles others fiſh with craft for great opinion,
I, with great truth, catch meere ſimplicitie;
Whil'ſt ſome with cunning guild their copper crownes,
Witb truth and plainneſſe I doe weare mine bare:

Enter the Greekes.

Feare not my truth; the morrall of my wit
Is plaine and true, ther's all the reacb of it.
Welcome ſir *Diomed*, here is the Lady
Which for *Antenor*, we deliuer you.
At tbe port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way poſſeſſe thee what ſhe is.
Entreate her faire; and by my ſoule, faire Greeke,
If ere thou ſtand at mercy of my Sword,
Name *Creſſid*, and thy life ſhall be as fafe
As *Priam* is in Illion?
Diom. Faire Lady *Creſsid*,
So pleaſe you faue the thankes this Prince expects:
The luſtre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire viſage, and to *Diomed*
You ſhall be miſtreſſe, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian, thou do'ſt not vſe me curteouſly
To ſhame the feale of my petition towards,
I praiſing her. I tell thee Lord of Greece:
Shee is as farre high ſoaring o're thy praiſes,
As thou vnworthy to be cal'd her feruant:
I charge thee vſe her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou do'ſt not,
(Though the great bulke *Achilles* be thy guard)
Ile cut thy throate.
Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troylus;*
Let me be priuiledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a ſpeaker free? when I am hence,
Ile anſwer to my luſt: and know my Lord;
Ile nothing doe on charge: to her owne worth
Sbe ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
Ile ſpeake it in my ſpirit and honor, no.
Troy. Come to the Port. Ile tell thee *Diomed*,
This braue, ſhall oft make thee to hide thy head:
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne ſelues bend we our needefull talke.
Sound Trunipet.
Par. Harke, *Hectors* Trumpet.
Æne. How haue we ſpent this morning
The Prince muſt thinke me tardy and remiſſe,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troylus* fault: come, come, to field with him.
Exeunt.
Dio. Let vs make ready ſtraight.
Æne. Yea, with a Bridegroomes freſh alacritie
Let vs addreſſe to tend on *Hectors* heeles:
The glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his faire worth, and ſingle Chiualrie.

Enter Aiax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agamemnon, Menelaus, Vliſſes, Neſtor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment freſh and faire,
Anticipating time. With ſtarting courage,
Giue with thy Trumpet a loud note to Troy
Thou dreadfull *Aiax*, that the appauled aire
May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Aia. Thou, Trumpet, ther's my purſe;
Now cracke thy lungs, and ſplit thy brafen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy ſphered Bias cheeke
Out-ſwell the collicke of puft *Aquilon:*
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout bloud:
Thou bloweſt for *Hector.*
Vliſ. No Trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early dayes.
Aga. Is not yong *Diomed* witb *Calcas* daughter?
Vliſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of bis gate,
He riſes on the toe: that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.
Aga. Is this the Lady *Creſſid?*
Dio. Euen ſhe.
Aga. Moſt deerely welcome to the Greekes, ſweete Lady.
Neſt. Our Generall doth ſalute you with a kiſſe.
Vliſ. Yet is the kindeneſſe but particular; 'twere better ſhe were kiſt in generall.
Neſt. And very courtly counſell: Ile begin. So much for *Neſtor.*
Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady *Achilles* bids you welcome.
Mene. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patro. But that's no argument for kiſſing now;
For thus pop't *Paris* in his hardiment.
Vliſ. Oh deadly gall, and theame of all our ſcornes,
For whicb we looſe our heads, to gild his hornes.
Patro. Tbe firſt was *Menelaus* kiſſe, tbis mine:
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Mene. Oh this is trim.
Patr. Paris and I kiſſe euermore for him.
Mene. Ile haue my kiſſe ſir: Lady by your leaue.
Creſ. In kiſſing doe you render, or receiue.
Patr. Both take and giue.
Creſ. Ile make my match to liue,
The kiſſe you take is better tben you giue: therefore no kiſſe.
Mene. Ile giue you boote, Ile giue you tbree for one.
Creſ. You are an odde man, giue euen, or giue none.
Mene. An odde man Lady, every man is odde.
Creſ. No, *Paris* is not; for you know tis true,
That you are odde, and he is euen with you.
Mene. You fillip me a'th' head.
Creſ. No, Ile be ſworne.
Vliſ. It were no match, your naile againſt bis horne:
May I ſweete Lady beg a kiſſe of you?
Creſ. You may.
Vliſ. I doe deſire it.
Creſ. Why begge tben?
Vliſ. Why then for *Venus* ſake, giue me a kiſſe:
When *Hellen* is a maide againe, and his———
Creſ. I am your debtor, claime it when 'tis due.
Vliſ. Neuer's

Vliſ. Neuer's my day, and then a kiſſe of you.
Diom. Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.
Neſt. A woman of quicke fence.
Vliſ. Fie, fie, vpon her:
Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;
Nay her foote ſpeakes, her wanton ſpirites looke out
At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:
Oh theſe encounterers ſo glib of tongue,
That giue a coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide vnclaſpe the tables of their thoughts,
To euery tickling reader: ſet them downe,
For ſluttiſh ſpoyles of opportunitie;
And daughters of the game. *Exeunt.*

Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Æneas, Helenus and Attendants. Floriſh.

All. The Troians Trumpet.
Aga. Yonder comes the troope.
Æne. Haile all you ſtate of Greece: what ſhalbe done
To him that victory commands? or doe you purpoſe,
A victor ſhall be knowne: will you the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremitie
Purſue each other; or ſhall be diuided
By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?
Aga. Which way would *Hector* haue it?
Æne. He cares not, heele obey conditions.
Aga. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but ſecurely done,
A little proudly, and great deale diſpriſing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles* ſir, what is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,
In the extremity of great and little:
Valour and pride excell themſelues in *Hector*;
The one almoſt as infinite as all;
The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:
And that which lookes like pride, is curteſie:
This *Aiax* is halfe made of *Hectors* bloud:
In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* ſtaies at home:
Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to ſeeke
This blended Knight, halfe Troian, and halfe Greeke.
Achil. A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.
Aga. Here is ſir, *Diomed:* goe gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Aiax:* as you and Lord *Æneas*
Conſent vpon the order of their fight,
So be it: either to the vttermoſt,
Or elſe a breach: the Combatants being kin,
Halfe ſtints their ſtrife, before their ſtrokes begin.
Vliſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What Troian is that fame that lookes ſo heauy?
Vliſ. The yongeſt Sonne of *Priam:*
A true Knight; they call him *Troylus;*
Not yet mature, yet matchleſſe, firme of word,
Speaking in deedes, and deedeleſſe in his tongue;
Not ſoone prouok't, nor being prouok't, ſoone calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free:
For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he ſhewes;
Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,
Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender obiects; but he, in heate of action,
Is more vindecatiue then iealous loue.
They call him *Troylus*; and on him erect,
A ſecond hope, as fairely built as *Hector.*
Thus ſaies *Æneas*, one that knowes the youth,
Euen to his inches: and with priuate ſoule,
Did in great Illion thus tranſlate him to me. *Alarum.*
Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now *Aiax* hold thine owne.
Troy. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blowes are wel diſpos'd there *Aiax.* *trūpets ceaſe.*
Diom. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes enough, ſo pleaſe you.
Aia. I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.
Diom. As *Hector* pleaſes.
Hect. Why then will I no more;
Thou art great Lord, my Fathers ſiſters Sonne;
A couſen german to great *Priams* ſeede:
The obligation of our bloud forbids
A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:
Were thy commixion, Greeke and Troian ſo,
That thou could'ſt ſay, this hand is Grecian all,
And this is Troian: the ſinewes of this Legge,
All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers bloud
Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this ſiniſter
Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,
Thou ſhould'ſt not beare from me a Greekiſh member
Wherein my ſword had not impreſſure made
Of our ranke feud: but the iuſt gods gainſay,
That any drop thou borrow'd'ſt from thy mother,
My ſacred Aunt, ſhould by my mortall Sword
Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Aiax:*
By him that thunders, thou haſt luſtie Armes;
Hector would haue them fall vpon him thus.
Cozen, all honor to thee.
Aia. I thanke thee *Hector:*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence
A great addition, earned in thy death.
Hect. Not *Neoptolymus* ſo mirable,
On whoſe bright creſt, fame with her lowd'ſt (O yes)
Cries, This is he; could'ſt promiſe to himſelfe,
A thought of added honor, torne from *Hector.*
Æne. There is expectance here from both the ſides,
What further you will doe?
Hect. Weele anſwere it:
The iſſue is embracement: *Aiax*, farewell.
Aia. If I might in entreaties finde ſucceſſe,
As ſeld I haue the chance; I would deſire
My famous Couſin to our Grecian Tents.
Diom. 'Tis *Agamemnons* wiſh, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to ſee vnarm'd the valiant *Hector.*
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troylus* to me:
And ſignifie this louing enterview
To the expecters of our Troian part:
Deſire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Couſin:
I will goe eate with thee, and ſee your Knights.

Enter Agamemnon and the reſt.

Aia. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.
Hect. The worthieſt of them, tell me name by name:
But for *Achilles*, mine owne ſerching eyes
Shall finde him by his large and portly ſize.
Aga. Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one
That would be rid of ſuch an enemie.
But that's no welcome: vnderſtand more cleere
What's paſt, and what's to come, is ſtrew'd with huskes,
And formeleſſe ruine of obliuion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:
Bids thee with moſt diuine integritie,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.
Hect. I thanke thee moſt imperious *Agamemnon.*
Aga. My

Aga. My well-ſam'd Lord of Troy, no leſſe to you.
Men. Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,
You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Who muſt we anſwer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,
Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,
Your *quondam* wife ſweares ſtill by *Venus* Gloue
Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now ſir, ſhe's a deadly Theame.
Hect. O pardon, I offend.
Neſt. I haue (thou gallant Troyan) ſeene thee oft
Labouring for deſtiny, make cruell way
Through rankes of Greekiſh youth: and I haue ſeen thee
As hot as *Perſeus*, ſpurre thy Phrygian Steed,
And ſeene thee ſcorning forfeits and ſubduments,
When thou haſt hung thy aduanced ſword i'th'ayre,
Not letting it decline, on the declined:
That I haue ſaid vnto my ſtanders by,
Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.
And I haue ſeene thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,
Like an Olympian wreſtling. This haue I ſeene,
But this thy countenance (ſtill lockt in ſteele)
I neuer ſaw till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,
But by great Mars, the Captaine of vs all,
Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,
And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.
Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor.*
Hect. Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reuerend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſpe thee.
Ne. I would my armes could match thee in contention
As they contend with thee in courteſie.
Hect. I would they could.
Neſt. Ha? by this white beard I'ld fight with thee to
morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue ſeen the time.
Vlyſ. I wonder now, how yonder City ſtands,
When we haue heere her Baſe and pillar by vs.
Hect. I know your fauour Lord *Vlyſſes* well.
Ah ſir, there's many a Greeke and Troyan dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelfe, and *Diomed*
In Illion, on your Greekiſh Embaſſie.
Vlyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue,
My propheſie is but halfe his iourney yet;
For yonder wals that pertly front your Towne,
Yond Towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſſe the clouds,
Muſt kiſſe their owne feet.
Hect. I muſt not beleeue you:
There they ſtand yet: and modeſtly I thinke,
The fall of euery Phrygian ſtone will coſt
A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,
And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Vlyſ. So to him we leaue it,
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the Generall, I beſeech you next
To Feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtall thee Lord *Vlyſſes*, thou:
Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,
I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,
And quoted ioynt by ioynt.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I haue done already.
Achil. Thou art to breeſe, I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limbe by limbe.
Hect. O like a Booke of ſport thou'lt reade me ore:
But there's more in me then thou vnderſtand'ſt.
Why doeſt thou ſo oppreſſe me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me you Heauens, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? Whether there, or there, or there,
That I may giue the locall wound a name,
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hectors great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me heauens.
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: Stand againe;
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate in nice coniecture
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'ld not beleeue thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For Ile not kill thee there, nor there, nor there,
But by the forge that ſtythied Mars his helme,
Ile kill thee euery where, yea, ore and ore.
You wiſeſt Grecians, pardon me this bragge,
His inſolence drawes ſolly from my lips,
But Ile endeuour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I neuer———
Aiax. Do not chaſe thee Coſin:
And you *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone
Till accident, or purpoſe bring you too't.
You may euery day enough of *Hector*
If you haue ſtomacke. The generall ſtate I feare,
Can ſcarſe intreat you to be odde with him.
Hect. I pray you let vs ſee you in the field,
We haue had pelting Warres ſince you refuſ'd
The Grecians cauſe.
Achil. Doſt thou intreat me *Hector?*
To morrow do I meete thee fell as death,
To night, all Friends.
Hect. Thy hand vpon that match.
Aga. Firſt, all you Peeres of Greece go to my Tent,
There in the full conuiue you: Afterwards,
As *Hectors* leyſure, and your bounties ſhall
Concurre together, ſeuerally intreat him.
Beate lowd the Taborins, let the Trumpets blow,
That this great Souldier may his welcome know. *Exeunt*
Troy. My Lord *Vlyſſes*, tell me I beſeech you,
In what place of the Field doth *Calchas* keepe?
Vlyſ. At *Menelaus* Tent, moſt Princely *Troylus*,
There *Diomed* doth feaſt with him to night,
Who neither lookes on heauen, nor on earth,
But giues all gaze and bent of amorous view
On the faire *Creſſid.*
Troy. Shall I (ſweet Lord) be bound to thee ſo much,
After we part from *Agamemnons* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Vlyſ. You ſhall command me ſir:
As gentle tell me, of what Honour was
This *Creſſida* in Troy, had ſhe no Louer there
That wailes her abſence?
Troy. O ſir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcarres,
A mocke is due: will you walke on my Lord?
She was belou'd, ſhe lou'd; ſhe is, and dooth;
But ſtill ſweet Loue is food for Fortunes tooth. *Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles, and Patroclus.

Achil. Ile heat his blood with Greekiſh wine to night,
Which

Which with my Cemitar Ile coole to morrow:
Patroclus, let vs Feaſt him to the bight.
Pat. Heere comes *Therſites*. *Enter Therſites.*
Achil. How now, thou core of Enuy?
Thou cruſty batch of Nature, what's the newes?
Ther. Why thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, & Idoll of Ideot-worſhippers, here's a Letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, Fragment?
Ther. Why thou full diſh of Foole, from Troy.
Pat. Who keepes the Tent now?
Ther. The Surgeons box, or the Patients wound.
Patr. Well ſaid aduerſity, and what need theſe tricks?
Ther. Prythee be ſilent boy, I profit not by thy talke, thou art thought to be *Achilles* male Varlot.
Patro. Male Varlot you Rogue? What's that?
Ther. Why his maſculine Whore. Now the rotten diſeaſes of the South, guts-griping Ruptures, Catarres, Loades a grauell i'th'backe, Lethargies, cold Palſies, and the like, take and take againe, ſuch prepoſtrous diſcoueries.
Pat. Why thou damnable box of enuy thou, what mean'ſt thou to curſe thus?
Ther. Do I curſe thee?
Patr. Why no, you ruinous But, you whorſon indiſtinguiſhable Curre.
Ther. No? why art thou then exaſperate, thou idle, immateriall skiene of Sleyd ſilke; thou greene Sarcenet flap for a ſore eye, thou taffell of a Prodigals purſe thou: Ah how the poore world is peſtred with ſuch water-flies, diminutiues of Nature.
Pat. Out gall.
Ther. Finch Egge.
Ach. My ſweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpoſe in to morrowes battell:
Heere is a Letter from Queene *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my faire Loue,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keepe
An Oath that I haue ſworne. I will not breake it,
Fall Greekes, faile Fame, Honor or go, or ſtay,
My maior vow lyes heere; this Ile obay:
Come, come *Therſites*, helpe to trim my Tent,
This night in banquetting muſt all be ſpent.
Away *Patroclus*. *Exit.*
Ther. With too much bloud, and too little Brain, theſe two may run mad: but if with too much braine, and too little blood, they do, Ile be a curer of madmen. Heere's *Agamemnon*, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loues Quailes, but he has not ſo much Braine as eare-wax; and the goodly transformation of Iupiter there his Brother, the Bull, the primatiue Statue, and oblique memoriall of Cuckolds, a thrifty ſhooing-horne in a chaine, hanging at his Brothers legge, to what ſorme but that he is, ſhold wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turne him too: to an Aſſe were nothing; hee is both Aſſe and Oxe; to an Oxe were nothing, hee is both Oxe and Aſſe: to be a Dogge, a Mule, a Cat, a Fitchew, a Toade, a Lizard, an Owle, a Puttocke, or a Herring without a Roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Aske me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites:* for I care not to bee the lowſe of a Lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*. Hoy-day, ſpirits and fires.

Enter Hector, Aiax, Agamemnon, Vlyſſes, Neſtor, Diomed, with Lights.

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.
Aiax. No yonder 'tis, there where we ſee the light.
Hect. I trouble you.
Aiax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Vlyſ. Heere comes himſelfe to guide you?
Achil. Welcome braue *Hector*, welcome Princes all.
Agam. So now faire Prince of Troy, I bid goodnight, *Aiax* commands the guard to tend on you.
Hect. Thanks, and goodnight to the Greeks general.
Men. Goodnight my Lord.
Hect. Goodnight ſweet Lord *Menelaus*.
Ther. Sweet draught: ſweet quoth-a? ſweet ſinke, ſweet ſure.
Achil. Goodnight and welcom, both at once, to thoſe that go, or tarry.
Aga. Goodnight.
Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too *Diomed*, Keepe *Hector* company an houre, or two.
Dio. I cannot Lord, I haue important buſineſſe, The tide whereof is now, goodnight great *Hector*.
Hect. Giue me your hand.
Vlyſ. Follow his Torch, he goes to *Chalcas* Tent, Ile keepe you company.
Troy. Sweet ſir, you honour me.
Hect. And ſo good night.
Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. *Exeunt.*
Ther. That ſame *Diomed's* a falſe-hearted Rogue, a moſt vniuſt Knaue; I will no more truſt him when hee leeres, then I will a Serpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth & promiſe, like Brabler the Hound; but when he perſormes, Aſtronomers foretell it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sunne borrowes of the Moone when *Diomed* keepes his word. I will rather leaue to ſee *Hector*, then not to dogge him: they ſay, he keepes a Troyan Drab, and vſes the Traitour *Chalcas* his Tent. Ile after———Nothing but Letcherie? All incontinent Varlets. *Exeunt*

Enter Diomed.

Dio. What are you vp here ho? ſpeake?
Chal. Who cals?
Dio. Diomed, Chalcas (I thinke) wher's you Daughter?
Chal. She comes to you.

Enter Troylus and Viſſes.

Vlif. Stand where the Torch may not diſcouer vs.

Enter Creſsid.

Troy. Creſsid comes forth to him.
Dio. How now my charge?
Creſ. Now my ſweet gardian: harke a word with you.
Troy. Yea, ſo familiar?
Vlif. She will ſing any man at firſt ſight.
Ther. And any man may finde her, if he can take her life: ſhe's noted.
Dio. Will you remember?
Cal. Remember? yes.
Dio. Nay, but doe then; and let your minde be coupled with your words.
Troy. What ſhould ſhe remember?
Vlif. Liſt?
Creſ. Sweete hony Greek, tempt me no more to folly.
Ther. Roguery.
Dio. Nay then.
Creſ. Ile tell you what.
Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworne.——
Creſ. In faith I cannot: what would you haue me do?
Ther. A iugling tricke, to be ſecretly open.
Dio. What did you ſweare you would beſtow on me?
Creſ. I prethee do not hold me to mine oath,
Bid me doe not any thing but that ſweete Greeke.
Dio. Good

Dio. Good night.
Troy. Hold, patience.
Vliſ. How now Troian?
Creſ. *Diomed.*
Dio. No, no, good night: Ile be your ſoole no more.
Troy. Thy better muſt.
Creſ. Harke one word in your eare.
Troy. O plague and madneſſe!
Vliſ. You are moued Prince, let vs depart I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelfe
To wrathfull tearmes: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you goe.
Troy. Behold, I pray you.
Vliſ. Nay, good my Lord goe off:
You flow to great diſtraction: come my Lord?
Troy. I pray thee ſtay?
Vliſ. You haue not patience, come.
Troy. I pray you ſtay? by hell and hell torments,
I will not ſpeake a word.
Dio. And ſo good night.
Creſ. Nay, but you part in anger.
Troy. Doth that grieue thee? O withered truth!
Vliſ. Why, how now Lord?
Troy. By *Ioue* I will be patient.
Creſ. Gardian? why Greeke?
Dio. Fo, fo, adew, you palter.
Creſ. In faith I doe not: come hither once againe.
Vliſ. You ſhake my Lord at ſomething; will you goe?
you will breake out.
Troy. She ſtroakes his cheeke.
Vliſ. Come, come.
Troy. Nay ſtay, by *Ioue* I will not ſpeake a word.
There is betweene my will, and all offences,
A guard of patience; ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the diuell Luxury with his fat rumpe and
potato finger, tickles theſe together: frye lechery, frye.
Dio. But will you then?
Creſ. In faith I will lo; neuer truſt me elſe.
Dio. Giue me ſome token for the ſurety of it.
Creſ. Ile fetch you one. *Exit.*
Vliſ. You haue ſworne patience.
Troy. Feare me not ſweete Lord.
I will not be my ſelfe, nor haue cognition
Of what I feele: I am all patience. *Enter Creſſid.*
Ther. Now the pledge, now, now, now.
Creſ. Here *Diomed*, keepe this Sleeue.
Troy. O beautie! where is thy Faith?
Vliſ. My Lord.
Troy. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Creſ. You looke vpon that Sleeue? behold it well:
He lou'd me: O falſe wench: giue't me againe.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Creſ. It is no matter now I haue't againe.
I will not meete with you to morrow night:
I prythee *Diomed* viſite me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid Whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall haue it.
Creſ. What, this?
Dio. I that.
Creſ. O all you gods! O prettie, prettie pledge;
Thy Maiſter now lies thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighes, and takes my Gloue,
And giues memoriall daintie kiſſes to it;
As I kiſſe thee.
Dio. Nay, doe not ſnatch it from me.
Creſ. He that takes that, takes my heart withall.
Dio. I had your heart before, this followes it.
Troy. I did ſweare patience.
Creſ. You ſhall not haue it *Diomed;* faith you ſhall not:
Ile giue you ſomething elſe.
Dio. I will haue this: whoſe was it?
Creſ. It is no matter.
Dio. Come tell me whoſe it was?
Creſ. 'Twas one that lou'd me better then you will.
But now you haue it, take it.
Dio. Whoſe was it?
Creſ. By all *Dianas* waiting women yond:
And by her ſelfe, I will not tell you whoſe.
Dio. To morrow will I weare it on my Helme,
And grieue his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.
Troy. Wert thou the diuell, and wor'ſt it on thy horne,
It ſhould be challeng'd.
Creſ. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not:
I will not keepe my word.
Dio. Why then farewell,
Thou neuer ſhalt mocke *Diomed* againe.
Creſ. You ſhall not goe: one cannot ſpeake a word,
But it ſtrait ſtarts you.
Dio. I doe not like this fooling.
Ther. Nor I by *Pluto:* but that that likes not me, pleaſes me beſt.
Dio. What ſhall I come? the houre.
Creſ. I, come: O *Ioue!* doe, come: I ſhall be plagu'd.
Dio. Farewell till then. *Exit.*
Creſ. Good night: I prythee come:
Troylus farewell; one eye yet lookes on thee;
But with my heart, the other eye, doth ſee.
Ah poore our ſexe; this fault in vs I finde:
The errour of our eye, directs our minde.
What errour leads, muſt erre: O then conclude,
Minds ſwai'd by eyes, are full of turpitude. *Exit.*
Ther. A prooſe of ſtrength ſhe could not publiſh more;
Vnleſſe ſhe ſay, my minde is now turn'd whore.
Vliſ. All's done my Lord.
Troy. It is.
Vliſ. Why ſtay we then?
Troy. To make a recordation to my ſoule
Of euery ſyllable that here was ſpoke:
But if I tell how theſe two did coact;
Shall I not lye, in publiſhing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart:
An eſperance ſo obſtinately ſtrong,
That doth inuert that teſt of eyes and eares;
As if thoſe organs had deceptious functions,
Created onely to calumniate.
Was *Creſſed* here?
Vliſ. I cannot coniure Troian.
Troy. She was not ſure.
Vliſ. Moſt ſure ſhe was.
Troy. Why my negation hath no taſte of madneſſe?
Vliſ. Nor mine my Lord: *Creſſid* was here but now.
Troy. Let it not be beleeu'd for womanhood:
Thinke we had mothers; doe not giue aduantage
To ſtubborne Criticks, apt without a theame
For deprauation, to ſquare the generall ſex
By *Creſſids* rule. Rather thinke this not *Creſſid.*
Vliſ. What hath ſhe done Prince, that can ſoyle our mothers?
Troy. Nothing at all, vnleſſe that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelfe out on's owne eyes?
Troy. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomids Creſſida:*
If beautie haue a ſoule, this is not ſhe:

If ſoules guide vowes; if vowes are ſanctimonie;
If ſanctimonie be the gods delight:
If there be rule in vnitie it ſelfe,
This is not ſhe: O madneſſe of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets vp, with, and againſt thy ſelfe
By ſoule authoritie: where reaſon can reuolt
Without perdition, and loſſe aſſume all reaſon,
Without reuolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid;*
Within my ſoule, there doth conduce a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeperate,
Diuides more wider then the skie and earth:
And yet the ſpacious bredth of this diuiſion,
Admits no Orifex for a point as ſubtle,
As *Ariaehnes* broken woofe to enter:
Inſtance, O inſtance! ſtrong as *Plutoes* gates:
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of beauen;
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heauen it ſelfe:
The bonds of heauen are ſlipt, diſſolu'd, and loos'd,
And with anotber knot fiue finger tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her loue:
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greazie reliques,
Of her ore-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomed.*

Vliſ. May wortby *Troylus* be halfe attacbed
Witb tbat which here his paſſion doth expreſſe?

Troy. I Greeke: and that ſhall be divulged well
In Characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus:* neuer did yong man fancy
With ſo eternall, and ſo fixt a ſoule.
Harke Greek: as much I doe *Creſſida* loue;
So much by weight, hate I her *Diomed,*
That Sleeue is mine, that heele beare in his Helme:
Were it a Caske compos'd by *Vulcans* skill,
My Sword ſhould bite it: Not the dreadfull ſpout,
Which Shipmen doe the Hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſſe by the almighty Fenne,
Shall dizzie with more clamour Neptunes eare
In his diſcent; then ſhall my prompted ſword,
Falling on *Diomed.*

Ther. Heele tickle it for his concupie.

Troy. O *Creſſid!* O falſe *Creſſid!* falſe, falſe, falſe:
Let all vntruths ſtand by tby ſtained name,
And theyle ſeeme glorious.

Vliſ. O containe your ſelfe:
Your paſſion drawes eares hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I haue beene ſeeking you this boure my Lord:
Hector by this is arming him in Troy.
Aiax your Guard, ſtaies to conduct you home.

Troy. Haue with you Prince: my curteous Lord adew:
Farewell reuolted faire: and *Diomed,*
Stand faſt, and weare a Caſtle on thy head.

Vli. Ile bring you to the Gates.

Troy. Accept diſtracted tbankes.

Exeunt Troylus, Æneas, and Vliſſes.

Ther. Would I could meete that roague *Diomed,* I would croke like a Rauen: I would bode, I would bode: *Patroclus* will giue me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the Parrot will not doe more for an Almond, then he for a commodious drab: Lechery, lechery, ſtill warres and lechery, nothing elſe bolds faſhion. A burning diuell take tbem.

Enter Hector and Andromache.

And. When was my Lord ſo much vngently temper'd,
To ſtop his eares againſt admoniſhment?
Vnarme, vnarme, and doe not fight to day.

Hect. You traine me to offend you: get you gone.
By the euerlaſting gods, Ile goe.

And. My dreames will ſure proue ominous to the day.

Hect. No more I ſay. *Enter Caſſandra.*

Caſſa. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here ſiſter, arm'd, and bloudy in intent:
Conſort with me in loud and deere petition:
Purſue we him on knees: for I haue dreampt
Of bloudy turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing beene but ſhapes, and formes of ſlaughter.

Caſſ. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho? bid my Trumpet ſound.

Caſſ. No notes of ſallie, for the heauens, ſweet brotber.

Hect. Begon I ſay: the gods haue heard me ſweare.

Caſſ. The gods are deafe to hot and peeuiſh vowes;
They are polluted offrings, more abhord
Then ſpotted Liuers in the ſacrifice.

And. O be perſwaded, doe not count it holy,
To hurt by being iuſt; it is as lawfull:
For we would count giue much to as violent theſts,
And rob in the behalfe of charitie.

Caſſ. It is the purpoſe that makes ſtrong the vowe;
But vowes to euery purpoſe muſt not bold:
Vnarme ſweete *Hector.*

Hect. Hold you ſtill I ſay;
Mine honour keepes the weather of my fate:
Life euery man holds deere, but the deere man
Holds honor farre more precious, deere, then life.

Enter Troylus.

How now yong man? mean'ſt thou to fight to day?

And. Caſſandra, call my father to perſwade.

Exit Caſſandra.

Hect. No faith yong *Troylus;* doffe thy barneſſe youtb:
I am to day ith'vaine of Chiualrie:
Let grow thy Sinews till their knots be ſtrong;
And tempt not yet the bruſhes of the warre.
Vnarme thee, goe; and doubt thou not braue boy,
Ile ſtand to day, for thee, and me, and Troy.

Troy. Brother, you haue a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a Lyon, then a man.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troylus* cbide me for it.

Troy. When many times the captiue Grecian fals,
Euen in the fanne and winde of your faire Sword:
You bid them riſe, and liue.

Hect. O 'tis faire play.

Troy. Fooles play, by heauen *Hector.*

Hect. How now? how now?

Troy. For th'loue of all the gods
Let's leaue the Hermit Pitty with our Motbers;
And when we haue our Armors buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride vpon our ſwords,
Spur them to ruthfull worke, reine them from ruth.

Hect. Fie ſauage, fie.

Troy. Hector, then 'tis warres.

Hect. Troylus, I would not haue you fight to day.

Troy. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the band of *Mars,*
Beckning with fierie trunchion my retire;
Not *Priamus,* and *Hecuba* on knees;
Their eyes ore-galled witb recourſe of teares;
Nor you my brother, witb your true ſword drawne
Oppoſ'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way:
But by my ruine.

Enter Priam and Caſſandra.

Caſſ. Lay hold vpon him *Priam,* hold bim faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou looſe thy ſtay,
Tbou on bim leaning, and all Troy on thee,

Fall

Fall all together.

Priam. Come *Hector*, come, goe backe:
Thy wife hatb dreampt: thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelfe,
Am like a Prophet ſuddenly enrapt,
to tell thee that this day is ominous:
Therefore come backe.

Hect. *Æneas* is a field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many Greekes,
Euen in the faith of valour, to appeare
This morning to them.

Priam. I, but thou ſhalt not goe.

Hect. I muſt not breake my faith:
You know me dutifull, therefore deare ſir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but giue me leaue
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you doe here forbid me, Royall *Priam.*

Caſſ. O *Priam*, yeelde not to him.

And. Doe not deere father.

Hect. *Andromache* I am offended with you:
Vpon the loue you beare me, get you in.

Exit Andromache.

Troy. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girle,
Makes all theſe bodements.

Caſſ. O farewell, deere *Hector:*
Looke how thou dieſt; looke how thy eye turnes pale:
Looke how thy wounds doth bleede at many vents:
Harke how Troy roares; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poore *Andromache* ſhrils her dolour fortb;
Behold diſtraction, frenzie, and amazement,
Like witleſſe Antickes one another meete,
And all cry *Hector*, *Hectors* dead: O *Hector!*

Troy. Away, away.

Caſ. Farewell: yes, ſoft: *Hector* I take my leaue;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelfe, and all our Troy deceiue. *Exit.*

Hect. You are amaz'd, my Liege, at ber exclaime:
Goe in and cheere the Towne, weele fortb and fight:
Doe deedes of praiſe, and tell you them at night.

Priam. Farewell: tbe gods witb ſafetie ſtand about thee. *Alarum.*

Troy. They are at it, barke: proud *Diomed*, beleeue
I come to loofe my arme, or winne my ſleeue.

Enter Pandar.

Pand. Doe you heare my Lord? do you heare?

Troy. What now?

Paud. Here's a Letter come from yond poore girle.

Troy. Let me reade.

Pand. A whorſon tiſicke, a wborſon raſcally tiſicke, ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girle, and what one thing, what another, that I ſhall leaue you one o'th's dayes: and I haue a rheume in mine eyes too; and ſuch an acbe in my bones; tbat vnleſſe a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſayes ſhee tbere?

Troy. Words, words, meere words, no matter from the heart;
Th'effect doth operate another way.
Goe winde to winde, there turne and change togetber:
My loue with words and errors ſtill ſbe feedes;
But edifies another with her deedes.

Pand. Why, but heare you?

Troy. Hence brotber lackie; ignomie and ſhame
Purſue tby life, and liue aye witb thy name.

A Larum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites in excurſion.

Ther. Now they are clapper-clawing one another, Ile goe looke on: that diſſembling abhominable varlet *Diomede*, has got that fame ſcuruie, doting, fooliſh yong knaues Sleeue of Troy, there in his Helme: I would faine ſee them meet; that, that fame yong Troian aſſe, that loues the whore there, might ſend that Greekiſh whore-maiſterly villaine, with the Sleeue, backe to the diſſembling luxurious drabbe, of a ſleeueleſſe errant. O'th'tother ſide, the pollicie of thoſe craftie ſwearing raſcals; tbat ſtole old Mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe, *Neſtor:* and that ſame dog-foxe *Vliſſes* is not prou'd worth a Black-berry. They ſet me vp in pollicy, that mungrill curre *Aiax*, againſt that dogge of as bad a kinde, *Achilles*. And now is the curre *Aiax* prouder tben the curre *Achilles*, and will not arme to day. Whereupon, the Grecians began to proclaime barbariſme; and pollicie growes into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomed and Troylus.

Soft, here comes Sleeue, and th'other.

Troy. Flye not: for ſhould'ſt thou take tbe Riuer Stix, I would ſwim after.

Diom. Thou do'ſt miſcall retire:
I doe not flye; but aduantagious care
Withdrew me from the oddes of multitude:
Haue at thee?

Ther. Hold tby whore Grecian: now for tby whore Troian: Now the Sleeue, now the Sleeue.

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou Greek? art tbou for *Hectors* match? Art thou of bloud, and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcall: a ſcuruie railing knaue: a very ſiltby roague.

Hect. I doe beleeue tbee, liue.

Ther. God a mercy, that thou wilt beleeue me; but a plague breake tby necke—for frighting me: what's become of the wencbing rogues? I tbinke they baue ſwallowed one anotber. I would laugh at tbat miracle—yet in a ſort, lecberie eates it ſelfe: Ile ſeeke them. *Exit.*

Enter Diomed and Seruants.

Dio. Goe, goe, my ſeruant, take tbou *Troylus* Horſe; Preſent tbe faire Steede to my Lady *Creſſid:*
Fellow, commend my ſeruice to her beauty;
Tell her, I baue chaſtiſ'd the amorous Troyan.
And am her Knight by proofe.

Ser. I goe my Lord. *Enter Agamemnon.*

Aga. Renew, renew, the fierce *Polidamus*
Hath beate downe *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hatb *Doreus* priſoner.
And ſtands Caloſſus-wiſe wauing his beame,
Vpon the paſhed courſes of tbe Kings:
Epiſtropus and *Cedus*, *Polixines* is ſlaine;
Amphimacus, and *Thous* deadly hurt;
Patroclus tane or ſlaine, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruiſed; the dreadfull Sagittary
Appauls our numbers, haſte we *Diomed*
To re-enforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Goe beare *Patroclus* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnaile-pac'd *Aiax* arme for ſhame;
Tbere is a thoufand *Hectors* in tbe field:
Now here he fights on *Galathe* his Horſe,
And tbere lacks worke: anon he's tbere a foote,
And tbere they flye or dye, like ſcaled ſculs,

Before

Before the belching Whale; then is he yonder,
And there the ſtraying Greekes, ripe for his edge,
Fall downe before him, like the mowers ſwath;
Here, there, and euery where, he leaues and takes;
Dexteritie ſo obaying appetite,
That what he will, he does, and does ſo much,
That proofe is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Vliſſes.

Vliſ. Oh, courage, courage Princes: great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus wounds haue rouz'd his drowzie bloud,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons:*
That noſeleſſe, handleſſe, hackt and chipt, come to him;
Crying on *Hector. Aiax* hath loſt a friend,
And foames at mouth, and he is arm'd, and at it:
Roaring for *Troylus;* who hath done to day,
Mad and fantaſticke execution;
Engaging and redeeming of himſelfe.
With ſuch a careleſſe force, and forceleſſe care,
As if that luck in very ſpight of cunning, bad him win all.

Enter Aiax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus.* *Exit.*
Dio. I, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector*?
Come, come, thou boy-queller, ſhew thy face:
Know what it is to meete *Achilles* angry.
Hector, wher's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector.* *Exit.*

Enter Aiax.

Aia. Troylus, thou coward *Troylus*, ſhew thy head.

Enter Diomed.

Diom. Troylus, I ſay, wher's *Troylus?*
Aia. What would'ſt thou?
Diom. I would correct him.
Aia. Were I the Generall,
Thou ſhould'ſt haue my office,
Ere that correction: *Troylus* I ſay, what *Troylus?*

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Oh traitour *Diomed!*
Turne thy falſe face thou traytor,
And pay thy life thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Aia. Ile fight with him alone, ſtand *Diomed.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not looke vpon.
Troy. Come both you coging Greekes, haue at you both. *Exit Troylus.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea *Troylus?* O well fought my yongeſt Brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now doe I ſee thee; haue at thee *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe if thou wilt.
Achil. I doe diſdaine thy curteſie, proud Troian;
Be happy that my armes are out of vſe:
My reſt and negligence befriends thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt heare of me againe:'
Till when, goe ſeeke thy fortune. *Exit.*
Hect. Fare thee well:
I would haue beene much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee: how now my Brotber?

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Aiax hath tane *Æneas;* ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heauen,
He ſhall not carry him: Ile he tane too,
Or bring him off: Fate heare me what I ſay;
I wreake not, though thou end my life to day. *Exit.*

Enter one in Armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou Greeke,
Thou art a goodly marke:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
Ile fruſh it, and vnlocke the riuets all,
But Ile he maiſter of it: wilt thou not beaſt abide?
Why tben flye on, Ile hunt thee for thy hide. *Exit.*

Enter Achilles with Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me you my *Myrmidons:*
Marke what I ſay; attend me where I wheele:
Strike not a ſtroake, hut keepe your ſelues in breath;
And when I haue the bloudy *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arme.
Follow me ſirs, and my proceedings eye;
It is decreed, *Hector* the great muſt dye. *Exit.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus, and Paris.

Ther. The Cuckold and the Cuckold maker are at it: now hull, now dogge, lowe; *Paris*, lowe; now my double hen'd ſparrow; lowe *Paris*, lowe; the bull has the game: ware hornes ho?

Exit Paris and Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turne ſlaue and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baſt. A Baſtard Sonne of *Priams.*
Ther. I am a Baſtard too, I loue Baſtards, I am a Baſtard begot, Baſtard inſtructed, Baſtard in minde, Baſtard in valour, in euery thing illegitimate: one Beare will not bite another, and wherefore ſhould one Baſtard? take heede, the quarrel's moſt ominous to vs: if the Sonne of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts iudgement: farewell Baſtard.
Baſt. The diuell take thee coward. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core ſo faire without:
The goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my daies worke done; Ile take good breath:
Reſt Sword, thou haſt thy fill of bloud and deatb.

Enter Achilles and his Myrmidons.

Achil. Looke *Hector* how the Sunne begins to ſet;
How vgly night comes breathing at his heeles,
Euen witb the vaile and darking of the Sunne.
To cloſe the day vp, *Hectors* life is done.
Hect. I am vnarm'd, forgoe this vantage Greeke.
Achil. Strike fellowes, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeeke.
So Illion fall thou: now Troy ſinke downe;
Here lyes thy heart, thy ſinewes, and thy bone.
On *Myrmidons*, cry you all a maine,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlaine. *Retreat.*
Harke, a retreat vpon our Grecian part.
Gree. The Troian Trumpets ſounds the like my Lord.
Achi. The dragon wing of night ore-ſpreds tbe earth
And ſtickler-like the Armies ſeperates
My halfe ſupt Sword, that frankly would haue fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bed; thus goes to hed.
Come, tye his body to my horſes tayle;
Along the field, I will the Troian traile. *Exeunt.*

Sound Retreat. Shout.

Enter Agamemnon, Aiax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomed, and the reſt marching.

Aga. Harke, harke, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace Drums.

Sol. Achille

Sold. Achilles, Achilles, Hector's ſlaine, *Achilles.*
Dio. The bruite is, *Hector's* ſlaine, and by *Achilles.*
Aia. If it be ſo, yet bragleſſe let it be:
Great *Hector* was a man as good as he.
Agam. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee vs at our Tent.
If in his death the gods haue vs befrended,
Great Troy is ours, and our ſharpe wars are ended.
Exeunt.

Enter Æneas, Paris, Anthenor and Deiphœbus.

Æne. Stand hoe, yet are we maiſters of the field,
Neuer goe home; here ſtarue we out the night.

Enter Troylus.

Troy. Hector is ſlaine.
All. Hector? the gods forbid.
Troy. Hee's dead: and at the murtherers Horſes taile,
In beaſtly ſort, drag'd through the ſhameſull Field,
Frowne on you heauens, effect your rage with ſpeede:
Sit gods vpon your throanes, and ſmile at Troy.
I ſay at once, let your brieſe plagues be mercy,
And linger not our ſure deſtructions on.
Æne. My Lord, you doe diſcomfort all the Hoſte.
Troy. You vnderſtand me not, that tell me ſo:
I doe not ſpeake of flight, of feare, of death,
But dare all imminence that gods and men,
Addreſſe their dangers in. *Hector* is gone:
Who ſhall tell *Priam* ſo? or *Hecuba?*
Let him that will a ſcreechoule aye be call'd,
Goe in to Troy, and ſay there, *Hector's* dead:
There is a word will *Priam* turne to ſtone;
Make wels, and *Niobes* of the maides and wiues;
Coole ſtatues of the youth: and in a word,
Scarre Troy out of it ſelfe. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to ſay.
Stay yet: you vile abhominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight vpon our Phrygian plaines:
Let Titan riſe as early as he dare,
Ile through, and through you; & thou great ſiz'd coward:
No ſpace of Earth ſhall ſunder our two hates,
Ile haunt thee, like a wicked conſcience ſtill,
That mouldeth goblins ſwift as frenſies thoughts.
Strike a free march to Troy, with comfort goe:
Hope of reuenge, ſhall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. But heare you? heare you?
Troy. Hence broker, lackie, ignomy, and ſhame
Purſue thy life and liue aye with thy name. *Exeunt.*
Pan. A goodly medcine for mine aking bones: oh world, world, world! thus is the poore agent diſpiſde: Oh traitours and bawdes; how earneſtly are you ſet aworke, and how ill requited? why ſhould our indeuour be ſo deſir'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? What Verſe for it? what inſtance for it? let me ſee.

Full merrily the humble Bee doth ſing,
Till he hath loſt his hony, and his ſting.
And being once ſubdu'd in armed taile,
Sweete hony, and ſweete notes together faile.

Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloathes;
As many as be here of Panders hall,
Your eyes halfe out, weepe out at *Pandar's* fall:
Or if you cannot weepe, yet giue ſome grones;
Though not for me, yet for your akingbones:
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-dore trade,
Some two months hence, my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now, but that my feare is this:
Some galled Gooſe of Wincheſter would hiſſe:
Till then, Ile ſweate, and ſeeke about for eaſes;
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.

BRIGHAM YOUNG UNIVERSITY
3 1197 01026 7109

DATE DUE

AUG 12 1983
AUG 16 RECD
MAR 27 2012

DEMCO 38-297

NAT
1564
THE
NATIONAL
SHAKESPEARE
Obit
1616